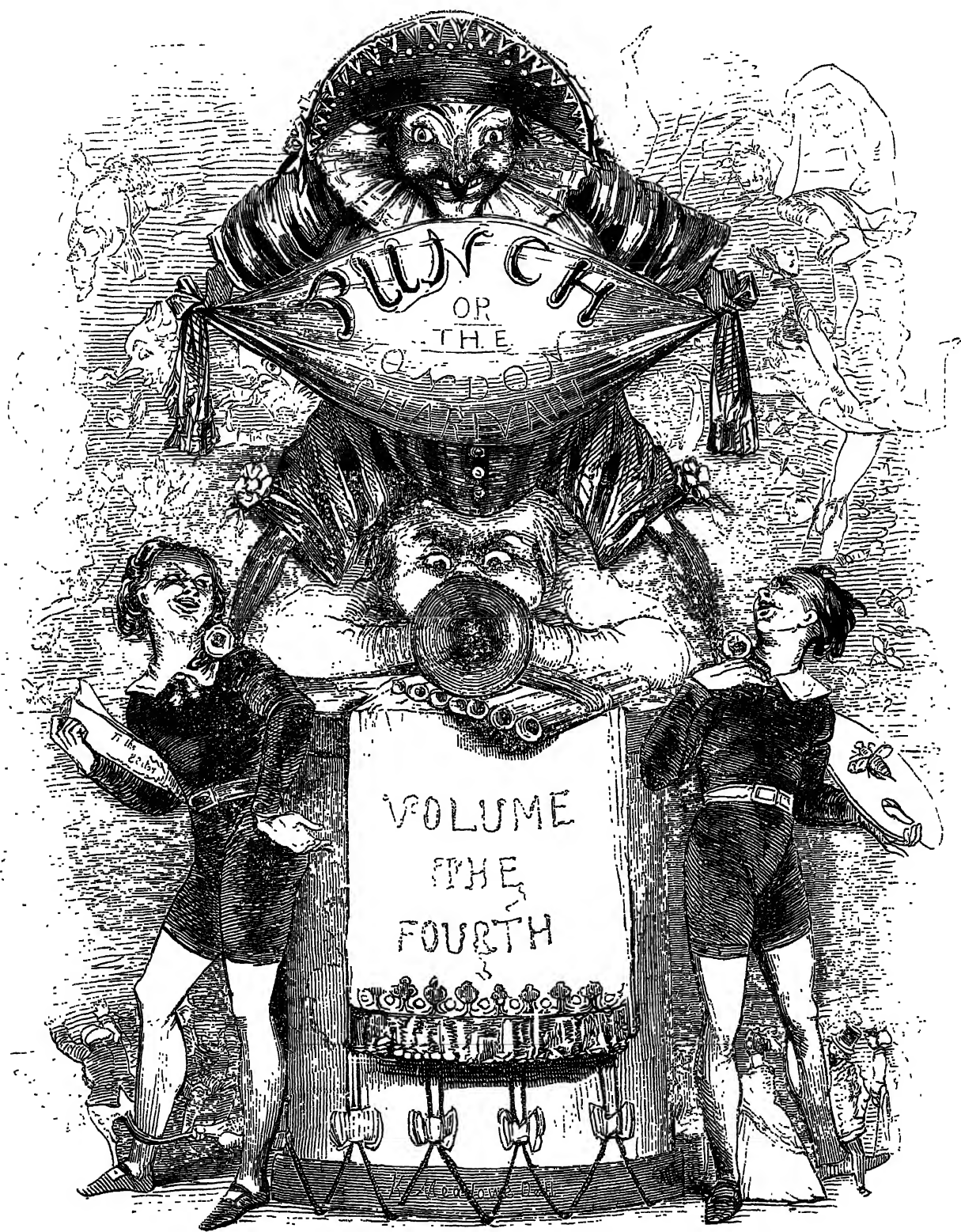


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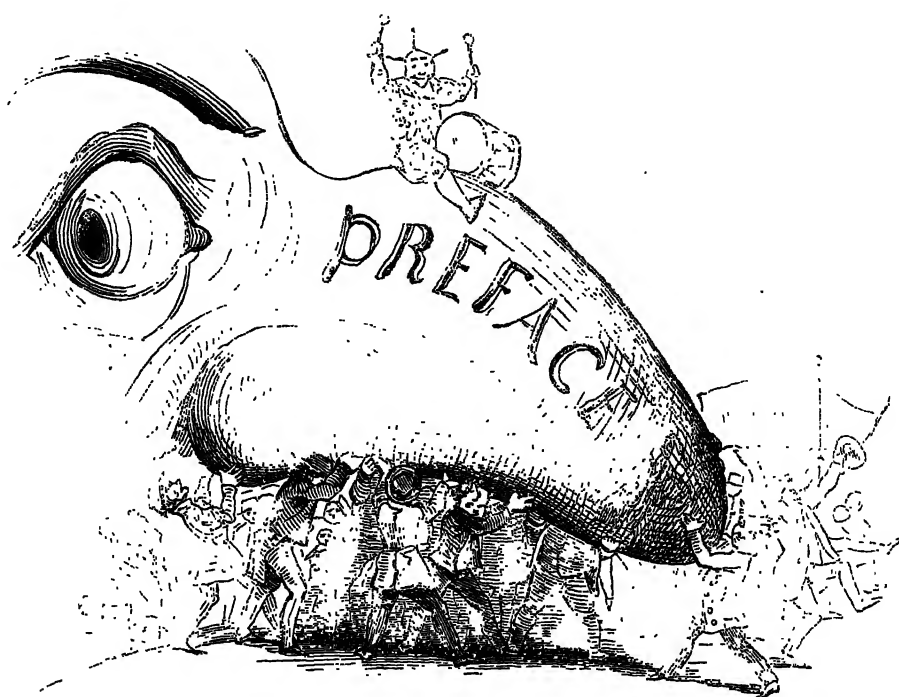
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LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, AT THE OFFICE, 194, STRAND,
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TO close a volume is, in the ordinary matters of literature, a heavy, dumpish process. The author feels that, for a time at least, he has taken leave of the world. With PUNCH it is—as are all other mortal events—altogether different. PUNCH merely closes one volume to begin another. His ink is not a pond, but a perpetual spring: his goose-quill renews its youth like Juno, by the bath it continues to dabble in. Here are FOUR VOLUMES of PUNCH completed, and yet is the goose-quill of PUNCH as full of promise as when in a state of gosling-hood.

When PUNCH concludes one Volume, he instantly calls on another and a better. In the like way, that a host who knows the serious responsibility of life has port succeeded by claret, claret by burgundy, and so on, until as the renowned MR. JENKINS of *The Morning Post* (hang that fellow!—why will he always write “too well?”) would say, “the *lachrymæ Christi* produce that costumed thought which liveries the intellect in its rainbow effulgence.”

Every man may be instructed by PUNCH.

Whether he rule in a Chancery-court, or keep a ledger in a court in the City—whether as a Chancellor of the Exchequer he has to balance John Bull’s accounts,—or as a Seven Dials’ mountebank has to balance an animal that might very often typify the same John, especially when “accounts” were in question—every man to lighten the dead weight, to soothe the weariness of life, should indulge in nothing but—PUNCH.

As for PUNCH himself, he knows no more of bragging than his own trumpet—not he. And, therefore, as he well knows that there are many persons wandering about the world, who give themselves out as his especial ministers,—PUNCH requests the world not to believe them. The sages who shed ink for PUNCH, never talk of their labours.

Hence, when a certain Bishop boasts, as we know he does, of supplying the Money-Markets to PUNCH, we say, with all respect for his Grace—Don't believe him.

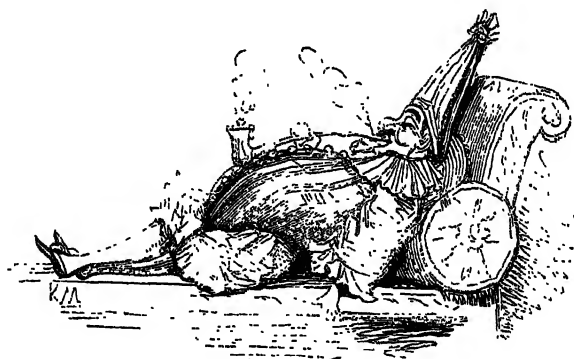
The KING OF HANOVER gives himself out as PUNCH's foreign Correspondent. Don't believe him.

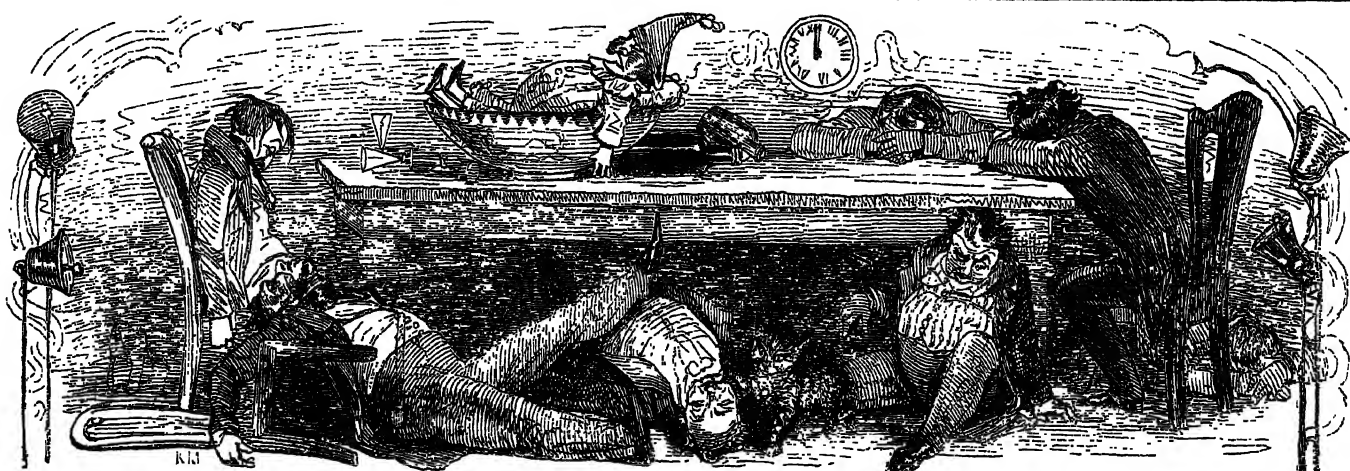
Lord BROUGHAM is in the habit of taking PUNCH to the Lords, and dropping his finger upon a sparkling paragraph, whispers to Wellington—"I wrote *that*." PUNCH is sorry that he must say—Don't believe him.

We know that these people have, all of them, tried their hands upon certain soft paper imitations of PUNCH, for which special reason, they have specially failed.

No, no, gentle public. The Ministers of PUNCH are severe, grave men, in horse-hair coats, with beards down to their waists, and ordinarily walking with staffs horn-tipped. They dwell in caves, their common food is the roots of the earth—their ordinary liquor is the best spring water, and their names are——

But that, very gentle reader, you shall know on the completion of our hundredth volume. May you live to see it!





SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN.

JANUARY is derived from *Janus*, a god who presided over gates: January being the gate of the year, inasmuch as it opens it; though this, say a Casanovi, is rather a porter's office than a gate's. Whereon Brunckius observes, that December is as much a porter as January, since it closes the year. Socrates wants to know how it is, if a house is closed with its gate, and January is the gate of the year,

JANUARY

that the year is not over on the 31st Jan, when the month closes. It is also objected that, as the Roman year began in March, January did not open the year. The god Janus was represented with two faces, which were termed by the Roman jokers "chops for two." The sign of January is Aquarius, or the Waterman—blowing his sails on the cab-stand.

1 Sunday after Christmas.

Scipio Twits, Esq., marries Miss Ophelia Spike. The happy pair leave town in the "Father of the Thames" for Greenwich.

Jupiter being an Evening Star till the 25th, goes out to parties.

TREATY WITH AMERICA, 1784. America declares her independence—of debts, 1842.

DIVIDENDS AND INCOME } "England expects that every man, TAX DUE AT THE BANK. This day will do the duty."

TWELFTH DAY. Sir Charles Ross, Miniature Painter to her Majesty, draws the Queen (of course).

Mrs. Twits winked at by a Woolwich Cadet. Twits tells his Ophelia, in confidence, he'll pull that Cadet's nose.—*Memo.* Twits doesn't.

1 Sunday after Epiphany.

THE CAPE TAKEN, 1806—and drunk in Sherry at Taverns ever since.

ROYAL EXCHANGE DESTROYED 1838—by an inflammation in its bowels.

FIRST LOTTERY IN ENGLAND, 1699. Master Coleridge, of the Blue Coat School, makes his first appearance in the sterling Comedy of "The Wheel of Fortune."

Twits hears that Cadet whistling "Meet me by Moonlight" under Ophelia's window, and responds with "Water parried."

DECLARATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF GREECE, 1822. Sir Charles Wetherell has his coat new-collared.

CONVICTS FIRST SENT TO BOTANY BAY, 1788. Heroes first extracted therefrom by William Harrison Ainsworth, 1839.

2 Sunday after Epiphany.

BATTLE OF CORUNNA, 1809. England gained nothing, but alas!—lost Moore.

PRINCE ALBERT DINES WITH THE LORD MAYOR, 1842. Retires early, having left the key of Windsor Castle behind him.

NATIONAL VACCINE INSTITUTED 1809. Several cows become contributors to the LANCET.

PRINCE OF HESSE HUMBOLDT DIED 1840. Charles Kean, as Hamlet, succeeds to the title.

FIRST PARLIAMENT MEET 1269. Britannia institutes a class for "Common for the Million."

Twits having been waited upon by a friend of that Cadet, demanding satisfaction for the water, suddenly recollects a particular appointment in London, and, with Ophelia and his other baggage, embarks in "The Twilight."

3 Sunday after Epiphany.

THE GREAT FROST } Old Father Thames is confined to his bed; COMMENCES, 1814. } And the New River too, with a cold in its Head

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE BURSTS 1721. John Bull plays a round game of Speculation, and pays for Knaves.

HALLEY, THE ASTRONOMER, DIED 1740. Discovered a Comet—consequently not a blind HALLEY.

THE FAIR OF WALSLEY CHRISTENED TWENTY-THREE, 1812. The King of Prussia stood a silver knife and fork and spoon, and godfather.

PETER THE GREAT DIED 1725. Surely they might have cured him if they'd made up their minds to Salt-Peter.

"Mr. and Mrs. Twits at home" in Kennington Oval. Mother-in-law Spike pays the wedding visit; and (her "good man" being out of town), brings her "things" with her to stop a week.

4 Sunday after Epiphany.

LONDON DOORS OPENED 1805—for the reception of sloe-juice, &c.—commonly known as the "Port of London."

GUY FAWKES EXECUTED 1606. His *post mortem* examination published by Bentley in 3 vols.



NURSERY DIRECTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Transplant beds for sucklings, if requisite, to make room for holiday olive-branches. Sew buttons on shirts home for the vacation. Graft slips and offcuts on damaged frocks, and prune elder sisters' polishes into little girls' cloaks. Prepare hot beds for colds caught at snowballing, or tumbling through the ice. Cut sprigs of birch and hang up for future use. Plant suckers of hardbake and outtings of Twelfth-cake in nurses' cupboards. Previous to Black Monday general crops may be looked for. Rake heads with small-tooth comb and dress with pomatum.

WATERMEN'S FARES.—For every hackney-coach called off the stand—optional. For every empty cab stopped in the street—nothing.

TO DRESS CALF'S HEAD.—Take your head and rub in a thick lather all over the face, then pare off with a sharp instrument. Wipe well with a clean towel, and place pieces of starched linen about halfway up the cheek. Lard the crown with any kind of grease,—a few drops of oil may be an improvement—and your calf's head will be dressed in the most approved style.

LEGAL HINTS.—A party is liable to all the consequences of his own admissions. If therefore the manager of a theatre gives an order and gets hissed by the person coming in with it, there is no remedy.

TO OBTAIN BEER FROM CHALK.—This is an easy and common process, and may be put in practice as follows:—Go to a respectable public-house, having first taken a residence or lodging in the neighbourhood. When you wish for beer resort freely to the chalk, and go on, getting as much as you can upon this principle, until it becomes unproductive, when you may try it in another quarter.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Sagittarius, the Archer, is visible at Beulah Spa, and lifts Aquarius, who is watering the grounds.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—The stars of Drury Lane and Covent Garden in opposition. Death is abroad on the 1st, and a malign influence reigns over the Poultry: not merely the two Turkeys, but two thousand, appear in the service of China. Peace smiles in Afghanistan, since Ghuznee was knocked down in separate lists by General Sale. Celestial sparring on the 25th; the moon squares to Mars.

THE NEW YEAR.—Those who have not been accustomed to pay any accounts should now begin. January is the time for good resolutions; and that is why the Houses of Parliament never meet until February.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Turkeys are in season this month. If they are required to be plumped and fattened, we should recommend using copies of Mr. Ferrand's speeches, which are known to be the most extraordinary crammers.

SPORTING.—The alipper may be hunted in family circles; the fair sex joining in the chase. Blindman's-buff and Snap-dragon are in season, and require no game certificates.

DOMESTIC AND MORAL.—On the 1st, call early on rich old aunts and grandmothers, at whose death you expect legacies, to wish them many happy new years. Present young ladies with Affection's Offerings, Keepsakes, and Books of Beauty. At academies lay in your great birch, and prepare to meet your young friends.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—CATCHING A SWEETHEART.

FEBRUARY takes its name from *Februs*, offerings for the dead; for which, according to an Hibernian classic, this month was the time of day. These *februs* were sacrifices for spirits; but it does not appear that old togas or furniture were sold or "spouted" for them.

FEBRUARY

The story of the Roman matron, who was so fond of Cream of the Valley that she disposed of her mantle to buy it, is not to be met with in Livy. This month has but a scaly sign: Pisces, or Fish—out of water.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | W | THE DECLARATION OF LOUIS THE 18TH, 1813. Fresh start of the Bourbon <i>Race</i> —won by a neck. |
| 2 | Th | HOLIDAY AT CHANCERY OFFICES. Justice ventures to pay them a visit. |
| 3 | F | THE KING OF PRUSSIA ATTENDS THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, 1842—thinks Her Majesty's speech touching the supplies—(for a Queen)—"something out of the common." |
| 4 | S | Mother-in-law Spike finds herself "so comfortable with her dear children," the Twittes, that she sends "her things" to the wash. |
| 5 | S | 5 Sunday after Epiphany. |
| 6 | M | SIR ROBERT PEEL BORN 1788—not to be <i>borne</i> 1843. |
| 7 | Tu | MRS. RADCLIFFE DIED 1823. Richardson, the showman, puts his ghost into deep mourning. |
| 8 | W | EARTHQUAKE IN LONDON, 1750. Hot weather succeeds.—"One swallow <i>does</i> make a summer." |
| 9 | Th | The key of Twits' cellaret lost, and <i>somehow</i> found in Mother-in-law Spike's reticule.—Mother-in-law had the hicups yesterday. |
| 10 | F | QUEEN VICTORIA MARRIED 1840. The Lilliputian warehouses illuminate. Dr. Locock gives a party. |
| 11 | S | LONDON BRIDGE BURNED 1632. The City Corporation in full dress, with <i>pumps</i> and <i>hose</i> , go to extinguish it. |
| 12 | S | Septuagesima Sunday. |
| 13 | M | Mother-in-law Spike's "things" come home from the wash. Johanna, the housemaid, wishes to know if "she's to have two missuses." |
| 14 | Tu | VALENTINE'S DAY. Impudent hoax.—Mrs. Fry receives a copy of verses from that <i>Ordinary</i> Mr. Carver. |
| 15 | W | THE POPE DRIVEN DESTITUTE FROM ROME, 1798—not a leg of mutton to cast his " <i>eye</i> " upon—swops his tiara for a four-and-nine. |
| 16 | Th | ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE BURNED DOWN, 1830. Rebuilt, and rendered fire-proof by the wet-blanket of " <i>MARTINUZZI</i> ." |
| 17 | F | MICHAEL ANGELO DIES 1563. The great artist <i>draws</i> his last breath, and walks his <i>chalks</i> . |
| 18 | S | GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH RAILWAY OPENS 1842. Dr. Chalmers goes by the first Sunday train to preach against Sabbath travelling. |
| 19 | S | Sexagesima Sunday. |
| 20 | M | Mr. Spike (who is traveller to an extensive ginger-beer firm) is detained in the country. Mother-in-law S. sends for her "Pug"—best black silk—and front. |
| 21 | Tu | GARRICK BORN 1716. <i>We</i> say "many happy returns of the day." |
| 22 | W | QUAKERS' AFFIRMATIONS TAKEN AS EVIDENCE 1702. Mr. Pease affirms, "there isn't a regular brick in the House of Commons." |
| 23 | Th | Mother-in-law Spike's "Pug" being in strange quarters, howls till three in the morning. Ophelia makes Twits take him up to her mother, who sends Twits down with him to Johanna, who puts him in the coal-hole. |
| 24 | F | DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE BORN 1774. "Dinners punctually attended at the shortest notice." |
| 25 | S | SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN DIED 1723. Built the almshouse at the top of Ludgate Hill for the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. |
| 26 | S | Quinquagesima Sunday. |
| 27 | M | VENUS RISES 4.41 MORN. and lights her own fire. |
| 28 | Tu | GREAT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS 1822. "Och, the dreadful <i>crater</i> !" |



TWITS COLUMN.

A TABLE TO CALCULATE WAGES.—Put down, first of all, the nominal wages received by your servant, which by calculation you will find to be the exact half of twice as much. Then subtract the fresh butter from the pantry, and the product will show you how often the best Dorset will go into the tub of kitchen-stuff. Then work out the sum: as the parlour Stilton is to the Dutch cheese, so is the cold meat to the young man who stands outside the area of an evening. Divide the contents of the tea-caddy into what you use yourself, and what is used for you, and the quotient will be as one to six. Write these several results upon a slate, and by adding them up carefully you will be enabled to calculate how much your servant costs you.

SHORT RECEIPTS FOR DAILY USE.—To prevent beer from becoming sour.—Drink it.

To kill fleas.—Catch them.

To keep water from coming in.—Don't pay the water-rate. Economical diet.—Stay at an hotel for a week, and quit without paying.

LEGAL HINTS.—A man may not marry his great-grand-mother.

The usual notice to bill-stickers, calling upon them to beware, need not be stamped, although it relates to freehold premises.

A blow on the back from a street-keeper's cane has been held to be a good endorsement under the new Street Act.

The act for indemnifying such persons as have omitted to qualify themselves for offices and employments, will extend to the new Commissioners in Bankruptcy, and to Mr. Charles Kean, in the character of Hamlet.

TO DRESS HARE.—Truss with brown paper and hair-pins. Baste with Macassar-oil, and turn round and round with curling-irons. Cut at discretion, and serve up when dressed with a garnish of flowers.

SHORT-BREAD.—You can get this with very little trouble at any of the low-priced bakers; for you have only to purchase a loaf without weighing it, and your bread will certainly be short.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—The moon staying in the house of Aquarius,—the Pretsnitz of the Zodiac,—takes to cold-water-drinking out of compliment to her landlord. We perceive, on referring to our astronomical works, she has her "First Quart" on the 7th, and her "Last Quart" on the 21st; which has such an excellent effect, that we find her quite a "New Moon" at the end of the month. Much will occur in this month, which we do not foretell for fear it should not come to pass; but the circumstance of February being so exceedingly short, will excuse us for overlooking several of its events.

TO MAKE YOUR OWN BREAD.—Take the yeast of industry, and blend it well with the flour of integrity. By following these simple directions, it is probable that you will make your own bread.

PREDICTIONS.—On the 10th there will most likely be a royal dinner party, to commemorate the marriage of our gracious Sovereign; but what there will be for dinner it is impossible to foretell; though it is nearly certain that potatoes will be included in the bill of fare, and also that some one of the illustrious guests will drink beer. Hare hunting will end on the 27th—probably in some capsize.

DIFFERENCE OF TIME.—When it is a quarter-past eight at Greenwich, it will want about forty-five minutes to nine at Deptford, and the kitchen clock at Windsor Castle will be slow if not regulated.





ST. DAVID'S DAY, OR THE PRINCE AND HIS PATRON.

MARCH.—This month was dedicated by Romulus to *Mars*, the god of war; and hence its name—*Mars*, *Martius*, March. That the god of battles should be the god of marches in general, is but fair: though there are some marches which are a little out of his way. There is the "March of Intellect," which is not a military march, and the "March

MARCH

in Bluebeard," which is less pugnatary than pompous. Then the "Rogue's March" is not exactly a regimental march, except for the Black Guards. The sign of March is *Aries*, the Ram; the creature, as usually represented, may be compared to the some-time Duke of Clarence drowned in the Malme, being in "full butt."

- 1 W NAPOLEON RETURNS FROM ELBA, 1815. Gets out of the frying-pan of Elba into the fire of Waterloo.
- 2 Th Twits insists upon auditing the washing-bills; when Mother-in-law Spike wonders why, with his copper, he doesn't wash at home.
- 3 F Dr. W. HUNTER DIED, 1788. The greatest Hunter that ever joined the pack in Lincoln's-inn Fields.
- 4 S The Haymarket Company, in consideration of the services of the M. P. for Finsbury, present Mr. Dobree, the pawnbroker, (through Mr. Duncombe) with a piece of plate, 1841.
- 5 S **Quadragesima Sunday.**
- 6 M Dr. PARR DIED 1825. So great a scholar that *Alma Mater* claimed him as *her* Parr.
- 7 Tu CASH PAYMENTS SUSPENDED, 1797. A legend among tailors declares them never to have been resumed.
- 8 W Mother-in-law Spike's Pug devours the cold turkey, and being soused in a tub of water by Johanna, seeks refuge in Twits's lap.
- 9 Th ONE POUND NOTES ISSUED, 1797. Superseded by the penny postage stamp, which represents a sovereign on paper.
- 10 F BUONAPARTE ENTERS LYONS, 1815. Van Amburgh very likely to do the same.
- 11 S MARS RISES AT 1.2 MORN.—having been "called out" by a shooting star.
- 12 S **2 Sunday in Lent.**
- 13 M Twits's first wash at home. At dinner Ophelia gives Scipio "the cold shoulder." Twits next day buys a "Little Warbler," and joins the Harmonic Meeting of the "Sons of Apollo."
- 14 Tu THE EXCISE TAX FIRST PROPOSED, 1733. Rejected by a majority of 36; who, like true patriots, gladly discharged a very onerous duty.
- 15 W CORNWALLIS CUT UP THE AMERICANS, 1781—afterwards hashed by Mrs. Trollope.
- 16 Th FULL MOON 5 h. 58 m. A.M. The Morning Herald publishes a double supplement.
- 17 F St. PATRICK. Father Mathew distributes tea and shamrocks to the "pliantry." The majority of his converts pawn their medals for whisky, and the pawnbrokers "take the pledge."
- 18 S LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH LEAVES PARIS TO-MORROW, 1815—having fuddled up the white flag, and mounted the feather of the same colour.
- 19 S **3 Sunday in Lent.**
- 20 M SIR ISAAC NEWTON DIED, 1727. Great fall in apples.
- 21 Tu Twits, to get rid of Mother-in-law Spike, puts up a bill of "Apartments furnished," and, strange to say, that Cadet calls "to look at 'em."
- 22 W THE DEAN OF YORK CHARGED WITH SELLING CHURCH PREFERMENTS, 1842. "No cure, no pay."
- 23 Th LA PLACE BORN, 1749. Author of the "MECANIQUE CELESTE." She afterwards dances the Cachuca at the Haymarket.
- 24 F QUEEN ELIZABETH DIED, 1603. A good queen, if taken in the ruff.
- 25 S ELDON AGAIN CHANCELLOR 1807. Hope drops her anchor.
- 26 S **4 Sunday in Lent.**
- 27 M ROBBERY OF PLATE IN WINDSOR CASTLE 1841.—Shame! "Honour among thieves."
- 28 Tu JOHN WESLEY DIED, 1791—born with a caul.
- 29 W POOR LAW GUARDIANS ELECTED THIS DAY. Those who "ask for bread get stones"—(to break).
- 30 Th Twits takes the chair at the "Sons of Apollo," and returns to Kennington Oval at 1 in the morning. Ophelia in tears and curl-papers.
- 31 F JEWS' BILLS PASSED, 1842—several members owing much to the Jews.



A PLAIN AND EASY METHOD TO FIND THE TIME OF HIGH WATER.—Take a cheap lodging in a cellar in Ratcliffe-highway. When the rats run out of their holes and over your bed, then the tide is rising; but when the flounders get into your pillow-case, and the bed is gently floated up until your nose touches the ceiling, then it is high water. On the other hand, it is low water when you cannot afford to pay your rent; and it is then advisable to ebb yourself.

A SECOND METHOD.—Walk to Hungerford-market, and purchase a halfpenny worth of shrimps. Then sit on the steam-boat pier and enjoy them, throwing their heads and tails into the water. If they float towards Blackfriars the tide is going out; but if they go towards Westminster, then it is flowing. If they do neither one nor the other, then it is either high or low water; which may be ascertained by watching the people fall off the plank when they land from the boats, and seeing how deep they go.

USEFUL REMARKS.—"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good;" and you should therefore go out every day in March, with the hope that you may come in for "the good" that the ill winds which prevail about this time are said to blow to somebody.

LEGAL HINTS.—A beggar with several children is not at liberty under the Vagrant Act to plead the general issue.

REMARKS ON THE WEATHER.—The greatest dryness will be at Westminster Hall, during the arguments of counsel; the greatest moisture at the Cider Cellars after the Theatres.

PROPHETIC.—Quarter-day may be looked for on the 25th. Several tenants may also be looked for about the same time, but whether they will be found is another question.

MEDICAL.—A good remedy against March, or any other wind. Take of best cognac brandy one go, of loaf sugar three lumps, of pump-water (boiling) as much as you like; stir with spoon, and drink down hot after a full meal. Boys, particularly, this month should beware of bad chaps; they being very prone to injure young hands.

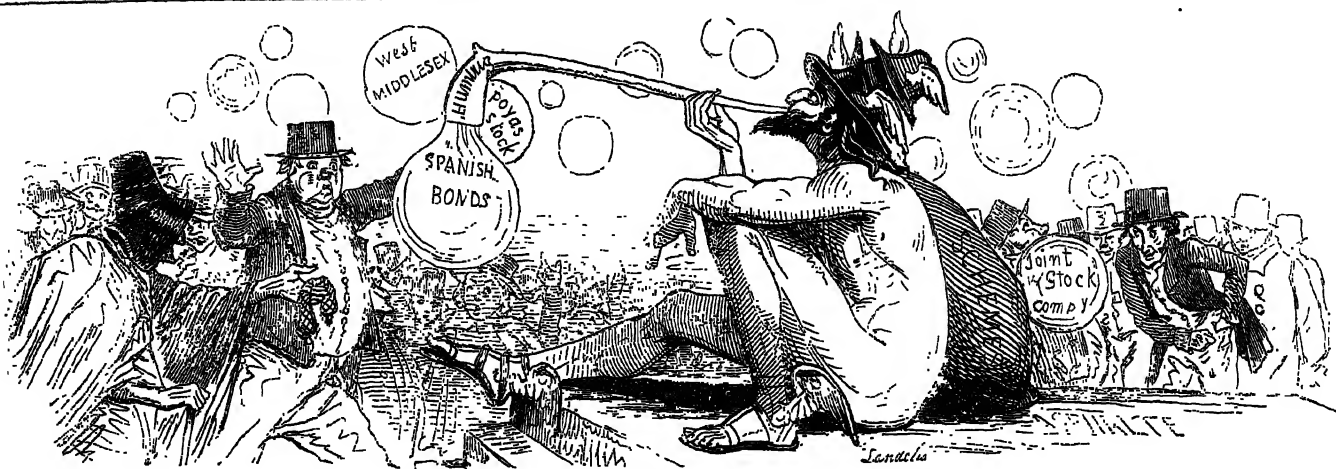
NOTES OF THE MONTH.—The Vernal Ingress commences March 21, and Spring—not Tom—beats Winter from the field. Quarter-day brings trouble and wailing; and nocturnal transits of various bodies take place on occult paths forming the hides (and seeks) of March. Mr. Jones and his infantry retreat from a charge, himself leading the van. In compliment to his saint, the Prince of Wales cuts a new tooth on the 1st.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—The Wind is a phenomenon. It blows very hard round the corners of streets and through courts or alleys; but, perhaps the fact of there being generally a pawnbroker's shop in such a position, accounts for the wind being generally raised there.

REMARKS BY A NATURALIST.—The common flea appears to build its abode in the coat of the ordinary dog. In warm weather the flea will migrate, and becomes the constant companion of man.

The sleepy appearance perceptible in the hackney-coach horse has not been accounted for by Buffon, nor has Cuvier touched on the same subject. English naturalists differ on the point, and science is therefore silent.

ECONOMIC AND MORAL.—Mind your eyes on account of the dust; and look out for chimney-pots and other "breakers a-head." Sift your ashes on Ash Wednesday in readiness for Ember Week, when burn them if you are short of coals.



ALL FOOL'S DAY—MR. MOSES MERCURY BLOWING BUBBLES.

APRIL.—This month is said to be derived from *aperire*, to open, because seeds begin to germinate and flowers to blow therein. A slight objection to this place of etymology is, that many seeds germinate and several flowers blow before April; moreover, the Opera usually opens in February; so does the Parliament. Others affirm that it comes from *aprops*, scum; Venus having arisen from the scum of the

sea, and Romulus having dedicated this month (more particularly than the others) to Venus. *Aprile*, or April, according to this view, would correspond to the vernacular "Scummy." Perhaps the word is derived from *aper*, a boat, on account of the April showers, which every one knows to be so. April rejoices in the sign of Taurus, or the Bull. Taurus is commonly depicted in a gaudy attitude; offering to *foes*.

REGULATIONS RESPECTING ELECTIONS.—Presuming the elections take place on April 1, the following regulations should be attended to:—Substitutes must be found for dead or transported electors by March 30.—Persons objecting to claims of candidate must have notice to quit their tenements March 25.—Last day for purchasing ten-guinea legs of mutton and five-pound cakes of soap, of doubtful freeholders, March 27.—Last day for collecting antique eggs, cabbage stumps, and dead cats near the hustings, March 31.—Lists to be copied into Poll books, and such to be considered as guides whom to spite, and whom to reward.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Canis Major (the large dog), enters Aries (by the area steps), and in spite of Aquarius the water-bearer (who sprinkles him with the watering-pot), seizes from the Libra (or scales) a piece of Taurus (or beef-steak) from Virgo (the maid), who is weighing it.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—The knife of the butcher enters Aries, and many fore-quarters of lamb are the result; and several delays in the Easter-place rehearsals provide Covent Garden with a cross burn, most applicable to the Passion Week. The clerk of the weather unbridles the mouths of the clouds, and lets go the rains, from which cause, coupled with the wind, many umbrellas are seen to revolve on their axes, and describe eccentric orbits. A planet which, according to Francis Moore, somewhat resembles the number 34 knocked into one figure, is said to be in *perigee*, and will promote concord and harmony: the effect of this is seen in the many concerts which take place at this time.

MORAL MAXIMS.—It never rains but it pours.—*Macintosh*. Don't teach your grandmother to suck eggs.—*Editor of the Morning Herald*.

TO MULL WINE.—Take a bottle of good claret, draw the cork, and put it by for a fortnight. Decanter it, and put it away again for a month. Pour it into a jug which has had beer put into it by mistake, and serve it out in any way you like, when you will find your claret mulled most effectually.

METEOROLOGICAL.—The depth of rain fallen in April, 1842, was in the puddles of Tottenham-court-road 1-23456 inch, and somewhat less in the pocket of a cabman on the same spot. In a cracked pipkin on the wall of Mr. Snooks' back-yard, 6-54321 inches; and in the garret bedroom of Mr. Jones, of Drury-lane, it varied according to the state of the tiles.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Now put your plants upon fresh greens." Despatch your hoaxes to the *Morning Herald*. Send hampers of flints and brickbats to disagreeable people. Generally speaking, make as many fools as you possibly can, remembering always that one fool makes many.

MEDICAL.—For Lumbago. Take of common stinging-nettles several handfuls, which apply to the region of the loins, buttoning up trousers for the space of one hour. Afterwards put on a poultice of quicklime and cantharides, to be worn for twenty-five minutes. Dress the part subsequently with distilled vinegar.

LEGAL HINTS.—If an apprentice is regularly bound, he may resist an attempt on the part of his master to get him into half boards.

In a challenge to a juryman it is not necessary to have a second, and the juryman when challenged must go out alone to give the other party satisfaction.

HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS.—Mount Pleasant is about forty feet above the level of the common sewer; and Holborn Hill, crowned at the top with perpetual Snow (Hill), is the highest in the chain—commencing at Paul's Chain, and terminating at Primrose.

1 S ALL FOOL'S DAY. Paris Fortification Bill carried, 1842. An "invitation to call fools into a circle."—*Shakspeare's As You Like It*.

2 S 5 Sunday in Lent.

3 M RICHARD DE WICHE. Richard de what! Why, who's Wiche?

4 Tu Ophelia coming down late, finds a man at work at the street door. On inquiry learns that Twits has ordered a Braham lock.

5 W BRITISH MUSEUM INSTITUTED, 1753. Pettigrew displays a great anxiety to go home to his "mummy."

6 Th OLD LADY DAY. Miss Mary Anne Walker gives a lobster-supper to Robert Owen.

7 F DON MIGUEL WASHES THE FEET OF 13 PILGRIMS, 1841—and towels 'em well afterwards.

8 S PETRARCH CROWNED WITH LAURELS AT ROME, 1341. Wakley, in opposition, starts a new gossamer.

9 S 6 Sunday in Lent.

10 M Another wash. Johanna gives warning. Mother-in-law Spike has the liceups again; and her "good man" writes to borrow a £5 note, "the ginger-beer not going off."

11 Tu THE EARL OF CARDIGAN ORDERS PRIVATE ROGERS TO BE FLOGGED ON EASTER SUNDAY AFTER DIVINE SERVICE, 1841.—The milk of human kindness licked up by the Cat.

12 W ADMIRAL RODNEY'S VICTORY OFF BREST, 1782. Mrs. Brough succeeds in weaning the Prince of Wales.

13 Th MAUNDAY THURSDAY. The DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY go in procession to receive alms at Whitehall.

14 F GOOD FRIDAY.

15 S It being Saturday, Twits returns home at 12 at night—brings with him a Son of Apollo. Ophelia in curl-papers and no tears—wishes she had married "the clerk in the Bank."

16 S Easter Sunday.

17 M EASTER MONDAY. Greenwich Fair. "Knowledge for the Million." Toby, the sapient Pig, sold in sausages.

18 Tu LORD MELBOURNE AGAIN BECOMES PRIME MINISTER, 1835. "Tuppence more, and up goes the Donkey."

19 W Twits does penance—presents Ophelia with a pair of mosaic ear-rings, and issues cards for tea and a dance. Ophelia thinks that Scipio ought to buy mother a new gown.

20 Th HOO RACES.—Well! Hoo does?

21 F VENUS, (being disturbed by the fleas,) rises 3.51 noon.

22 S H. FIELDING BORN, 1707. "Oh! the Dickens."

23 S Low Sunday.

24 M Twits's evening party. The "Son of Apollo" knows he can take a liberty, and brings *divi* Cadet, who shakes hands with Scipio, and opens the ball with Ophelia.

25 Tu BANK OF ENGLAND FOUNDED, 1704. Offices built by the Directors, and *papered* by Henry Hase.

26 W GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON, 1665. Re-engagement of Charles Keen at the Haymarket.

27 Th DAVID HUME BORN, 1711. He was the author of the History of England, usually done up in backgammon boards.

28 F ROMAN CATHOLIC PEERS TOOK SEATS, 1829. Consequently not a cherub among them.

29 S That Cadet calls and presents Ophelia with this year's "Forget-me-Not;" and invites Twits to Woolwich to see their "Rocket practice."

30 S 2 Sunday after Easter.



TWITS COLUMN.



MAMMON'S GAMES, OR THE MODERN MAYPOLE.

MAY.—*Maïus*, or May, comes, according to the learned, from *maiores*, ancestors; this month having been consecrated to the memory of the old Roman citizens. But Walkerius and Hookh. Salv. derive it from *Magus*, an enchanter; it being for the most part so enchanting a season. And certainly how so sweet a period could have



been associated with such sour patrons as the above-named old *Segil*, seu *buffet* (as they were called in the latter days of the Empire), it is difficult to conceive. By the moderns the month is dedicated to all sorts of fun. May is the sign of the Potential Mood; but the sign of May is, Gemini (!) the Twins.

- 1 M ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OPENS. The Queen again, through Mr. Hayter, lend it her countenance. Vanity Fair—great day for the Heads of Families.
- 2 Tu Johanna consents to remain on being allowed "a follower"—names policeman A 42 Mother-in-law Spike says, "You'll see how it will end!"
- 3 W EARL OF WALDEGRAVE AND CAPT. DUFF COMMITTED TO PRISON FOR AN ASSAULT ON A POLICEMAN, 1841. The Marshal, in the handsomest manner, gives up his state apartments. Walper's band in attendance every evening. Carriages set down with the horses' heads towards the Borough.
- 4 Th THE BRITISH ARMY TAKE LODGINGS IN SERINGAPATAM, 1799—having "paid out" the former tenants.
- 5 F BUONAPARTE DIES, 1821. The Imperial Eagle has the pip.
- 6 S Twits sups with "The son of Apollo," and comes in with the milk in the morning. Ophelia makes her debut in hysterics. Mother-in-law Spike "only wishes she was a man!"
- 7 S 3 Sunday after Easter.
- 8 M EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE DIED, 1376—"the Black Reviver" not being then invented.
- 9 Tu COLUMBUS IS ABLE TO VISIT AMERICA FOR THE FOURTH TIME—not having written a book upon it.
- 10 W THE BATTLE OF LODI, 1796. "The Maid" of ditto gives the Governor warning.
- 11 Th Spike (the traveller) sends Twits half-a-dozen of plager-beer, with his affectionate regards, and a bill to accept for £40. Mother-in-law Spike nips a pen, and says—"Only too happy!"
- 12 F MR. W. MORRISON DYER, A MIDDLESEX MAGISTRATE, IS STRUCK OUT OF THE COMMISSION OF THE PEACE FOR CONSPIRACY WITH A PRISONER, RESPECTED TO HIS RELEASE, 1841. Cupidity, in the garb of justice, proposes a partnership with Liberty.
- 13 S NAPOLEON TAKES THE WHOLE CITY OF VIENNA, 1809—carries away a better half in Maria Louisa.
- 14 S 4 Sunday after Easter.
- 15 M SIR H. POTTINGER IS APPOINTED FLEET-AGENT IN CHINA, 1851. English "Gunpowder" done up in 48 lb. packets first introduced into Chinese families. "A liberal allowance made when a quantity is taken."
- 16 Tu MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS LANDS IN ENGLAND, 1568. On which occasion Rizzio brings his celebrated *Scotch fiddle* with him.
- 17 W TALLEYRAND DIES, 1838. Goes over from Louis-Philippe to Pluto, being insured a permanent situation. Received at the gates by Cerberus. N.B. Beware of the Dog.
- 18 Th Ophelia expresses a strong desire for a pine-apple and a cachemere shawl. Mother-in-law Spike says "She must have 'em." Twits compounds for new potatoes and a "Victoria Paisley."
- 19 F ANNA BOLSEYN EXECUTED, 1536. Henry the Eighth's usual mode of "axing" for another wife.
- 20 S BOSWELL THE BIOGRAPHER DIED, 1795. His was a most exemplary life—of Johnson.
- 21 S 5 Sunday after Easter.
- 22 M FIRST RAILWAY ACT PASSED THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1801. Later Railway Acts induce a division of the Members.
- 23 Tu That Cadet comes up from Woolwich (in dress kilt), the Twits being positively engaged to go with him to Exeter Hall—Scipio summoned on a jury.
- 24 W QUEEN VICTORIA BORN, 1819. A Ruler of the line of Brunswick without a parallel.
- 25 Th TWENTY TERM BEGINS. Client-hunting commences. The Old Harry-ets meet at Westminster Hall, and run through a great extent of property.
- 26 F DANTE, THE AUTHOR OF THE INFERNO, BORN 1265. The devil—he was!
- 27 S SIR R. PEEL BRINGS FORWARD HIS MOTION OF WANT OF CONFIDENCE IN THE MINISTERS, 1841. The Ministers have confidence enough for anything, 1842.
- 28 S 1 Sunday after Ascension.
- 29 M KING CHARLES II. RESTORED, 1660—but not brought to his senses.
- 30 Tu W. PITT BORN, 1759. The surest hound that ever worried a Fox.
- 31 W Johanna says the Pug's lost. Mother-in-law Spike advertises, that "Mr. Twits will pay one pound reward for his recovery."



ASTRONOMICAL.—There will be a total eclipse of the Norma Moon on one of the Covent Garden scenes, by the paint-brush of Mr. Grieve, about Easter. This will be invisible to the greater part of the universe, but plainly distinguished by a few in the scene-room. A lunar occultation will take place about the same time at the Adelphi, from the lamp behind the flat tumbling down. This will be visible from all parts of the house, but scarcely discernible from the lobby of the second boxes, or the back of the pit.

GEOGRAPHICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Captain Ross, when he visited the North Pole, took Chill on his way, and though he doubled the Cape, still felt cold about the shoulders.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—The sweets appear in perihelion to Jack-in-the Green on the 1st. The stars of the first magnitude at the Opera may now be seen in their greatest brilliancy during the evening, through good glasses. The satellites of Cerito are visible at intervals, and Perrot appears in conjunction with Carlotta Grisli. The latter planet will be at her greatest distance from the earth when she flies across the stage in *Giselle*.

TO ASCERTAIN IF MEAT IS GOOD.—Call at a friend's house about dinner-time; accept his invitation to sit down if he gives it, and, if not, adopt the free-and-easy principle, by inviting yourself. Taste freely of all the things on the table, and you will be able to form your own opinion as to whether the meat is good.

SENTIMENTAL AND DOMESTIC.—Now begin to roam through flowery meadows with sweethearts; whisper soft nothings, imprint soft somethings, and breathe hard vows. Steal out at evening hours to listen to nightingales, and meet lady-loves by moonlight alone at groves by the ends of vales. Eat your small salad at supper with your bread and cheese—if you can get it: in which case you will be lucky, considering the times.

LEGAL HINTS.—If a trespasser is caught in a steel-trap, he stands seized; but the tenant in possession may execute a release, that is, if he takes a sufficient interest.

If a tragedian agrees to act a character, and is hissed off in the middle, it does not amount to a performance of his part of the contract, but only to a part performance. —*Morris v. Olway*.

FOR REARING TIMBER.—Get a good acorn, and plant it in a breakfast cup; and when it begins to open, which you can ascertain by scratching up the mould, you may transfer it to a flower-pot. Water freely with your bed-room pitcher, and directly your plant begins to show itself above the earth you should set it in the garden. Then watch your shrub; and if it should continue to flourish, you may transplant it when young to a forest. When it is quite large enough, you may cut it down for ship-building.

A CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—Rush to May's Buildings. Bolt into the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, or 4th door on the right or left, and throw yourself back into a chair. Keep your mouth open, but take care to hold your jaw—in a convenient position. An individual will now come to your aid with a small instrument. Wrench, crunch, smash, crash, and you have got rid of the toothache.

ARTIFICIAL ASSES' MILK.—Take an extract from the Parliamentary Reports, and it will generally give you a large quantity of a milk-and-watery fluid. Strain off the water, and what little milk may remain will most likely be artificial asses'.



THE LONGEST DAY.

JUNE.—JUNE comes from *junus*, young people; for, like an advertising preceptor, it was devoted to youth. It would probably have been derived from *Junius Brutus*, if that gentleman had lived rather earlier than he did. Markinsius tries to get June from June, but

JUNE

this idea is said by Dobbeius, "*omnino omnium ejus esse*," to be all his eye. The sign of June is Cancer, which frequently appears in Knight's Supper room. Another species of Crab begins to be caught extensively between Westminster-bridge and Putney.

- 1 Th HOWE'S VICTORY, 1794. Very well, I thank you, 1843.
- 2 F THE KING OF HANOVER OPENS THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY 1841—with a very bad face, his nose having been put out of joint in England.
- 3 S THE JEWS' BILL PASSES THE HOUSE OF LORDS, 1841; the firm of Rothschild having endorsed it.
- 4 S WHIT SUNDAY.
- 5 M WHIT MONDAY. Punch publishes a double Supplement.
- 6 Tu WHIT TUESDAY. Mother-in-law Spike's Pug and one of the Reward Bills brought to Twits by A. As. Twits pays the money, and—singular circumstance—Johanna goes to chapel next Sunday in a new Tuscan bonnet.
- 7 W THE REPORTER BRIDGES THE ROYAL ASSEMBLY, 1842. The Whigs afterwards consisted of giving short measure to the People, and false weight to the Agricultural Interest.
- 8 Th SEVEN BISHOPS SENT TO THE TOWER, 1688; i. e. the Tower took a black draught.
- 9 F Mother-in-law Spike must have £5 to join her "good man" at Manchester. Twits, "with all the pleasure in life," lends it.
- 10 S GEORGE I. DIED, 1727. A Royal George, who had not been the worse for a blowing-up by a Col. Pasley.
- 11 S TRINITY SUNDAY.
- 12 M SHERIFFS WINDSONG AND EVANS ARE COMPLEMENTED BY A VOICE OF PLATE AFTER THEIR CONFINEMENT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1841. Are now as well as can be expected.
- 13 Tu LORD J. RUSSELL IS A CANDIDATE TO REPRESENT THE CITY OF LONDON, 1841. "The voice of the *turtle* is heard in the land."
- 14 W Mother-in-law Spike's Pug sickening for the influenza, she is unfortunately kept at Kensington Oval. Twits makes a man. "No money returned."
- 15 Th TRINITY TERM ENDS. Attorneys, to keep their hands in, go to Billingsgate to skin eels.
- 16 F PRINCE ALBERT VISITS OXFORD, 1841. Being the seat of Learning, he does not sit down.
- 17 S BEAN SENTENCED TO TRANSPORTATION FOR SHOOTING AT THE QUEEN, 1842. Justice, "culling simples," adds to her stock of Botany.
- 18 S 1 Sunday after Trinity.
- 19 M MAGNA CHARTA SIGNED BY KING JOHN, 1214—the Barons of England guiding his hand.
- 20 Tu QUEEN'S ACCESSION, 1837. Went to her new place, and took her boxes.
- 21 W LORD PLUNKETT TAKES LEAVE OF THE IRISH BAR, 1841. The Bar rise and thank him.
- 22 Th HER MAJESTY PAROONS PARLIAMENT TO ASSEMBLE IN THE SENES OF THE PROVER, 1841; but finds none in the return of the Tory majority.
- 23 F BILL AND OTHER STAMP DUTIES INSTITUTED, 1694. "A good price given for waste paper."
- 24 S NEWFOUNDLAND DISCOVERED, 1494. Query, The Isle of Dogs?
- 25 S 2 Sunday after Trinity.
- 26 M GEORGE THE FOURTH DIED, 1830; and became "The most finished gentleman in Europe."
- 27 Tu FIRE IN LINCOLN'S INN, 1752. Lucifer discovers his matches.
- 28 W VICTORIA IS ANOINTED QUEEN, 1838. Strange sympathy—Albert "lies" his hair.
- 29 Th The "Son of Apollo" teaches Twits the song of "May we ne'er want a Friend." The "Son" being elected treasurer of the club, fixes Twits as his security.
- 30 F GREENWICH HOSPITAL FOUNDED, 1694. A Park planted for the growth of wooden legs.



DIRECTIONS FOR ANGLERS.—The fishing-books tell us that Chubb may be found near Teddington Locks; but the best spot to find Chubb is near his own Detector Locks in St. Paul's Church-yard, which must be taken as they come, no picking being allowed. A good Perch may sometimes be secured on a lamp or tree in the Park during reviews and processions; and a Pike will soon reward the sportsman at any of the principal outlets from London. You may be sure of Flounders if you attempt to cross Battersea Marsh in the dark. A species of Shark, known as the Income-Tax Collector, is caught, like barbel, with a ledger. White Bait are taken eagerly during the summer months with brown bread and butter; and every kind of Fly may be found returning from country tea-parties, where the caddis will prove an attractive bait.

LEGAL HINT.—It has been decided that lunatics and idiots may purchase, and therefore it is probable that if Waterloo Bridge were offered for sale, a bargain might be concluded.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Madame Vestris becomes a fixed star at the Haymarket, and shines between 7 and 12 each evening. Miss Adelaide Kemble becomes quite invisible, but it is expected she may return to her old orbit. The laws of attraction are considerably disarranged in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden by the retirement of this planet; but Sagittarius (Bunn) who generally knows how to hit the mark, takes Taurus by the horns, and supplies the place of the lost planet.

TO CLEAN PLATE.—The best mode of plate-cleaning is that adopted in St. Giles's, which may be regarded as an Eastern custom. Put your plate on the ground, and turn a Newfoundland dog loose upon it.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—Van Amburgh walks into the house of Leo, at the English Opera: let us hope that Leo will not return the compliment by walking into him. The solar opposition to Mars by Aquarius foretells a quarrel between Father Mathew and Deaf Burke. Continual broils take place in the kitchens of the Older Cellars. Ursa Major becomes the pole-star at the Zoological Gardens.

DIMENSION OF THE DAY.—The Australians call twelve o'clock at night the middle of the day, and when we are upon our heels they are upon their heads. The Chinese day begins at night, a custom which the aristocratic individuals at the west-end of London have successfully endeavoured to imitate.

REMEDIES FOR FAINTING.—If the patient seems faint, the first thing to be done is to rip his neck-handkerchief in two, and cut the sleeves of his coat right up from the cuff to the shoulder. This is much better than the slow process of taking off or untying; and if consciousness should not be quite gone, the very fact of the articles of dress being sacrificed will have a beneficial effect on the patient. Throw glasses of cold water rapidly into his face, and sing his nose by burning a quantity of feathers under it. This should be kept up till the patient has quite recovered.

TO CURE TONGUES.—A coarse tongue is very difficult to cure. But there is a process known at the courts of law, which is often efficacious in doing so. Some tongues are harsh and rough, but a good deal of beating has often the effect of softening them down amazingly.

MEDICAL.—Children home for the holidays will be likely to have small pox or measles. In these diseases the cold-water cure is very efficacious; put your child, therefore, under a pump, which you will probably find tantamount to putting him under an apothecary.



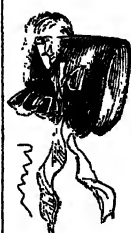
THE DOG-DAYS—COLD-WATER CURE.

JULY was so called in honour of *Julius Caesar*, who was a great seizer, indeed. In England this month is principally dedicated to hay-making: as for *Caesar* (who, nevertheless, was as jolly *hay cock* as any of the *Rom. Em.*), we have so little respect for him, that as

JULY

soon as the dog-days begin, we actually chain up and muzzle him. July hangs out at Leg, the Lion, which is generally found to be pretty good in the mane. The glorious three days occurred in this month, and gave a *Fully* to French liberal principles.

- 1 S SWEEPING CHIMNEYS BY BOYS ABOLISHED, 1842. The young sweeps wash their hands of the business.
- 2 S 3 Sunday after Trinity.
- 3 M DOG DAYS BEGIN. The London Hounds commence chasing their tails—their heads being turned by the heat of the weather.
- 4 Tu TRANSLATION OF ST. MARTIN. Done into slang by St. Giles.
- 5 W ALGERS SURRENDERS TO THE FRENCH, 1830. The *Dey* draws in.
- 6 Th LORD CARDIGAN BLACK-BAILED AT THE SENIOR UNITED SERVICE, 1841. The Club cancels his character—burns out anything but a gentleman.
- 7 F Mother-in-law Spike calls Ophelia that Johanna has told her that her young man, A. 49, has told her that a friend of his thinks he saw Twits walking with a black velvet bonnet. Mother-in-law Spike says, "She always knew how it would be."
- 8 S OXFORD TERM ENDS. Students come up to town for their summer course of lectures at the Police Offices. Fee 5s.
- 9 S 4 Sunday after Trinity.
- 10 M THE ANTI-CORN LAW DELEGATES GET AN INTERVIEW WITH SIR ROBERT PEEL, 1842—and nothing else.
- 11 Tu NEWMARKET JULY MEETING. The Marquis of Londonderry being about to resume his travels, attends the race to learn how to "make up a book."
- 12 W Mother-in-law Spike asks Twits whether he admires velvet bonnets? Ophelia says "No doubt," and leaves the room.
- 13 Th DR. BRADLEY (THE DISCOVERER OF THE ANTI-CORN LAW), DIED 1752. A similar phenomenon observed by Mr. Bush on the disappearance of his Deacon in the Goodwin Sands.
- 14 F THE REVOLUTION OF FRANCE, 1789. Took the heads of the noblesse for its axes.
- 15 S ST. SWITHIN. Vauxhall opens for an after-season of forty nights.
- 16 S 5 Sunday after Trinity.
- 17 M DR. WATTS BORN, 1674. The Watts what wrote a "Logic," what's a work what proves what's what.
- 18 Tu That Cadet calls, and inquires how Mr. and Mrs. Twits enjoyed their recent trip to Woolwich; and hopes that the rain did "not spoil Mrs. T.'s black velvet bonnet?" Ophelia looks divorces at Scipio.
- 19 W KING GEORGE THE FOURTH CROWNED, 1821. A "Gushelp" of King Charles' breed.
- 20 Th LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S WEDDING-DAY, 1841. Query. Now, an advocate for the "Repeal of the Union?"
- 21 F THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS, 1798. The one without an apex certainly wanted "a *summus* for himself."
- 22 S Attorney Tweezer (Twits's next neighbour) loses his wonder of a parrot. A 49 calls to know if Johanna has seen it, and discovers mother-in-law Spike's Fug with the dead bird in its mouth.
- 23 S 6 Sunday after Trinity.
- 24 M LORD CAMPBELL HAVING BEEN THREE WEEKS CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND, RETIRES ON A PENSION OF £4000 PER ANN., 1841. *Quel joli pays.*
- 25 Tu NELSON LOST HIS ARM AT SANTA CRUZ. The enemy being in distress, like a true sailor he lent them a hand.
- 26 W Attorney Tweezer serves Twits with notice of action—damages laid at £50. Mother-in-law Spike advises Twits "not to get into law, but to pay the money at once."
- 27 Th ALMANACK DUTY REVEALED, 1834. *Bunch*, on behalf of the British Nation, acknowledges the boom, and presents the country with a guinea's worth of wit for threepence.
- 28 F Re Parrot. The "Son of Apollo" calls; and (fortunately, being a lawyer's managing clerk) advises Twits not to be done—and takes him to his master to defend the action.
- 29 S SPANISH ARMADA DESTROYED, 1588. Queen Elizabeth "cooks their goose."
- 30 S 7 Sunday after Trinity.
- 31 M THE BRITISH ENTER PORTUGAL, 1808. Brett's brandy forms an alliance with the *representatives* of Oporto.



TWITS COLUMN.

GENERAL.—Now saunter by purling brooks, and smoke meerschaums or make love, or do both (if permitted) in cool arbours. Shoot sparrows in cherry-trees, and take every thing as easy as you can. Doff coats and neckcloths, and unbutton trousers after dinner; rest feet after the American fashion, on chairs, and read novels. Eat your cold lamb, and drink, if you can afford it, your Hock and Clare—which ice.

VALUABLE RECIPES.—For a Sore Nose. Take a tumbler of cold water, and drop in tallow from a rushlight. Lay a little of the tallow on your finger, and rub in smartly before going to bed.

ASTRONOMICAL.—The moon will be visible at High Wycombe a quarter of an hour later than at Hockley-on-the-Hole, and Jupiter will be over Stoke Pogis at the same moment that Venus is exactly above the Waltham Obelisk. Mars will attend regularly at the Horse Guards, and Saturn will be visible in St. James's-street.

AN INDIAN PICKLE.—Join the army in the East; and having subjected yourself to a moderate quantity of the native pepper, which is proverbially pretty hot, the result will be a strong Indian pickle.

A DELICATE HASH.—Take a French melo-drama—dilute with a dictionary—lard with English idiom—spice with buffoonery—and simmer down with sentiment. Serve it out to a "British audience," and the delicate hash will go down very pleasantly.

MEDICAL.—CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—Against the regular disease there are several good antidotes: the following prescription will answer as well as any. Take of prussic acid four ounces, of extract of deadly nightshade, and of extract of aconite, half an ounce, of arsenic in powder an ounce and a half. Mix, and drink down at one gulp. In a few seconds the hydrophobia will be at an end.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—Zadkiel foretells destruction to some aged Pier—probably that at Cremorne House, Chelsea, which is the oldest on the river. St. Swithin is at length regarded as a useless pump, the regular supply of water being by no means certain. Rain may be looked for about the 3d, 15th, and 27th days of this month; but it does not follow that it will come in consequence. The Sun appears in conjunction with Madame Tussaud's wax-work, and disastrous events ensue. His rays threaten the Prince of Wales, and affect the right arm of Burdett: let Sir Robert Peel also beware!

LEGAL HINTS.—In an action for fees a physician cannot recover. In cases of illness the patients are often in the same predicament.

On a bill or note the statute begins to run directly it is due. The acceptor, if he cannot pay, had better follow the statute's example.

METEOROLOGICAL.—When the Stars look dim, rain may be expected. When, therefore, the performances of Mr. Macready or Mr. Charles Kean appear rather dull, you may look for a shower in the evening; it being supposed that the expected rain which invariably causes a bad house, produces the dimness of the Stars already alluded to.

It will be high water at Aldgate pump throughout the year, and when the moon shines upon the handle, a common barometer will give the mean average. It will be low water in the kitchens by the river side several times in the course of the year, and the mean depth may be ascertained by walking into it.





"IT'S ONLY ONCE A YEAR."

AUGUST

This month was dedicated to Augustus, (Emperor of Rome, &c. successor to J. Cesar), who still reigns for one month in the year over the world. It is however, in a manner, a season pertaining to all monarchs, who are commonly called August Personages, as also may be designated Viziers, Basha's, Premiers, Chancellors, Peleates,

Commanding Officers, Mayors, Aldermen, Magistrates, Churchwardens, Overseers, Constables, and Beadles; in their several capacities, some of which, however, are rather small. *Virgo*, the Virgin, is the sign of August: the Zodiac thus offering a ready Maid joke.

- 1 Tu BATTLE OF THE NILE, 1798. Nelson v. Admiral Brueys. This was an action for damages. Verdict for the plaintiff.
- 2 W That Cadet calls; and having heard that Ophelia likes pine-apples, brings a remarkably fine one. Mother-in-law Spike whispers Twits "that cadet is a gentleman."
- 3 Th CHARLES THE TENTH ABDUCTS, 1830. Plays at "Chicken Hazard" with his people, who cut the King.
- 4 F CALAIS TAKEN BY EDWARD III., 1347. The inhabitants being starved out, sign a capitulation *without any provisions*.
- 5 S UFKAR KHAN DEFENDS KELAT-I-GHILZIE AND IS DEFEATED, 1841. Ufkar Khan defend it! Beg your pardon—Ufkar Khan't.
- 6 S 8 Sunday after Trinity.
- 7 M MADAMME LAFARGE CONVICTED OF ROBBERY, 1841. Mr. Colburn's indignation rises to such a height, that he determines to have her life—in 8 vols.
- 8 Tu O'CONNELL PROPOSES HIS GRANDSON, 4 DAYS OLD, AS A MEMBER OF THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION, 1841. "The smallest donation thankfully received."
- 9 W LOUIS-PHILIPPE OFFERED THE FRENCH CROWN, 1830—accepts it, and doesn't give the smallest change.
- 10 Th Spike (the ginger-beer traveller) from "unforeseen circumstances," is unable to meet the bill due on the 14th of September. Endorses another for £50 to cover it. Mother-in-law says, "how very considerate of her 'good man'."
- 11 F DOG DAYS END. The Dogs discard their neckcloths of *muzzalin*, and start a *clean collar*.
- 12 S HAVANNAH TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH, 1793. The cigar dealers objecting to their lands being cribbed, have made us pay for the *cabbage* ever since.
- 13 S 9 Sunday after Trinity.
- 14 M PRINTING INVENTED, 1442. Superstition taken very ill from being put into *wet sheets*.
- 15 Tu SIR WALTER SCOTT BORN, 1771; and, shocking to relate, was afterwards *greedily devoured* by the human race.
- 16 W INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON ON THE COLUMN AT BOURBONNE, 1811. The French people have their favourite Nap on a "pillar" of stone.
- 17 Th The "Son of Apollo" invites Twits to the "centenary" meeting on the 28th, of the "Kensington Coal and Blanket Benevolent Association." Ophelia kisses Scipio, and gives him *her* guinea.
- 18 F THE DIET OF HUNGARY CLOSED, 1827. The Mendicity Society discontinue their tickets for soup.
- 19 S ASSEMBLING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT, 1841. The new brooms expected to effect some sweeping measures—Don't.
- 20 S 10 Sunday after Trinity.
- 21 M BERNADOTTE CROWNED PRINCE OF SWEDEN, 1810. A good Swedish *turn-up* for Bernadotte.
- 22 Tu RICHARD THE THIRD SLAIN ON BOSWORTH FIELD, 1485. England sends its *Dickey* to Richmond to be mangled.
- 23 W STAMPS ON NEWSPAPERS IMPOSED, 1718. And a nice imposition it was!
- 24 Th THUNDERBOLT HOOK WREN, 1841. A staunch advocate of the Tory cause—the *canary* shows its "extent in aid" of the dead man's family, by seizing his *offer*.
- 25 F REVOLUTION OF BRUSSELS, 1830. The Garrick Club has its carpet turned.
- 26 S PRINCE ALBERT BORN, 1819. The child is found with a silver spoon in his mouth—Queen's pattern.
- 27 S 11 Sunday after Trinity.
- 28 M Ophelia and mother-in-law Spike sit up till half-past 2. Mother-in-law says, "that the Benevolent Association can never be about the blankets at this hour of the night."
- 29 Tu Twits returns home from "The Macquerade" in the costume of the Grand Turk; and is led into the house and laid on the sofa by the vigilant A & S.
- 30 W RESIGNATION OF THE MELBOURNE MINISTRY, 1841. The old Wig went out, and the "Boo" came in.
- 31 Th JOHN BUNYAN DIED, 1688. Death removed the *bunyan*, but did not stop his "Progress."

THE ROYAL FAMILY FOR 1853.—As all the Almanacks have given the Royal Family for the present year, PUNCH, determined to outstrip all competition, has used the greatest exertion, and given much attention to the subject, with the view of preparing a list of the Royal Family ten years hence. The following may be depended on, as being, if not quite correct, at least as nearly so as circumstances will admit of:—

Queen Victoria, born	1819
Prince Albert	1819
Albert Edward, (Prince of Wales)	1841
Victoria Adelaide, (Princess Royal)	1843
Augustus Leopold, (Duke of Brompton)	1843
Sophia Maria	1844
Elizabeth Leonora Jane	1845
Henry Philip William, (Duke of Lambeth)	1846
Mary Alexandrina	1847
John Charles Peter, (Duke of Chelsea)	1848
Timothy Theobald Thomas, (Duke of Kensington)	1849
Matilda Seraphina	1850
Richard Stephen, (Duke of Deptford)	1851
Ethelred Guthrum, (Duke of Battersea)	1852
Seraphina Susan Cecilia	1853

The above are, as nearly as we can give them, the arrangements for the next ten years, of the Royal Family, and the above table, may be looked upon as a sort of perpetual calendar of information on the subject it embraces. The returns are at present made up only to the year 1853, but we may carry our calculations further on a future occasion. The above will be thought by any reasonable person enough for the present.

MORAL REFLECTION.—How delightful on a hot, broiling, sultry morning, is a good plate of pickled salmon, with no end of Chilli vinegar and pepper, and a cool bottle of Guinness's Dublin stout, or a draught of pale India ale!

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—Celestial sporting begins, and the Stars take out their licences to shoot about the 9th. The heat is still intense: the cream of Circassia feels its influence, as well as the grease of Russia. Sagittarius presides over the targets of Tivoli, whilst from the aspect of a little boy fishing for crabs at the extremity of the Margate Jetty, the Son will probably come into conjunction with the right limb of Cancer. The "Stars" of the Gravesend Company may be seen from the observatory of Windmill Hill in rapid transit on the River.

LEGAL HINTS.—If a man makes a foolish bargain with another, it is a simple contract.

Feigned issues may in some cases be pleaded. When beggars borrow children to excite compassion, it may be said that they are pleading a feigned issue.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—The duty on Armerial Bearings has been held not to apply to the men belonging to the County Fire-office, who bear on their arms the celebrated design in *brasso relievo*, of Britannia sitting on the sharp edge of a shield, and making a rug of the hide of a living lion.

MEDICAL.—Corn-cutters in August may expect plenty of employment. The fair sex will be greatly afflicted with summer freckles, to which they may apply kalydor or oocanut oil, with nearly equal advantage: or if they prefer it, may take a regular walk, beneath the harvest-moon; the finest cosmetic in the world being moonshine.



SHOOTING MADE EASY.

SEPTEMBER received its name from *septem*, seven, because it was the seventh month. Consequently, no Roman calendar would have expressed Michaelmas-day next by 20-9-42. In September, (perhaps this is not generally known), Autumn begins. This word some conjecture to have been derived from *autum*, to think, because in Autumn we begin

SEPTEMBER

to think—about Gese. September's sign is Libra, the Balance, a type of the equinox, when the hours of the day and night represent, arithmetically, the conscientiousness of whig and Tory; there being just six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other—multiplied by two.

- 1 F Sr. GILES. The Marquis of Waterford makes a pilgrimage to his shrine in the "Holy Land."
- 2 S LONDON BURNT, 1666. England wishing to improve her metropolis, a fire *raises the capital*.
- 3 S 12 Sunday after Trinity.
- 4 M *Twiss v. Twiss*. "The governor" of "the Son of Apollo" requires the costs out of pocket. "The Son" calls for a trifle—say £10. Twiss gives it, as "he's not the man to be robbed with impunity."
- 5 Tu DISTURBANCES AT OXFORD, 1830. Put down by a few good "Sizers."
- 6 W PARLIAMENT MEETS FOR THE FIRST TIME UNDER SIR ROBERT PEEL'S MINISTRY, 1841—with improved behaviour.
- 7 Th DR. JOHNSON BORN, 1709. The little dog-star "Bozzy" afterwards appears in conjunction with "Ursa Major."
- 8 F Ophelia has just seen a "beauty of a cashmere." Scipio asks if she "thinks he is made of money?" Mother-in-law Spike remarks, "that he has money enough to spend on masquerades, if not on his poor wife."
- 9 S UNITED STATES, FIRST SO STYLED, 1776. You haven't such a thing as a *sovereign* about you—have you?
- 10 S 13 Sunday after Trinity.
- 11 M LORD THURLOW DIED, 1806,—being too good a judge to do so before.
- 12 Tu DONCASTER RACES. Sir Robert Peel's Commissioner out of *Income Tax* carries off the *Ledger*! VATS.
- 13 W FOX DIED, 1806. After "making right" for the country, he was "run to earth."
- 14 Th MOSCOW BURNT, 1812—Napoleon's fingers.
- 15 F Spike having by chance forgotten to take up the £40 bill due yesterday, Twiss is called upon to pay. Twiss vows he won't. Mother-in-law Spike, pointing to Ophelia, inquires if "the man has a heart?"
- 16 S 6.43 aft. MERCURY SETS—the Barometer, of course.
- 17 S 14 Sunday after Trinity.
- 18 M GEORGE THE FIRST CROSSES FROM HANOVER TO ENGLAND, 1714. A small piece of *German* metal passes for an English Crown.
- 19 Tu NEW UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN, FOUNDED 1737—for "chopping logic," and cramming "small Germans."
- 20 W THE FIRST STONE OF THE EDINBURGH EXCHANGE LAID, 1753. Query, being a national undertaking—was it *stone brimstone*?
- 21 Th THE LORD MAYOR AND ALDERMEN VISIT THE BLUE-COAT SCHOOL—generally with *Wood* at their head.
- 22 F Twiss having received a goose, Johanna accuses the Pug of stealing the gibles. Mother-in-law Spike "could almost swear she saw A & B taking home a pig."
- 23 S NEW POST-OFFICE OPENED, 1829. Since the introduction of the Penny Post Stamps, it has become the *Queen's-head quarters*.
- 24 S 15 Sunday after Trinity.
- 25 M THE BELGIANS BEAT THE DUTCH, 1830—the Dutch forces being too heavy in the rear.
- 26 Tu WILLIAM THE SECOND CROWNED, 1087. This *Bill* was accepted, but not *noted*.
- 27 W That Cudlet sends a pink note and a shawl to Mrs. Twiss. Scipio vows "he'll return 'em both." Ophelia asks if "he wants to kill her."
- 28 Th SHERIFFS SWORN IN. The officers of ditto invite the "bodies" in their custody to tea—without the customary "turn-out."
- 29 F MICHAELMAS DAY—LORD MAYOR ELECTED. The Corporation of London go out, before dinner, to choose a goose, and elect the Lord Mayor.
- 30 S ARREST OF FEARGUS O'CONNOR PREVIOUS TO A "CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION," 1842. *Quod erat demonstrandum*.



TWISS COLUMN.

THOUGHTS ON THE 29TH OF SEPTEMBER.—It is Michaelmas Day. We shall have goose for dinner. What a beautiful thing is roast goose, with apple sauce; and oh! with sage and onions! How delightful the odour which, long before the sweet bird is fully dressed, ascends from the regions of the kitchen. Delicious fowl! it seems almost cannibalism to eat thence.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—The astral illuminations of Vauxhall are eclipsed by the pluvial inferences; and the gardens once more close "for good," which, considering how very often they have opened for bad, is but fair. Mr. Jones again moves into the second house on the 29th, and all he sees of a goose on that day is the quill, with which he writes a label to leave on his door "Back in an hour." Desolation broods over Smithfield on St. Bartholomew; but the ingress of Aries and Taurus from the Continent counteracts the deficiency.

To cut up a Goose.—If any difficulty is experienced in catching a goose, or nobody has cooked your own for you, wait until the Marquis of Londonderry publishes a new work. Then review it honestly, and you will have cut up the goose. The *sage* will be very difficult to find.

OYSTER SAUCE FOR TAVERNS.—Take a go of thin gruel. Heat it in a saucepan, and then add three raw oysters. Serve in a butter boat, and garnish with a few blacks.

SPORTING.—"Gents" are particularly recommended to put the powder into their guns before the shot, and to withdraw ramrods from barrels previously to firing. The first of these directions may be reversed when the "Gents" form a shooting party; which will be a sure way to avoid accidents. In this case, also, the removal of each other's percussion caps, or the pouring of beer into flint locks, will be found excellent sport, and likewise conducive to general safety. N.B. Geese, ducks, and barn-door fowls may not be shot without special licence from their proprietors.

LEGAL HINT.—In an action of ejectment the outgoing party, who receives notice to quit behind his back, cannot plead tender.

A parliamentary speech is not evidence, but a speech by Mr. Ferrand is *prima facie* evidence of the exact contrary of what it asserts.

INTEREST TABLE.—The table which is best adapted for calculating interest is the dinner table. If you keep a good one, the interest taken by your friends will be proportionably large. A haunch of venison secures a very high rate of interest, but the *coupons* from cold viands are generally thought little of, and few people take the trouble to come for the *dividends*.

LIP SALVE.—This is made by simmering together equal quantities of deception and soft soap, with a portion of essence of tin. Pour in a few drops of tincture of humbug to flavour it, and strain through a cant sieve. It is excellent to correct crudities of speech.

BILL STAMPS.—For a dishonoured bill returned upon your hands, several stamps with your foot. For a promissory note never intended to be paid, the giver stamps himself as a cheat.

The acceptances of certain extravagant lords are to be considered as securities of the very lowest stamp.

ASTRONOMICAL.—The constellation Punch will dazzle the world every Saturday, appearing first in Wellington-street, and traversing the whole kingdom in the course of eight-and-forty hours.

A WIFE'S TWEED





THE TOTAL OCTOBER—SIR JOHN BARLEY-WATER HALF TEAS OVER.

OCTOBER was the eighth month with the Romans, and took its name from octo, eight. Had the Romans been acquainted with modern discoveries, it would perhaps have been called Vigintiber, from XX, whereof, as most people are aware, large quantities are annually brewed about this time. However, we make amends by christening

OCTOBER

XX October. The sign of October is Scorpio, the Scorpion; a sign of good October is its clearness, sparkling property, delicious odours, and a sensation of warmth in the region of the stomach and about the cockles of the heart, upon imbibing a draught thereof.

- 1 S 16 Sunday after Trinity.
- 2 M SIR HENRY POTTINGER OCCUPIES THE CHUSAN ISLANDS, 1841. "Comes to take tea, and brings his work with him."
- 3 Tu A Mrs. Caudle calls to inquire after the health of Mrs. Twits.
- 4 W SIR JOHN RENNIE DIED, 1821. His works published by the Waterloo-bridge Company—price one halfpenny.
- 5 Th EARTHQUAKE AT CONSTANTINOPLE, 1841. The Earth, having a bowel complaint, takes a small quantity of Turkey—Rhubarb.
- 6 F LOUIS-PHILIPPE BORN, 1773. Said to be worth an ORLEANS Plum.
- 7 S PEACE, 1748. Peace of what? *Ax-la-Chapelle*.
- 8 S 17 Sunday after Trinity.
- 9 M DINNER AT MANSION HOUSE TO THE QUEEN'S MINISTERS, 1841. Bill of Fare—*Cabinet Pudding, with Plummary*.
- 10 Tu JUNTA OF PUBLIC SAFETY FORMED AT BARCELONA, 1841. "Gentlemen—take care of your pockets."
- 11 W OLD GOOSE DAY. The Queen creates a batch of new Poets in honour of the occasion, 1841.
- 12 Th THE GALLERY STAIRS OF THE VICTORIA THEATRE FALL DOWN AT NIGHT, 1841.—Mr. E. F. Saville, the light comedian, having ascended them in the morning.
- 13 F M'LEOD ACCUSED BY THE AMERICANS AFTER A TRIAL OF EIGHT DAYS, 1841. Transatlantic puppies having been eight days in the dark, see on the ninth.
- 14 S A GRAND BANQUET GIVEN AT LIMERICK TO FATHER MATHEW, 1841. —"What do you say to a glass of water with a gooseberry in it?"
- 15 S 18 Sunday after Trinity.
- 16 M TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BURNED, 1834.—Sibthorpe having left the copy of a speech behind him.
- 17 Tu TWITS RETURNS FROM THE HARMONIC MEETING 1 A.M. The "Son of Apollo" and others sons will come in, "just to have a parting glass." Glee—"Myneer van Dunk."
- 18 W OPENING OF THE STATES GENERAL BY THE KING OF HOLLAND, 1841. *Oranges* in—to be sucked for some months.
- 19 Th TWO GANGES OF COINERS CAPTURED IN BIRMINGHAM, 1841. The only people who have made money in that town for some time.
- 20 F COURT OF DIRECTORS APPOINT LORD ELLENBOROUGH GOVERNOR OF INDIA, 1841. Mr. Cross treats his "tame elephant" with a jar of Indian pickles.
- 21 S TWITS STONES FOR "MYNEER VAN DUNK." Brings home a white satin pincushion inscribed "Welcome Little Stranger."
- 22 S 19 Sunday after Trinity.
- 23 M AMERICA DISCOVERED, 1492. A discovery without a *Precedent*.
- 24 Tu BIG SAM, THE PORTER TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, DIED 1802,—the Prince having "stood Sam" for Porter many years.
- 25 W ST. CRISPIN.—COBBLERS' HOLIDAY. The Author of "THE GREAT METROPOLIS" lays down his pen for the day.
- 26 Th SPIKE (the ginger-beer traveller), wishing for retirement to discover the cause of a strange mistake in his accounts, is invited by Mother-in-law Spike "to spend a week with her dear children, the Twits."
- 27 F CAPTAIN COOK BORN, 1728. He carried civilisation into the Friendly Islands, and introduced among the natives of OYE the IOU.
- 28 S BRISTOL RIOTS FOR 3 DAYS, 1831. Sir Charles Wetherell enters Bristol. In the evening the city illuminates.
- 29 S 20 Sunday after Trinity.
- 30 M TWITS FEELS THAT he ought to be a domestic man—Spike (the ginger-beer traveller) comes in with his carpet bag. Scipio says to himself, "Did I marry the whole family?"
- 31 Tu THE BUDE LIGHT FIRST INTRODUCED, 1841. Sir Peter Laurie goes with a dark lantern to inspect it.



TWITS COLUMN.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.—Boisterous winds prevail, and earthquakes are caused thereby in the mignonette gardens of the third floors, which are blown from their fastenings. The aspect of the heavens enables us to foretell shipwrecks at the Surrey Theatre: fires will be more frequent in the metropolis, and floods and inundations from neglected cisterns may affect the kitchens of the North. Ceres passes into Libra, and a penny loaf full weight is the result. Little Britain is affected by tumults; and a denizen thereof being run after by a mad bull, suddenly finds himself in the cusp of the ascendant.

LEGAL HINT.—A purchaser who cannot make up the whole of the purchase-money, may in some cases go to the Court for relief; at least if there happens to be a pawnbroker's shop at the corner of it.

TO CALCULATE NATIVITIES.—This is a troublesome process, and requires much labour. Find out the hour and minute of the day by the nearest clock, and if in a tavern, what sign you are under. Then according to the time you may have, walk through the streets and work out this problem. As the knockers tied up in kid, are to the monthly nurses at the second floor windows, so are the *virthe* in the newspapers to the doctors' gigs at the doors. Make friends with the district registrar, and inspect his tables; and to this add the number of usually married men who may be seen entering into the gay frivolities of life. Caution is necessary to avoid calling too soon at the house after the result; as it involves half-a-crown to the nurse.

A Shorter Method.—Keep an account of the increasing expenditure occasioned by your children: and, by looking back, you will soon be enabled to calculate their nativities.

PROPHETIC.—The conjunction of malt and hops this month will be favourable to the concoction of beer. Many phantasms, but more rubbish, will be shot on the 1st. St. Crispin's feast, otherwise *Aw!* Saint's-day, will be celebrated on the 25th: on which occasion cobblers will "sew themselves up."

PUBLIC OFFICES.—*Horse-Guards*.—Sentries of the day, Privates Snooks, Jones, Brown, Green, &c. Comptroller of the Clock, Mr. Smith.

Civil Department.—Watermen at the Charing Cross Cab stand, Diok Wiggins.

Woods and Forests.—Rangers of Hyde Park, Messrs. Outatelbows, Seedy, Needy, Greedy, &c.

POWERS OF ATTORNEY.—It is impossible to form any idea of the power of an Attorney until you get completely within his clutch. The expanding power of an Attorney is manifested in the swelling of a bill of costs; and the condensing power is shown in shutting up defendants within the limited precincts of a prison.

PICKLES. A GOOD FAMILY PICKLE.—Order in goods on all sides from your tradesmen. Take the choicest viands from your butcher, the best vegetables from your grocer, and the most costly spices from your tea-dealer. Go on as long as you are able, mixing up in hot water, and draining off in all directions as fast as you can. Repeat this as often as possible, as you will soon find the result to be a fine family pickle.

THE CHOPS.—Manure with pomatum, and irrigate well with Rowland's Maccassar. Plough with a small-tooth comb, and pull up by the roots all the grey hairs to be met with. Weed old whiskers and trim young moustachios, with a view to a better crop.



TWITS COLUMN.



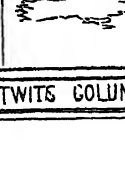
JUSTICE GOING IN PROCESSION TO OPEN THE COURTS OF LAW.

NOVEMBER acquired that appellation from *novem*, nine. The supposition according to which it comes from *novem*, being the commencement of the Law season in London, is incorrect, though plausible. Whether this month was called by our forefathers, the Saxons, *fog-*

NOVEMBER

month or not, we do not know; but it might have been. November has the sign of Sagittarius, the Archer; and much shooting with the long-bow now begins to be practised of an evening on the family hearth.

- 1 W O'CONNELL ELECTED LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN, 1841. The mas-
- 2 Th siveness of his chain betrays his *double guilt*.
- 3 F ADOLPHUS KEMBLE MAKES HER DEBUT IN NORMA, 1841. Celebrated
- 4 S for *holding a note* longer than the oldest attorney.
- 5 S FORGEON OF EXCHEQUER BILLS, 1841. Ernest Rapallo, as Queen's Evidence, turns
- 6 M himself inside out, and has consequently appeared in black ever since.
- 7 Tu Several anxious inquiries having been made for Spike (the ginger-beer traveller),
- 8 W Mother-in-law Spike locks the front door, and insists that Twits "when he chooses
- 9 Th to leave the house, will go over the garden wall."
- 10 F 21 Sunday after Trinity.
- 11 S CAPTAIN ELLIOTT ARRIVES IN ENGLAND, 1841—called to account for the
- 12 S *cracked China*.
- 13 M GAZETTE FIRST PRINTED, 1665. Its columns since contributed to
- 14 Tu by several eminent houses in the City.
- 15 W JOHANNA declares "that she never lived in a prison afore." Mother-in-law Spike
- 16 Th says the same; and wonders that "Twits don't pay Spike's deficiencies, and go out
- 17 F of his own house like an honest man."
- 18 S PRINCE OF WALES BORN, 1841. The Privy Council kept in at-
- 19 S tendance, to see that the nurse doesn't "*change*" the child.
- 20 M MARTIN LUTHER BORN, 1483. Afterwards chased by many furious
- 21 Tu Bulls.
- 22 W 2 A.M. Fog, drizzle, and sleet. Twits goes for Mrs. Caudle.
- 23 Th 22 Sunday after Trinity.
- 24 F A NEW COMB OF FERRY AND HAPPY END PRICES FOR JERSEY, 1841. The island
- 25 S having a few "*small things*" to get up, starts a *new copper*.
- 26 S HENRY THE EIGHTH MARRIES ANNA BOLEYN, 1532. The Bea
- 27 M Constrictor at the Zoological Gardens gorges another pigeon.
- 28 Tu CERTIFICATE FOR THE ENDING YEAR TAKEN OUT BY ATTORNEYS. A man before the
- 29 W Lord Mayor pays a fine for plucking live geese, 1843.
- 30 Th "The Lady of Scipio Twits, Esq., Kennington Oval, of a son and
- heir."
- CATHERINE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA DIED, 1796. An Empress that
- went for *knout*.
- CAVANAGH, THE FASTING MAN, COMMITTED TO READING GAIL FOR BUYING BREAD AT
- A CHANDLER'S SHOP, 1841—having before got his bread by going without it.
- 23 Sunday after Trinity.
- FIRE IN WOOLWICH DOCK-YARD, WHICH IS CONFINED TO THE BUILDING, 1841. Confined
- to the building! Why not let it go out?
- PRINCESS ROYAL BORN, 1840. Some disappointment felt at the
- non-arrival of *the mail*.
- A COMMISSION APPOINTED, WITH PRINCE ALBERT AT ITS HEAD, TO INQUIRE INTO THE BEST
- MODE OF PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS, 1841. The Prince thinks the best mode is to
- draw for £80,000 per annum.
- That Cadet, previous to his departure for India, writes a farewell letter to the Twitses,
- and trusts "he shall be remembered by *that* cachmere."
- THE THAMES TUNNEL COMPLETED, 1841. Mr. Brunel, to set the
- Thames on fire, puts gas-lights under its bed.
- SATURN being in conjunction with the Moon, "takes a sight" of
- the man in it.
- 24 Sunday after Trinity.
- Twits receives an enclosure as follows:—Scipio Twits, Esq., Dr. to John Twill, A rich
- cachmere shawl.—£21 10s. Twits kisses his baby, and—pays it.
- THE THAMES OVERFLOWS ITS BANKS, 1841. Father Thames rises
- to a level with the House of Commons, and is still a perfect fiat.
- OLIVER GOLDSMITH BORN, 1713. Whatever he touched became
- sterling*, receiving the Goldsmith's mark.
- REVOLUTION OF THE POLES, 1830. "The dose to be repeated."



ALLOWANCE FOR WITNESSES.—There are several sorts of allowance for witnesses. The chief allowance is that which is to be got at the Exchequer Coffee-house. The following is very near the scale:

- | | |
|--|---|
| A witness who will forget as convenient | A glass of grog. |
| A witness who will remember things that never happened | A mutton chop and grog at discretion. |
| A witness who will keep out of Court when called | Wine and beer <i>ad libitum</i> . |
| A witness who will contradict all the evidence on the other side | Nothing until the trial is over, but wine and grog afterwards in proportion to the verdict. |

Among other allowance to witnesses is the allowance that must be made for the prevarication of a lady who is asked her age; and there are other allowances of a similar character. On cross examination, witnesses come in for a very large allowance of abuse from counsel.

TO CARVE POULTRY.—Fowls have seldom more than two wings. It is advisable, therefore, in carving them, to remember this. Help the particular guests to a wing or breast; and when they are gone, it is good-breeding to ask the unimportant people, "if they have a preference for any part."

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENON FOR 1842.—The Annual Eclipse of the Sun by the fog on Lord Mayor's Day will take place as usual on the 9th November.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—Strange phenomena mark the fifth. Fiery stars and meteors appear, the air is shaken by concussions and reports, and a celebrated character is burnt at the stake. The influence of Venus on Virgo tempts a young lady at a boarding-school to fly to Greta with her lover, who is tributary to Mars. A dark cloud hangs over London—let the manufacturers put out their fires, and avert the evil, which will pass away as smoke.

POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS.—Letters to go the same day must be put in by yourself: if entrusted to your servants they will be forwarded the following one. Letters borrowing money, or begging favours, generally miscarry, or come to hand whilst the person they are sent to "is in the country." Letters demanding payment of cash due, to be returned to the writers, endorsed "Gone away—not known where;" or forwarded from one place to another with "try No. 14," "no such name," &c., until they get worn out or illegible.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—We have no means of arriving exactly at the result, for the last census made several omissions; amongst whom was our boy, who did not go to bed at all on the night of the fifth of June, 1841, and consequently slept nowhere. Perhaps the best means of ascertaining the population of the United Kingdom is to find the exact half, and having multiplied by two, you will get the correct total.

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—It is calculated that the Staffordshire Potteries turn out every year more than a million flower-pots. The mould inserted in these pots may be estimated at some thousand of cart-loads, which is equal to several acres. Supposing that each hundred flower-pots on an average contains one rose-tree, this will give a large number of perches (in the shape of pieces of dead stick) to the metropolitan sparrows. The number of daisies grown for London consumption (and they always go into a consumption when they reach London) is not ascertainable.



PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS.

December was anciently so denominated from *decem*, ten. The Romans might, if they had chosen, have called it a great many names on account of its dreariness and dullness besides—but it seems they did not. Some assert that the Saxons (after their conversion to Christianity) used to call it *Guille-month*, on account of the libations

DECEMBER

in which they indulged at Christmas. Others maintain that they entitled it *Fas-month*, on account of the pantomimes and other drolleries which accompanied that festive season. The sign of December is Capricornus, the Goat; but a much more striking sign is gas-light at four in the afternoon.

1 F A COLORED STATUE OF WASHINGTON PRESENTED TO THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT ANKARA, 1821—and remains to this day a man very much alone the Americans. Twits is officially reminded that he "once became security" for the Son of Apollo "The Son" and some money are wanting. Scipio hums "May we ne'er want a Friend," and draws a cheque for the deficiency.

3 S Advent Sunday.

4 M THE YOUNG PRINCE CREATED PRINCE OF WALES, 1841,—which was at least three feathers in his cap.

5 Tu LOYALTY LOAN OF 18 MILLIONS, 1796. The British people so devoted to their country, that they then stood a loan.

6 W MEETING ON THE DISTRESSED STATE OF THE LINEN TRADE IN IRELAND, 1841,—the church ascendancy demanding so much for its lawn.

7 Th TWEEZER V. TWITS. *Re Parrot*. Verdict for the plaintiff, damages £10—costs £100. Twits sells out of the "Three-and-a-Half Reduced," and pays.

8 F RHODE ISLAND TAKEN, 1778. "Let us take the road."—*Beggar's Opera*.

9 S GENOA ENTERED, 1814. Mr. Alfred Bunn gets into his velvet breeches.

10 S 2 Sunday in Advent.

11 M Twits receives a letter dated Calais, from the "Son of Apollo"—sent "Auld lang syne." "The Son" requests Twits "to pay the governor's costs for the defence of Tweezer's action; as, in the Son's present condition, the commission would be of great service."

12 Tu CROMWELL DECLARED PROTECTOR, 1653. The *knave* of the Common wheel.

13 W NAPOLEON DECLARED FIRST CONSUL, 1799. *Consols* reduced in France from 3 to 1.

14 Th A *go* having shown his willingness to break any quantity of heads at any meeting, is made a squire. Joanna gives warning, being asked in church the next Sunday.

15 F COUNT SECKENDORF DIED, 1692,—Count Furstorf, his father, having done so before him.

16 S LINNEUS DIED, 1788. He was a teacher of Botany, and opened *classes* for flowers.

17 S 3 Sunday in Advent.

18 M Spike (the late ginger-beer traveller), suddenly recollects that he has negotiated the bill for £50. Twits sees an advertisement—"That a quiet couple may be boarded and lodged for £50 a year in North Wales." Twits books the Spikes for Caernarvon.

19 Tu TYCHO BRAHE BORN, 1546. So great an astronomer was Tycho, that Francis Moore is quite an ass to *Brahe*.

20 W SAXONY MADE INTO A KINGDOM, 1806,—after being "double mill'd."

21 Th SHORTEST DAY. "The Daylight" leaves Hungerford pier at 4 after 3, p.m.

22 F LORD THURLOW APPOINTED CHANCELLOR, 1783. As it often happens with faithful servants, he got the sack.

23 S ANTWERP SURRENDERED, 1832—the Dutch finding the French shells "not the cheese."

24 S 4 Sunday in Advent.

25 M Christmas Day.

26 Tu WILKES DIED, 1797—having been some time in a pickle.

27 W Mother-in-law Spike's Pug, having been left behind, is sent to board with Mrs. Caudle at 1s. per week.

28 Th ST. LUCIA "TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH" 1723,—but, *mirabile dictu*, not by any member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.

29 F Twits wheels his easy-chair to the fire—kisses his Ophelia—takes his baby on his knee, and feels himself happy.

30 S ROYAL SOCIETY INSTITUTED. Punch offered a fellowship; refuses F. R. S., being sufficiently bothered with £. S. D.

31 S 1 Sunday after Christmas.



TWITS COLUMN.

INNS OF COURT.—The principal Inns of Court are *The Wrekin*, Broad Court; *The Cheshire Cheese*, Wine-office Court; *The Feathers*, Hand Court; and others. The Terms here are as follows:—

"Two muttons to follow"—A couple of consecutive chops.
"One mixed"—A tumbler of hot punch.
"Coming, sir"—The flight of the waiter.
"Pint palate"—A bottle of Bass's Indian beer.

CHEAP LYONOMETER.—A simple way to detect the presence of moisture on the surface of the earth, is to wear boots with holes in the soles; or sit upon the ground out of doors for two hours, and then calculate according to the degree of Rheumatism to which you will rise.

TRANSFER OF STOCKS may be effected at any respectable emvat-sellers on any particular day, except Sunday, which is kept as a holiday. A power of attorney is not necessary, although it is often out of the power of attorneys' clerks to get a new stock. The transfer is generally made by the payment of a certain sum and leaving the old one behind to be re-covered, or because it is not worth taking away.

TO MAKE A WELSH RABBIT.—The simplest method is that practised in our schools by little boys, which consists in tousting a slice of yellow soap on a bit of slate over the candle. Foreigners should ask for "*Lapin du pays des Galles*," to ensure the real animal, which arrives from Wales to the London markets potted down in the form of cheeses, to which it bears some resemblance in taste. It is not necessary to take out a poultryer's license in order to retail Welsh rabbits, nor has the trade, in this particular article, been found as yet to suffer, from the tariff rabbits which are sent from Ostend. The skins of the Welsh rabbits are perfectly useless in a commercial point of view; but are sometimes advantageously employed to bait mouse-traps.

GARDENING.—Take up crops of onions, carrot, and parsnips, if you have a garden; if you have not, it is better to buy them at the nearest greengrocer's. The best time for gathering peaches, apricots, and grapes is after dark, from trees which grow near the road. Bring down apples which overhang the highway, with stones and hooky sticks.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—The single ladies begin to wonder what the next year will bring forth, and perhaps the married ones do the same. A constellation of peculiar brilliancy will appear towards the close of the pantomime; although at the beginning the conjunction of the prompter's hand with the weather apparatus, betokens storms of wind and rain. Christmas Day will fall this year upon the 25th, as heretofore. Let Sir Robert Peel beware, if he ventures on the ice before it bears, or he may fall in.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—When an estate is advertised to be sold "without reserve," it may be inferred that the auctioneer will display more than the usual amount of impudence. His assurance may in these cases be relied upon.

EQUATION OF TIME.—Note.—That a watch generally goes much faster in a crowd than if it was left at home. A clock goes down if it is not wound up; but if your own affairs are approaching a wind-up instead, then it is most likely that the watch or clock will "go up". Watches should be regulated by Sun Dials; but if none are handy, then the mean time of the gin-shop clocks in Seven Dials will answer all the purpose. At the close of the theatres, the illuminated one at Exeter Change is generally G minutes to T.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM a native of Africa; but my parent Ostrich having been hunted down for the property he carried about with him, I was, many years ago, shipped at the Cape of Good Hope for London; in which magnificent city I have lived a life of many changes. On my arrival, I was



preferred to the house of a duke; there, I waved, and fluttered, and tossed my head among the noblest of the land; and now—

But I will narrate my adventures in the order they befell me.

My duty to my parent demands that I should champion him against the supercilious sneers of the world—that I should vindicate his memory from the ignorant slander of mankind.

I will confess it, when, after a race of some fifty leagues, with the horses close at my parent's tail—

“Cujus fui minima pars”—

(where, reader, I picked up my Latin, shall, in good time, be made known to you,)—when I beheld my honoured sire thrust his head into a bush, believing, as it was too plain he did, that because he could not see himself, nobody could see him,—I do confess, despite of filial love, I felt a fluttering of indignation, not unalloyed—may I be pardoned the sin!—with contempt. The world has taught me better wisdom. Experience hath made me tolerant. Since I have seen men, praised, too, for their excellent prudence, commit the self-same folly as my unfortunate sire, reproach has subsided into sorrow, and contempt become ennobled by regret.

But I come of an outraged, a slandered race. What bouncing fibs have been written of me, by sand-blind philosophers, and glibly repeated by gossips of all sorts at their firesides! How venerable does a lie become by length of years! Truth is never a babe, and never a hag. As at the first, so at the last: full-blown yet young; her eyes lustrous through ages, and her lip ruddy and fresh as with the dews of Eden: upon her brow sits an eternity of beauty. Now Falsehood is born a puling, roaring thing: its very infancy is anticipative of its old age, and stamped with the grossness of mortality. Day by day it waxes bigger and stronger; has increase of reputation, crowds of clients; until at length, its unrighteous hoariness makes it worshipped by multitudes for no other reason save this—it has gray hairs. And so the wrinkled wizard keeps his court, and works his mischief-dealing, paralysing spells, until Truth at some time turn her sapphire eyes full upon him, and as a bubble at a finger's touch, Falsehood is gone.

For thousands of years my ancestors have borne the weight of lies upon their backs. And first, for the shameless scandal that the family of Ostriches wanted the love which even with the wasp makes big its parental heart towards its little ones:—

“The Ostrich, having laid her eggs, leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun.”

Such is the wickedness that for tens of centuries has passed among

men for truth, reducing the ostrich to a level with those hollow-hearted children of Adam, who leave their little ones to the mercies of the world—to the dandling of chance—to the hard rearing of the poor-house. There is Lord de Bowelless; he has a rent-roll of thousands; is a plumed and jewelled peer. Look at him in his robes;—behold “law-maker” written on the broad tablet of his comprehensive brow. He is in the House of Peers; the born protector of his fellow-man. How the consciousness of high function sublimates his nature! He looks, and speaks, and lays his hand upon his breast, the invincible champion of all human suffering—all human truth. Turn a moment from the peer, and look at yonder biped. There is an old age of cunning cut and lined in the face of a mere youth. He has counted some nineteen summers, yet is his soul wrinkled with deceit. And wherefore? Poor wretch! His very birth brought upon her who bore him abuse and infamy—his first wail was to his mother's ear the world's audible reproach. He was shuffled off into the world, a thing anyway to be forgotten, lost, got rid of. In his very babyhood, he was no more to men than the young lizard that crawls upon a bank, and owes its nurture to the bounty of the elements. And so this hapless piece of human offal—this human ostrich deserted in its very shell—was hatched by wrong and accident into a thief, and there he stands, charged with the infamy of picking pockets. The world taught him nothing wise or virtuous, and now, most properly, will the world scourge him for his ignorance.

And thus, because Man, and Man alone, can with icy heart neglect his little ones—can leave them in the world's sandy desert to crawl into life as best they may,—because a Lord de Bowelless can suffer his natural baby to be swaddled in a workhouse, to eat the pap of poor-laws—to learn as it grows nothing but the readiest means of satisfying its physical instincts,—because his Lordship can let his own boy sneak, and wind, and filch through life, ending the life the peer did him the deep wrong to bestow upon him, in Macquarrie Harbour,—because, forsooth, his Lordship is capable of all this, he must, in the consciousness of his own depraved nature, libel the parental feelings of the affectionate ostrich! Oh, that the slander could perish and for ever! Oh, that I could pierce the lie to the heart; with a feather pierce it, though cased in the armour of forty centuries!

Again, the Ostrich is libelled for his gluttony. Believe what is said of him, and you would not trust him even in the Royal stables, lest he should devour the very shoes from the feet of the horses. Why, the Ostrich ought to be taken as the one emblem of temperance. He lives and flourishes in the desert: his choicest food a bitter, spikey shrub, with a few stones—for how rarely can he find iron, how few the white days in which the poor Ostrich can, in Arabia Petrea, have the luxury of a tenpenny nail,—to season, as with salt, his vegetable diet! And yet common councilman Prawns, with face purple as the purple grape, will call the Ostrich—glutton!

For how many centuries did that stately rajah, the Elephant, move about the earth, mankind all the while resolutely denying to him the natural joints of his legs! Poor fellow! although thousands and thousands of times he must have knelt before men—going upon his knees that his riders might tell the truth of him,—they nevertheless refused to him the power of bending. But the Elephant has become a traveller—has condescended to eat cakes at a fair—has shown the combined humility and magnanimity of his nature, by going on his marrow-bones on the boards of a play-house, and the world has at length passed a truthful sentence upon him. In the year 1843, the Elephant has joints!

I have endeavoured, feebly enough I know, to vindicate the character of the maligned ostrich. Let that pass. My purpose in the following chapters—and whether I shall proceed to one or five hundred chapters, is a doubt at present hidden in the mysterious depths of a bottle of ink—is to tell what I have seen in my eventful, ever-shifting existence, as a feather among men. An ostrich feather! Consider my mutations, and give courteous ear to my history!

A LOST PLAY.

It is an authentic anecdote of Hogarth, that he was wont to make certain miniature sketches on his thumb-nail, to be elaborated at an after-time. A certain dramatist followed the like practice. He would write a plot in the same limited space, in short-hand. He was once consulted on a new drama by a manager. “I have it,” exclaimed the ready artist; and he immediately marked the plot upon his thumb-nail. Weeks passed over, but no play was presented. The manager waited on the author—“Now, about the piece! It's done, of course; you took it on your thumb-nail?” “To be sure,” replied the author, “and there it was for some time; but, as ill-luck would have it, I one morning unfortunately—washed my hands!”

THE SIDE-SCENES OF EVERY-DAY SOCIETY.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

"HERE we are again!—How are you?"—to adopt the style of the present season.

Well, dear reader, the Christmas week has come and gone; and our holidays are at an end. By the liberality of those charitable people, who take care that the inmates of workhouses, authors, and other indigent classes of society, should enter into the customary festivities of the period, we have feasted on beef, turkey, and goodly brawn—we have drank the potent ale and comforting elder-wine of the rural districts—we have gone with the holiday people to the exhibitions, and felt a few returns of almost forgotten merriment, as we listened to the glorious musical laughter of the children at the pantomimes. And now, having trimmed our garret with small sprigs of pearly mistletoe and bright-berried holly, we resume our pen and slippers, and return to work, with a grateful retrospection of our holiday, and a cheering anticipation of once more meeting you in our columns.

To our subject then at once. Those of our good friends who have been given to literary pursuits, and even those in whom we have created a taste for reading, which they possessed not before, must recollect that a long time back—two centuries and a half ago—in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a poet and dramatic author named Shakspeare, or Shakespeare, flourished at an obscure village in Warwickshire. He appears at that remote period to have stood somewhat higher than the other authors of his day, which, although verging upon the dark ages of barbarism, now and then furnishes a proof that the scribblers of the era understood something of human nature and language. It is true that the plays written by the author we have just named possessed little of the pathos or interest which abounds in the more modern dramas of "Susan Hopley" and "My Poll and my Partner Joe." Many of them also had neither an incidental ballet, nor a combat of six to enliven them, and consequently are now almost extinct: yet, if any one will take the pains to look over them, if by chance an edition comes in his way, he will find here and there flashes of imagination, and cleverly-turned sentences, which even dramatists of the present day need not be ashamed to have written. This ancient author, then, in one of his plays, has compared the world to a stage, and the men and women who people it to the actors in a domestic drama of seven *tableaux*, chequered with sad and comic scenes, like the "Wreck Ashore," or any other piece of the same class. Now, to carry out still further the analogy between the world and a theatre which this almost forgotten writer has adduced, we would say that the world—which in the present instance we would have understood as meaning society—has its side-scenes as well as the stage; and that the performers who thereon "strut and fret their hour" (we borrow from our author again) are as different before and behind the scenes, as is the Monarch on the stage to the same Monarch drinking cold brandy-and-water in his dressing-room between the acts.

However ignorant they may be of the writings of Shakspeare, possibly most of our readers are acquainted with "The Devil upon two Sticks." We do not mean the hourglass-shaped toy which is played upon two sticks and a string, nor the ballet in which Duvernay danced the Cachucha, and Wieland hopped about so quaintly and sat upon the fire—but the excellent novel of Le Sage bearing that title, wherein one Don Cleophas Leandro Perez Zambullo sees what is going on in every house in Madrid, by the kindness of an eccentric demon who removes the roofs.

He was here admitted to the side-scenes of which we wish to speak: and we will just add, in reverting to the ballet, that had the spirit possessed the power of uncovering the hearts of his audience in the same manner as he lifted up the roofs of the houses, the student would have beheld a much stranger sight than ever the scholar of Alcala witnessed, with all the opportunities that his friend Asmodeus afforded him.

There is no denying the plain truth, that every action of the society of the present day is as much involved in a covering of duplicity as the date-stone-looking abode of a chrysalis silkworm is in the web of yellow pluff which surrounds it; and thus the real object of any such action is as difficult to discover as the actual commencement of the aforesaid web. We have been cultivating this general deception for some time past. It has been going on so rapidly that it must of necessity soon arrive at its climax; and then, when it can go no further, as extremes meet, we shall most probably return again to truth. At present, there is not a single event or action of our social lives, however trifling, but is involved in a mesh of deceit; sometimes seen

through as easily as is the amber which envelops the flies, but more frequently as dense and impenetrable as the hide of a wild-boar.

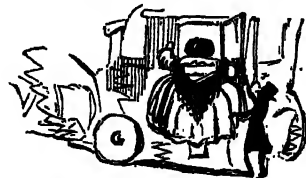
Par exemple.—A lady sends an invitation to a person she cannot bear, but whom she is compelled to be polite to from motives of interest or connexion: she requests, openly, "the pleasure of his company"—she hopes fervently, behind the scenes, that he will not come. A physician salutes his victim with "I hope you are well;" when it would much delight him to see the unhappy person's frame quivering with the rapid vibrations of intermittent fever, and betraying evidence of the commencement of some tedious chronic complaint. The mistress of the house, at a dinner party, is "unconscious" of the contents of a neighbouring "spring tart"—a name which the professors of the fiddle-faddle school of fashion have given to a small rhubarb-pie, in the early stages of that plant's existence, to impress you with a due notion of its premature delicacy. Now, behind the scenes, the cook was over-done with work, and the lady ordered the rhubarb to be sent to her in the drawing-room, whereshe cut it up with her own hands. And by the way, what a poor dash of conventional style it is, to call the piece of confectionery just mentioned "spring tart." It is as much as to say to your guests (and it means it too), "Rhubarb is very dear now, so you must think a great deal of this, and not cram it down as if it was apple-pie." We perceive we have committed an error. "Tarts are made of fruit, pies of meat," was an axiom instilled into us by our schoolmistress at an early age, and we fancy, reader, that you are now chiding us for not paying attention to it. We plead guilty, with most willing readiness; but still an apple-pie will be an apple-pie to the end of the world. There might justly be room for censure in speaking of a beefsteak tart; but with the other, we maintain it will never be anything else, whilst the legend that so inseparably connects the letters of the alphabet with its being, and their contest for its possession, shall exist, from the humblest halfpenny edition to the glowing shadows of the phantasmagoria.

We propose, in the sketches we are about to lay before you, to give you a free admission of some of the minor, but not less popular, theatres of society; where you may possibly find as much diversion and matter to amuse you, as you would do before the curtain. The great houses we shall leave alone. We would not soar too high, lest in our imaginings we should tumble out of the cloud-pieces upon the stage, or perhaps underneath it, through an open trap-door, and be thought no more of; or not being sufficiently acquainted with the extensive machinery, we may be unable to grapple with its difficulties, and thus cause the failure of the piece, from a similar fault in life that causes many originally good plans to miscarry,—attempting too much.

Stage-door keepers are renowned for being people of peculiarly surly and discourteous bearing; but we shall endeavour to conduct ourselves with all due politeness and propriety, that through us and our colleagues you may look with favourable eyes upon the management of our establishment, to secure a good name for which all our efforts tend, and upon the success of which undertaking our situations and salaries depend.

PUNCH'S "COURT CIRCULAR."

ON Wednesday night, her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with a numerous suite, honoured Drury Lane Theatre with a state visit. The pieces played were a new comedy, called *Better Late than Never*, *The Illustrious Stranger*, and the pantomime. Her Majesty appeared to be highly delighted with the entertainments. The audience were very enthusiastic, and evidently appreciated the praiseworthy condescension of our beloved Queen, who, by thus personally patronising the dramatic literature of England, may in a great degree make it endurable by the "fashionable classes." We understand that, with this benevolent intention, her Majesty will pay a state visit to one of the three theatres—namely Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, at least once a fortnight. PUNCH will be at his post, and duly report proceedings.



NOT ADAPTED FOR THE STAGE.

FRENCH SENTIMENT.



It is not often that PUNCH has occasion to praise foreign sincerity, but the following extracts are so brimful of it—so free from that vile sycophancy which disfigures the English character,—so touching in their appeal, and so winning in their sympathy,—that he cannot help holding them up to the admiration of his readers as a perfect specimen of real good feeling! A Frenchman alone could have written it.

We borrow at random from a long article that graced the *feuilleton* of the

SIECLE a week or two back. The happiness of our extracts will show the pleasure we have taken in this exhilarating task. But we will let Mr. ALEXANDRE DUMAS speak for himself. He is talking of the funeral of the Duke of Orleans, and says:—

"One would have said that this poor prince was not only the hope of France, but also the *Messiah of the whole world*."*

The following extract, however, far exceeds the above by its homeliness and great sensibility of feeling:—

"There was in the voice of the Duke of Orleans, in his smile, in his look, quite a magnetic charm which fascinated everybody. I have never observed in anybody,—not even in the most seductive female—anything which equalled this look, this smile, this voice."†

Could Wordsworth have written anything more feelingly! Our next extract shows the love of truth Mr. Alexandre Dumas cherishes, to the sacrifice of everything like rhapsody and adulation:—

"There were centred in him too many things emanating from God; his virtues impoverished the kingdom of heaven. The Almighty has called him away, and now the earth is in mourning for the loss of his virtues! . . . ‡

The fearless honesty of expression displayed in the above passage, is sufficient to stamp Mr. Alexandre Dumas as the first biographer of the day. The following, for its enthusiasm and sincerity, is not less worthy of admiration:—

"From the tribune where I was standing, I could see the coffin but indistinctly. I would have given, I will not say money, but several years of my very life, to have thrown myself on my knees before that catafalque,—to have kissed that coffin,—to have cut away a small fragment of the velvet which covered it §."

With regret we leave this affecting subject. The extracts we have given are but as glass-beads compared to the many peerless gems the article is studded with. We give just one more, which, we think, is of the highest water.

"On leaving the church, there was a moment of confusion, and I found myself placed between the bronze urn which enclosed the heart, and the leaden coffin which contained the body.

"Both of them touched me as they passed. One would have said that both heart and body wished to say to me a last farewell. I thought I should have fainted! . . . Just four years since, at the very same hour, I had put on mourning for my mother!] . . . ||"

What could be more free from affectation? With the beauty of this last passage still dwelling on our minds we take our leave of Mr. Alexandre Dumas, thanking him for the sincere pleasure we have derived from his admirable exposition of French sentiment!

* As some of our readers might imagine we are awarding to Mr. Alexandre Dumas praise that is not legitimately due to him, we guard against any such supposition, by giving the original extracts:—"On eût dit que le pauvre prince qui venait de mourir était non-seulement l'espoir de la France, mais le *Messie du monde entier*."

† "Il y avait dans la voix du duc d'Orléans, dans son sourire, son regard, un charme magnétique qui fascinait. Je n'ai jamais retrouvé chez personne, même chez la femme la plus séduisante, rien qui ne rapprochât de ce regard, de ce sourire, de cette voix."

‡ Il y avait en lui trop de choses venant de Dieu; ses vertus appauvrirent le ciel. Dieu l'a repris avec ses vertus, et maintenant c'est la terre qui en est veuve!"

§ "De la tribune où j'étais (à la cathédrale), je voyais imparfaitement le cercueil; j'aurais donné, je ne dirais pas de l'argent, mais des années de ma propre vie, pour aller m'agenouiller devant ce catafalque, pour baiser ce cercueil, pour couper un morceau du velours qui le couvrait."

|| "En sortant de l'église, il y eut un moment d'embarras, et je me trouvai pris entre l'urne de bronze qui contenait le cœur et le cercueil de plomb qui renfermait le cadavre."

"Tous deux me touchèrent en passant. On eût dit que cœur et cadavre voulaient me dire un dernier adieu. Je crus que j'allais m'évanouir! . . . Il y avait juste quatre ans, à pareille heure, que j'avais mené le deuil de ma mère! . . ."—FEUILLETON DU SIECLE, DU MOIS DE NOVEMBRE.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

MR. SNOW gave a grand dinner on Christmas-day to the whole of his tenantry, consisting of his second-floor single young man lodger, and the occupants of the attics. Covers were laid for three, and both flaps of the Pembroke table were put up, so as to afford sufficient space for setting out the courses. The fare consisted of two of the delicacies of the season—namely, roast beef and potatoes. After the cloth was removed, *Non Nobis* was given in fine style by the second-floor lodger, and after the usual loyal toasts the front attic gave the beautiful melody, "My lodging is on the cold ground," with great truth and finish. The back attic proposed the health of Mr. Snow, their worthy landlord.

Air—All Round my Hat.

Mr. Snow declared it was the happiest moment (but twenty-five) of his whole existence. He was glad to be surrounded by his tenantry (*hear*), and he hoped to see them often on the same three chairs (*three cheers*).

Here Mr. Snow broke down, and the meeting broke up, and the bottle was locked up and put away in the cupboard.

Overture—The Ruler of the Spirits. By Mr. Snow, in the key of B(♯) Sharp.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

THE waistcoats after Christmas are expected to be full, but the pockets are usually empty. There was considerable lightness in the arrangements for the head, especially in the streets on boxing-night, and much spirit was evident among those who moved in their own peculiar circles. In some instances the coat was brought down horizontally, so as to lie level with the pavement, and the hat was worn a good way off the head, while the watch and pocket-handkerchief were left completely *dégage*. The coats, which were cut away a good deal last year, are not now seen, the wearers having cut away themselves; and in boots there is nothing new, those of last year having had such a run that it is impossible to come up with them. In trousers the twelve-shilling Swedish are still the favourites. They are worn rather white at the knee, and are more or less shot with mud about the calves and ankles.

PUNCH'S "PANTOMIME."

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

MY DEAR LORD,—A great original idea is like an acorn; it takes at least a hundred years to become a mighty presence in the eyes of men. What a small matter it is—a thing to be hidden in a girl's thimble! and yet it has in its potentiality a forest of oaks—yea, an ungrown, unbuilt armada.

My pantomime—*Punch's Pantomime*—which cast a glory on the departing skirts of 1842, is a great original idea. Mr. Manager Bartley says it is not; never mind that—I say it is. In this belief—in the invincibility of this conviction—I dedicate the Pantomime to you.

What says Lord Bacon, dedicating his great work to that solemn noodle, James the First? Namely, that by such dedication, he advances his labour at least a hundred years. He obtains even from the prejudices of men a more attentive hearing, seeing that the king "delights to honour" wisdom—that he graciously wraps a rag of the imperial purple around the shivering carcase of *potera e nuda filosofia*! Here, my dear Lord, you will perceive I copy the "Chancellor of human nature." What BACON was to JAMES, *Punch* is to BROUGHAM!

You will concede, my dear Lord, that my Pantomime has peculiar claims on your protection. It is not a merely mechanical pantomime—a thing of spring-wire and pulley; but a pantomime of thought. It is in its nature essentially subtle, and therefore it instinctively flies to you as its natural guardian.

The age, however, is not yet fit for *Punch's Pantomime*. I have, in some degree, abased myself to the shallow ignorance of present times in the great work (to be seen every night at half-price) on Covent Garden boards. I have suffered myself to make certain compromises with the prejudices of men, and, I feel it, have not yet fully asserted my notions of the true character—the wit, the wisdom, the profound, and almost tragic speculations—of the theme. *Harlequin* to vulgar apprehension is a mere fantastic piece of patchwork, dancing without motive—producing change and change with not the barest reference to the "moral fitness" of the transformation. *Clown* is simply a blackguard (*Sourhey* has made the word classical) and a thief: *Pantaloon* a compound of asthma and rheumatism. How differently does *Punch* contemplate the capabilities of the trio! how is he confirmed in the faith, and exalted by the idea, that the boxing-night will come, when *Harlequin* shall indicate great moral meaning in the rocking-step, nor roll his head round and round, without hav-

ing at least something in it. The *Clown* shall steal with an eye to practical philosophy, and *Pantaloen* make gray heads grayer still with unexpected wisdom. *Columbine* herself shall be a sort of *Aspasia* to the galleries—a young and blooming schoolmistress to the million, in variegated satin. *Punch* is as confiding in the advent of this true philosophy of pantomime, as was his late mighty friend *Bacon* in the ultimate success of the *Novum Organum*. *Bacon* said, "I stand upon the shoulders of time, and look into futurity." *Punch*, in the like prophetic spirit says, "I stand upon the shoulders of Harlequin, and look abroad into pantomimes to come."



Albeit my present *Pantomime*—thanks to my weak concessions to the erring million—is far from perfect, still a great step has been taken. I feel that with my so-potent *bâton* I have dealt a heavy blow at the mere carpentry and mechanism of pantomime, and that henceforth there must be a moral presence in the work. 'Twill not be enough to change a sentry-box into Westminster Abbey;—no, no! there must be a meaning in the transformation, or it will be nought. People will one day go to read a pantomime, not merely to stare at it.

I am aware, that if *Punch's* pantomimic philosophy had to elbow its own way through generations, it would not arrive at its destined seat of honour until 1950; but you, my dear Lord—I speak with a knowledge of your old benevolence, with a faith in the friendship you have ever shown to *Punch*,—you will graciously advance to meet the struggling novelty, and holding forth your comforting and sustaining hand, will clear out of its way at least half-a-century. This you will do: if not, as sweet *Lady Percy* saith—

"I'll break your little finger, Hal."

I was, of course, present—deep in the sanctity of a private box—on the night of the 26th ult. You know what it is to make a maiden speech in the Commons! Fiddle-de-dee! Nothing; only try a maiden pantomime at Covent Garden. I am convinced, that had I been weighed when I left the box—as they weigh jockies reeking from the saddle—I had been found to have lost by perspiration at least three stone. I was so changed, that when I returned home, the wife of my bosom hardly knew my nose again; my very hump had sunk more than "the altitude of a chopine."

(—You were about to interrupt me, my Lord. Thank you for all intended inquiries; I am now quite myself again.)

Well, my Lord, there I was in my box, with the house roaring about me! The comedy was finished (some of it very much finished indeed), and the fiddlers struck up the overture. In that terrible moment, it seemed that by some diabolic spell, every petty nerve in my body was turned into a fiddle-string; the larger vessels into flutes, clarionets, bassoons, trumpets, and *pistons-à-cornet*; whilst some fearful fiend beat—beat—beat the big drum upon my rebounding heart. I tried to take a view of the audience. What a mass of heads in gallery and pit! I looked, endeavouring to catch the general expression of my jury. I looked and looked, and wondered if some of them could by any possibility be the individuals alluded to when people spoke of "a discerning and intelligent public." The overture ceased; the curtain gave signs of rising; the—

My dear Lord, in your many sea-voyages, do you recollect your struggles with nausea; your heroic attempts to remain perfectly well; and

then—having fought the great intestine war like a late chancellor and a man—do you recollect that last terrible internal spasm—the last—before you called out—"Stew———and?"

My dear Lord, such werethe feelings of *Punch* on the 26th ult.—10—P. M., the curtain then rising upon *Punch's Pantomime*. I shall not here dwell upon the glories of the Magi the *Gareves*, but drop a tear to think that such painting should ever be painted out; that it should not be carried away as cabinet art to the gallery of the Titans. In scene the second I began to perspire—a little; just enough to prove my mortality. I must, too, own that I was greatly struck with the respect for *Punch* that seemed to possess the audience on two or three occasions. Where, in the ignorance of my soul, I had expected to be greeted with horse-laughes, I met with merely a benevolent titter. One of my dearest friends, basking in the expected glory of *Punch*, sat radiantly smiling in the front of my box. After a while he looked a little anxious; and then, as if some vague thoughts of ancient eggs and over-ripe apples came upon him, shudderingly withdrew into the dark recesses of the nook. Another, and most philosophic friend—let me drop a tear on human weakness—also withdrew into the rear; but, with a latent thought of the Stoics, returned to his seat, still adorning the front row with his short hair and massive brow—a brow, spacious as Kennington Oval (and in some places quite as green).

But let me—thou worthy son of ancient martyrdom!—let me dedicate one exclusive paragraph to thy virtue! Thou didst take thy seat in the front, confidently yet unostentatiously. The excelling whiteness of thy tie sweetly typified the innocence of thy intentions:



thou didst seem expressly "got up" for a triumph. With what calmness—what dignity—didst thou reprove the large-browed philosopher and our fair-haired friend! Hadst thou been wrinkled by hisses—thy cuticle corrugated like an elephant's, by the damnatory breath of "a discerning public," thou couldst not have sat more completely armed against the worst. "Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

As for myself, my Lord, there is no sheet of paper big enough to hold the description of my feelings. I walked the box like a wild beast—I tore my hair—I put my handkerchief in my mouth, and in a spasm of indignation at public ignorance (one of my finest things had fallen on an intelligent audience dead as an oyster), swallowed the cambric.

My dear Lord, should you ever write a play, take with you into your private box at least a pint of shrimps. Then you will not have, what too often (thanks to the actors!) happens,—i. e., an entertainment without head or tail!

The pantomime proceeded to its close, and though *bouquets* studded with diamonds were not thrown to *Punch*, the pantomimic principles of *Punch* were triumphant. It was my aim to instruct; and I yet hope the time will come, when the intelligent people of the British Empire will call that the noblest pantomime, which may be witnessed without a single smile—which may send the audience comfortably to their beds, making them rise on the morning "wiser," yes, and "sadder" individuals.

That you, my Lord, have so handsomely consented to this dedication, proves to me the truth of my principles, assures me of their ultimate triumph.

I have the honour to be,

My dear Lord,

Your friend and admirer,

PUNCH!

P.S.—*Punch's Pantomime* will be played every evening for at least the next six weeks. *Vivat Regina!* No money returned.



ROYAL NURSERY RHYMES.

Young Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;

But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

BRITISH BALLADS.

No. I.—SIR WINIFRED WILLIBALD WALTER WHITE.



SIR Winifred Willibald Walter White
Was a yeoman, grim and bold;
There ne'er did live more stalwart
knight,
In England, New or Old.

A bonnet of goodly steel he wore,
A brighter none could find;
And the hilt of his sword stuck out
before,
While the point stuck out behind.

Sir Winifred Willibald Walter White
Did love a high-born dame;
And whether 'twas morning, noon,
or night,
His heart was always the same.

So he sent a Page to the castle gate
Where the dame did dwell (God wot);
And he bade the faithful urchin wait
For an answer on the spot.

The lady, she was rich and fair,
And tall and portly too;
So she eyed the Page with disdainful air,
Saying, "Save us! Who are you?"

And the little Page, in a sudden fright,
Did timidly reply,
"I come from Sir Winifred Willibald White,
And his faithful Page am I."

"Go to, go to!" said the high-born dame,
"I love a bolder knight and a betterer,
Than he that bears the ugly name
Of Winifred Willibald Walter *et cetera*."

So the Page, like a hunted fawn, flew back,
And his message told to the stalwart knight;
Oh, never did yeoman look half so black
As Sir Winifred Willibald Walter White!

He gave a stamp, and he gave a roar,
Then his Roman nose in the air did toss;
Oh, quotha, how he raved and swore!
While the little Page his breast did cross.

He roll'd his eye to the left and the right,
And he look'd at his quaking Page—
Gramercy! the bold and stalwart knight
Is in a thundering rage.

He call'd for his helmet thick and strong,
Of quaintly-figured metal;
And seizing his falchion, six feet long,
"My rival," quoth he, "I'll settle!"

So he sought him east, and sought him west,
And sought him north and south,
And swore till he found him he'd never rest,
Nor a morsel take in his mouth.

He went with a hop, and he went with a bound,
And he went with a loud halloo!
And the valleys and mountains echoing round,
Seem'd roaring and bellowing too.

He came to an old baronial hall,
In an ivy-eaten state;
And he plunged through a hole in the crumbling wall,
For he could not find the gate.

In the court-yard he raved and stamp'd and cried,
Till an aged menial came,
Who, when the stalwart knight he spied,
Said—"Gallant Sir Yeoman, thy name?"

But the old retainer got no reply
From the brave and valiant knight—
Except a tremendous crack in the eye
From Sir Winifred Willibald White.

"Thy master," quoth he,—"to see I would fain"—
And the valiant knight did frown;
Then smote the old menial thrice again,
Kicking him eke when down.



DESCENDED FROM THE CONQUEROR.

Sir Winifred Willibald Walter White
To the winds did roar and howl,
When a figure came upon his sight
In a friar's robe and cowl.

"Gramercy, good father,"—the knight did cry,—
"My rival I came to find;
Then count thy beads and tell my why
I am left to howl to the wind."

But the friar from beneath his gown
Did draw a falchion bright—
"Thy rival am I,"—said he,—and struck down
Sir Winifred Willibald White.

To the earth the stalwart yeoman fell'd,
The ground with his fingers pick'd,
Gramercy, how he roared and yell'd!
While the dust his hot tongue lick'd.

And there in the court-yard he was laid
Until the approach of night,
When a hole was dug, and no fuss was made,
Pitch'd in was Walter White.

And over the grave a stone they raised,
And his epitaph did write:
"Here lies—(for the riddance goodness be praised)—
Sir Winifred Willibald Walter White."

THE MARKETS.

APPLES were freely offered on the Duke of York's Steps, at a halfpenny the large handful, and pies (made of tariff meat) were so little in demand, that the holders were obliged to resort to the tossing system, in order to get rid of them. This shows an unhealthiness in the market, and is evidence of a frightful decline in the public appetite.

The toffy treacle continues dull, but the real Everton, which was neglected for a time by the dealers, was caught up with some eagerness by a party whose transactions are all of the same hazardous and enterprising character.



INVESTING HIS CAPITAL IN A DOUBTFUL SPEC.

The new tariff has had a good effect upon the itinerant sandwich trade, and a good deal is now done in this popular luxury. Baked potatoes, with the coupons to insert the butter, were freely offered at old rates, and a great deal was done in cat's meat, at the former quotations. Dealers who had been steady in the morning, and kept up through the day, came down at night, and there was a frightful fall of various kinds of merchandise in different quarters.

The news from Barcelona had not the expected effect on nuts, which maintained their old prices. If Espartero should eventually triumph, and Spain become tranquil, there is no saying what effect it may produce on Spanish licorice.

A QUEER REFLECTION.

There is an old maid in Russel Square who has such a singular cast in her eye, that every time she looks at herself in the glass, she sees a perfect Venus de Medicis.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER I.—COSMOGONY.



COUNTING many ages back, there was a time when the Universe was all higgledy-piggledy. This was about five thousand years before Britain began to rule the waves—and there were then no waves to rule—or if there were, they were altogether unruly; for as yet the sea was not, for the best of reasons—namely, because there was no land. The azure firmament too, was, in a popular sense,—“all my eye”.

The state of the Universe at this period was called Chaos.

Imagine saucepans, seaweed, obelisks and allspice, tomatoes, tomahawks, cata-

tracts and horsehair, gunpowder, lobster-sauce, stalactites and boot-jacks, fire-drakes, whirligigs, squibs, water-spouts and gongs, cyanogen, soojie, mountains, magpies, earthquakes, oyster-patties, spermaceti and thimbles, soap cerate, adamant, granite and tobacco, molasses, maggots, tenterhooks and tripe, rocks, glaciers, rattlesnakes, tongs, pig-tails, whistle-pipes and thunder—with hot, cold, moist, dry, sweet, sour, sharp, flat, and all sorts of contending opposites, including several tom-cats, jostling, clanging, whizzing, clashing, hissing, flaring, spurning, bellowing, and caterwauling; and you will have some faint idea of what Chaos may have been.

Or fancy an infinity multiplied by itself of lunatic asylums, schools in an uproar, camp-meetings, and Chartist mobs, with ten times that number of mad bulls, blown by as many exploding powder-mills into “an immortal smash;” and your conception of the chaotic state may perhaps be slightly assisted.

Whether Chaos was the wreck of a former system or not, tradition does not tell us. If it was, the additions of certain skeletons of mammoths and ichthyosauri to the above clanjamphries will render them no improbable representations of it.

Now Chaos was the domain of Chaos of that ilk, from whom the McKays of Scotland claim, it is said, to be descended. This Chaos was the oldest of the Gods; though some say he was the offspring of Necessity, and consequently the brother of Invention. They further maintain, that Necessity set Invention to work to reduce Chaos to order, which is probable enough—but how do they prove it? Let us keep to classical authority.

The dominion of Chaos (which was an unlimited Anarchy) was shared with his wife, Darkness. By this lady he had a son called Erebus, and a daughter whose name was Nox. Nox, he it observed, must not be confounded with *Nix*, an appellation which signifies nonentity, and was given to a supposed predecessor of Chaos by some paradoxical speculators.

In process of time Nox and Erebus fell in love, and, as a natural consequence of that accident, were married. These deities were blessed with a large family, whereof the principal members were the God of the Day, or Light, and the three Fates.

As soon as Day came into existence, he made a survey of Chaos, his grandfather's estate, and instantly saw, as the saying is, what was up. He complained to his mother and father of the state of things; but Erebus told him not to grumble or he would lock him up in the cellar; and Nox declared that if he said another word, she would put him out. It is said that hereupon Day first “took a sight” at his parents; but he had offered them that insult long before—provoked to it by their black, cross, sulky looks. He replied not to their threats, but, mentally ejaculating an expression of disgust, determined to put the Universe to rights before he closed.

Accordingly he summoned up his best looks and went and popped the question to the eldest of the three Fates, his sisters. She not only accepted his hand, but declared that she had long destined him for her husband. So they were married; whereabouts it is not exactly known; for the topography of Chaos is involved in perplexity. This step was against the consent of the old folks, who refused to see them, and also fell out with the two other Fates for having aided,

abetted, and comforted their brother and sister. Day and the Fates now naturally made common cause; and they soon found means to gain over the remaining children of Erebus and Nox to their own party.

Day and his partner (not Day and Martin) had a son and daughter, so to speak, in no time. The son's name was Uranus: that of the daughter, Terra. Gods are born in a state of maturity; so that it was not long before Day and the Fates, with Uranus and Terra, who were all warmly attached to one another, were enabled to act in concert.

The first thing they did was to seize on the property of old Chaos, upon pretence of his being a lunatic, and incapable of managing his own affairs.



NON COMPOS MENTIS.

It will readily be conceived that Chaos did not like this proceeding at all, and that he accordingly resisted it with all his might. He was seconded by his wife Darkness, and by Erebus, his son. Nox, from interested motives as it is supposed, thinking perhaps to come in for a share of the property, stood neuter.

The law of the Gods being the law of the strongest, the legal proceedings to which the parties had recourse were a mere trial of strength. The contest ended in the defeat of Chaos. He was seized, and together with his son Erebus, who was voted as mad as himself, consigned to a sort of Bedlam, which was built on purpose for them in a place afterwards called the Infernal Regions.

Day, with his wife and sisters, having now obtained possession of the Universe, set forthwith to work to put it to rights. They raked together a lot of materials—to wit: coal, limestone, slate, granite, grauwacke, gritstone, gypsum, toadstone, alluvion, sandstone, gold, silver, platinum, lead, copper, tin, molybdenum, tungsten, diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, rubies, sulphur, boron, phosphorus, oxygen, hydrogen, and many other things of the above and different kinds—with all of which they mixed up a quantity of water, which Nox got by condensing the aqueous vapour which had been diffused throughout Chaos. They then kneaded and rolled the whole mass into balls, and thus made the heavenly bodies and the earth, into which they inspired a quantity of electric fluid, and so set them spinning. But they are said to have made the sun out of an enormous carbuncle, to have composed the moon principally of silver, and some of the stars of pure diamond.

The earth, however, was the peculiar object of their care. They compounded it of all the ingredients that the chaotic rubbish afforded them. It was the plum-pudding of creation. They divided it into land and sea; interspersed it with mountains and valleys; and finally surrounded it with an atmosphere, “just,” as Momus (one of the numerous children of Nox) remarked, “in order to give it an air.”

Having thus formed the terrestrial globe, they allotted it to Terra; her husband Uranus receiving for his especial domain the regions of space in general. Already Terra had become the happy mother of numerous gods, including Oceanus, who was installed Lord of the Sea. She now brought forth vegetables, next animals, after them, Man;

“And then she made the lasses, O.”

Night and her son Day undertook to watch over the earth conjointly for their daughter Terra. Several subaltern divinities were appointed to various employments in the administration of mundane affairs. Oceanus, who had formed a matrimonial alliance with his sister Tethys, begat the River Gods and the pretty Oceanides—whose offices were at the heads of streams and in the coral caves of the dark blue sea, where they transacted business, which they mixed with no little pleasure. Those airy grandsons of Terra, the Winds, were appointed to their respective quarters. Of these the most pleasant one was conferred on Zephyrus, who had become enamoured of a charming young lady called Flora, had made a goddess—a real one—of her, and had married her. His delightful task was to tend spring flowers, and waft perfume to the nostrils of immortals and of men. Her lovely Hamadryades were appointed by Terra to posts, that is to say, trees, in the merry greenwood. To the blushing Aurora, her golden-haired

daughter, was assigned the morn, with a beautiful rose-coloured four-in-hand, wherein she drove daily to open its gates, which was her "limited service." Subordinate situations were entrusted to Nymphs, Satyrs, Fauns, and various other deities. Thus originated this sub-lunary scheme of things. Oh! 'twas a merry world; nothing but basking in the sunshine, dancing in the shade, eating grapes and figs, drinking celestial liquor, and continually making love. We shall never see such times again!

So much for the Cosmogony. By some anonymous poet a different account of it has been given, which, though it cannot be depended upon, deserves to be quoted for its brevity—

"Nine tailors make a man,
That's how the world began,
So the proud tailor went prancing away."

N.B.—As the foregoing piece of mythology is not to be found whole and entire anywhere, but is the result of the collation and comparing of divers contradictory stories related by ancient authors, perhaps one of the Universities may desire to reward the writer for his learned research with the honour of a doctor's degree. If so, let the diploma, with a blank for the name, be despatched to "PUNCH's" Office, post-paid, to be left till called for.

SODALITAS PUNCHICA, SEU CLUBBUS NOSTER.

POEMA MACARONICUM, VEL ANGLO-GRÆCO-CANINO-LATINUM.



UNT quidam jolly dogs, Saturday qui nocte frequentant
Antiqui *Στέφανος*, qui stat prope moenia
Druri,
Βουλόμενοι saccos cum prog distendere
rather,
Indulgere jocis, necnon Baccho atque to-
bacco;
In mundo tales non fellows ante fuere:
Magnanimitum heroum celebrabo carmine laudes,
Posthac illustres ut vivant omne per ævum.

Altior *ἐν Στέφανος* locus est, snug cosy recessus;
Illic quarters fixære suos, conclave tenent hic,
Illic dapibus cumulata gemit mahogany mensa.
Pascuntur variis; roast beef cum pudding of Yorkshire
Interdum; sometimes epulis queis nomen agrestes
Boiled leg of mutton and trimmings imposuere.
Hic double X haurit, Barclay and Perkins's ille;
Nec desunt mixtis qui sese potibus implent
Quos "offnaff" omnes consuescunt dicere waiters.
Postquam exempta fames grubbo, mappæque remotæ,
Pro cyathis clamant, qui goes sermone vocantur
Vulgari, of whisky, rum, gin, and brandy, sed et sunt;
Cœlicolum qui punch ("erroribus absque") liquore
Gaudent; et pauci vino quod præbet Oporto,
Quod certi black-strap dicunt nicknomine Graii.
Haustibus his pipi, communis et adjiciuntur
Shag, Reditus, Cubæ Silve, Cheroots et Havannæ.
"Festinate viri," bawls one, "nunc ludite verbis:"
Alter "Femineum Sexum" propinat, et "Hurrah!"
Respondent, pot-house concussio plausibus omni.
Nunc similes veteri versantur winky lepores
Omnibus, exiguis nec, Jingo teste, tumultus
Exoritur, quoniam summâ nituntur opum vi
Rivales ἄλλοι top-sawyers ἔμμενοι ἄλλων.

Est genus ingenui lusus quod nomine *Burking*
Notum est, vel *Burko*, qui claudere cuncta solebat
Ora olim eloquio, pugili vel forsitan isto
Deaf Un, vel *Burko* pueros qui *Burxit*; at illud
Plausibus aut fictis jocularitatem excipiendo,
Aut *bothering* aliquid referentem, constat, amicum.
Hæc parvo executitur multus conamine risus.

Nomina magnorum referam nunc pauca virorum:
Marcus et Henricus, *Punchi* duo lumina magna,
(*Whacks* hic Aristotelem, Sophoclem brown wallopeth ille)
In *clubbium* adveniunt; Juvenalis et advenit acer
Qui veluti *Paddywhack* for love contundit amicos;
Ingentesque animos non parvo in corpore versans
Tullius; et Matutini qui Sidus *Heraldi* est
Georgius; Albertus Magnus; vesterque Poeta.

Præsidet his Nestor, qui tempore vixit in Annæ,
Creditor et vidisse Japhet, non *youngster* at ullus
In *chaff*, audaci certamine, vinceret illum.
Ille jocos mollit dictis, et pectora mulcet,
Ni faciat, tumblers, et goes, et pocula pewter,
Quippe aliorum alii jactarent forsitan in aures.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

WOMAN was made for man—as the sun was made for the world—to adorn and cheer it. But for woman, where would be the luxuriance with which the spring of youth and the summer of manhood are adorned by the cunning of the tailor? As soon would the sunless field be green and gay, as man without woman.

The hand of man is formed to guide the plough, to ply the oar, to wield the sword. The more delicate fingers of woman are calculated for the dexterities of the sempstress—for the neatnesses of the culinary art. When we survey our wrists, how striking is our conviction of the debt which we owe to womanhood! The constitution of the universe is such, that buttons are necessary to shirts, unless studs are substituted for them—an expense to which the vast bulk of mankind are unable to go. Such, too, are the laws which regulate the material world, that these buttons are liable at times to come off. The clumsy male fist would make poor work of the delicate process of sewing them on again, which feminine skill effects with nicety and despatch, leaving on the unrumpled and unsmirched surface of the snowy Irish no trace where the thumbs have been.

But even if masculine adroitness were competent to replace a button, how could those solutions of continuity, which occur as a consequence of friction about the toes and heels of stockings, be repaired? Instances, it is true, have been known of old bachelors who were wont to darn their own hose; but these are isolated exceptions. Were we of the sterner sex deft enough, in general, for this employment, the impatience of our more irritable natures would consign, in most cases, our half-finished handiwork to the flames.

The husband, occupied with his counting-house, his office, his shop, his clients, his patients, could not, although he were qualified so to do, superintend the economy of the kitchen. But to the man of leisure, the garden, the tool-house, the field, present appropriate objects of amusement. While the sportsman is levelling the gun, his wife at home is wielding the rolling-pin; and the jam-pudding that crowns his meal is the offering of female assiduity to the palate of reciprocal affection.

Owing to its physiological relations to the external world, the nervous system of the infant is peculiarly susceptible of irritation from the application of moisture to the skin. The daily removal, however, of the incrustations which would otherwise accumulate on its surface is necessitated by the requisitions of health. In other words, children ought to be washed every morning, and they have at the same time a great objection to being so. This infantile hydrophobia is productive, as all domesticated



"WANTED—A GOVERNESS."

people know, of much screaming and crying. The innate ferocity of savage man would be excited by this noise; and failing in trying to stop the mouth of the suckling with his handkerchief, he would probably dash its head against the wall. But the screams of the suffering little one excite, not rage, but tenderness and compassion in woman's gentle breast; and with soothing voice and soft caress, she beguiles the vociferous darling into acquiescence and quiet.

When we reflect on the multifarious comforts and conveniences—the clean linen, the hemmed handkerchief, the mended glove, the tidy house, the comfortable cup of tea, the savoury patty, the pretty tune, the nice glass of grog, and the thousand and other blessings which are derived from and centre in "Woman," we are forcibly struck with the propriety of that toast which, in all well-regulated societies, is never omitted after dinner—"THE LADIES!"

THE BATHOS.

DEEP is the lover's voice,
When like a muffled bell,
As to the object of his choice
His tale of love doth tell.
Deep is the blackbird's song,
And deeper still the sparrow's ditty,
But none of these—(ah! do not say I'm wrong),
Equal in depth the mud about the city.

HOW TO INVEST £1000 FOR SIXPENCE.

Get into an omnibus, having first taken care to put your money in your reticule or breast-pocket. Talk freely to the gentlemen on each side of you, and by the time you reach the Bank, you will find that every penny of your money has been invested, without your having filled up any other form than that of the omnibus itself. No greater charge is made for a larger sum!

Literary Intelligence.

We have heard it whispered in circles likely to be well informed, that Mr. Snooks has at last been prevailed upon to allow one of his riddles to be published on the snuff-paper of a popular tobaccoist. We have heard the riddle, but are not yet at liberty to go into particulars at present. We can, however, venture to say, that it asks the question—When a certain article is not a certain article? and the reply embodies a well-known enigma—"When is a door not a door?" But we can go so far as to assert, that there is so much neatness in the notion, and so much cleverness in the conceit of Mr. Snooks, as to give him almost the merit of originality.

Mr. Snobson has a ballad in preparation, founded on the delightful song of "Tell me, my heart." It commences with "Oh! inform me, my bosom;" and is expected to become exceedingly popular.

THE MONEY MARKET.

CASH was excessively loose on Christmas-Day; but it became much tighter on the demand for Christmas-boxes. The reduced scavengers were done in many quarters at 00, which is the lowest figure ever known on similar occasions; and though they had expressed a readiness to come down at any time with the dust, they were not met in the same spirit. The waits began briskly at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12, and left off flatly at 1h. 45m.; but very little disposition was shown by the public to have anything to do with them. They were generally quoted as "dead weights" during the whole of boxing-day.

THE EFFECTS OF "OUR PANTOMIME."

MR. W. H. PAYNE has so completely entered into the spirit and feeling of "King John," that he walked into the treasury of Drury Lane on Saturday last, under the impression that he was actually Mr. Macready. We need not say he was instantly undeceived by the treasurer.



GETTING ONE FOR HIS NOB.

DRAMATIC NEWS.

MR. PATTERSON, of Holywell Street, is engaged by the same spirited proprietors who lately gave an appearance to Miss Alice Lowe, and will shortly make his *début* in a piece written for his peculiar talents. Patterson's "boy" will also have a part.



MINGLING DONE HERE.

ELLISTON AND "PUNCH."

WHEN Elliston had retired from his empire of Drury Lane to his Elba, the Surrey, he still maintained that regal deportment which had in former times cast such glory about him. Elliston, like Caesar, fell with dignity; hence, he was at times most difficult of access, and most freezing in his manner. He was in one of his imperial moods in the lobby of the Surrey, when J., an old Edinburgh actor, begged Hunt, the singer, to introduce him to the lofty manager. "Mr. Elliston," said Hunt, "allow me to introduce to you Mr. J., of Edinburgh." Elliston looked at Mr. J. with an eye of ice, the while silently dilating his nostrils. "I had the honour, Mr. Elliston, very many years ago," said the Edinburgh comedian, in his soft and timid manner, "of belonging to your company." "Indeed, Sir," thundered

Elliston, "then you ought by no means to be the wretched actor you are!" Poor Mr. J. spoke not another word, but, as though mortally wounded, sank upon a seat. Hunt followed Elliston, and begged him if possible, by some kind phrase, to restore the Edinburgh actor to life. At this moment, one of Elliston's worshippers—for the manager of even Bullocksmithy would have his idolaters—presented him with a large jorum of punch. Glancing at the vessel and then at Hunt, Elliston smiled benignantly, and with all the grace of the finished actor approached his victim. "Mr. J.," said Elliston, in his most dulcet tone, "will you do me the honour of taking some punch?" "I thank you, sir," answered Mr. J. with all possible coldness, "I thank you, but I never take spirituous liquors." "Oh, nor I," quickly answered Elliston, as though deprecating the indulgence as a general custom—"nor I, Mr. J., except"—and here he drew his breath, and shook every syllable of the word—"except me-di-ci-na-ly. Come, Mr. J.," and Elliston still pressed the punch. Poor J., taking the vessel, just placed it to his lips, and returned it to the manager. Elliston looked down into the punch as

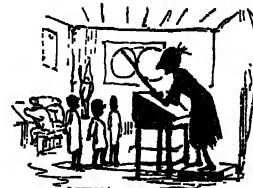


CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

though he was looking into the crater of a volcano, then fixed his merciless eye upon the actor, and bellowed out: "Well, Mr. J., for a gentleman who does not take spirits, you have bit your name in this most tremendously." Here Hunt went away. Meeting J. the next morning, he alluded to the incidents of the previous night. "I assure you," said J., "Elliston came round wonderfully. I had him, as I thought, all to myself; I was bringing to his mind old times, old anecdotes, and had him, I thought fast, for a night's gossip, when he suddenly exclaimed, in the middle of one of my best stories—'I beg your pardon, Mr. J.; it breaks my heart to leave you, but I have an unavoidable engagement in the New Cut to sup on periwinkles.'"

THE SHARE MARKET.

THE Waterloo Bridge new debentures, with the dividend of two-pence payable on or before the 25th of March, 1873, are heavy at nothing; while the dividend itself is so buoyant, that in spite of the eagerness to realise, no one was found to have a hand in it. The scripholders of 1826 have been obliged to pay the interest guaranteed to the new proprietors of 1838, who, in their turn, have discharged the current expenses, leaving a balance of 17. 5s. to be added to the rest—which is nothing.



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

EXHIBITIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE laying down of the wood pavement opposite St. Martin's Church has caused a large hole in the carriage way, which has been open to the public all the week, and will remain so (not until further notice, but) without any notice at all. Several people have fallen down upon their temples, so that the spot may be said to have been visited by many heads of families.

The fountain in the Temple, by an arrangement with the water company, was kept playing all the Christmas week, and was visited by several parties of juveniles. It was tastefully laid on in the form of a waggoner's whip, and was greatly admired by the one or two individuals who stopped to look at it.

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.

MASTER SMITH, on his return from school for the holidays, distributed peas among the assembled villagers through a tin tube.

Sir Peter Laurie was about to rise for the purpose of making a speech, when a friend, with seasonable benevolence, pulled him down by the skirts of the coat, and prevented him from doing so.

THE SIDE-SCENES OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER II—OF SOCIETY IN GENERAL, AND OUR EXAMPLES.



ALTHOUGH it is allowed universally that the two large theatres are doing very indifferently, and not supported as they ought to be; yet, if the crowds who assemble there would only look about them, they would find such far better actors, and so many more interesting plots and situations amongst their own connexions, that they would quit the playhouses altogether in disgust, and leave their treasures in a state of bankruptcy. They would find out that as at our large theatres, performers are engaged at tremendous salaries, whilst the mobs and processions are content with a shilling a night and their beer; so, in the great world, some who hourly exhibit their antics on the stage are rewarded with immense fortunes, whilst the supernumeraries and scenseshifters of life, to whom the working of the huge machine is principally intrusted, occasionally starve for want of its necessities. In fact, whilst some men are born with soup-ladles in their mouths of the chased Queen's pattern—figuratively speaking, of course, because we do not think that an infant ever actually came into the world with such an incumbance—others are obliged to put up with a bone marrow-spoon. And yet high or low, both these classes, are versed in the contradictions and simulations of the side-scenes. The man in an apron and paper-cap, who turns the winches that give motion to the "Fountain of Revolving Diamonds," in the last scene of a fairy spectacle, occasionally solacing himself with a draught of porter from a pewter-pot which he hides in the nautilus-shell, as he crouches behind the back of the dolphin, has his prototypes in the real world, who amuse the million with gaudy deceptions, whilst they are invisibly and quietly enjoying themselves, or drawing their own gain from dazzling the multitude with empty brilliancy. As the trick in the pantomime, which by its ingenious transformation calls down the applause of a delighted audience, would be nothing if it were not for the assistant who pulls its concealed strings, which once revealed to public view would take away all the interest—so the *parvenu*, who changes in a day from humble circumstances to a splendid income, would lose much of the *éclat* which his altered state calls forth, did the world see clearly, in many cases, how the transformation is effected. The stage was intended to "hold a mirror up to Nature," and very properly so, because, like most other ladies, Nature is very fond of looking in a glass.

There is a half-price to be found in the entertainments of society, as well as in those of the theatre—adapted to the circumstances of those whose means will not allow them to take front rows in the dress circle for the whole performance. The half-price is arranged as follows:—Very often after a dinner-party to the most important people of your connexion, who keep their carriages and reside west of Regent-street, you invite your second-rate acquaintances to a species of after-piece at the usual hour of half-price—nine o'clock. These meetings are particularly distinguished by the passage savouring very deliciously of soup, and the aroma of port-wine, as you enter; two or three dish-covers for the visitors to stumble over, may possibly be seen in the hall; the tongue-sandwiches taste rather warm and juicy, at the *ripostes* of the lighter dinner viands doing duty a second time for supper; and the gentlemen come up stairs from the dining-room very argumentative and political. And, generally speaking, a set dinner party is one of the most melancholy examples we can offer of the feudal service by which the givers hold their *casse* in society. Hospitality, which ought to be the primary cause, is triumphed over by jealousy or ostentation. The whole entertainment is an unmitigated series of attempts at rivalry and display: there is a mute eloquence in every cover and claret-jug upon the table, which seems to say "See in what style we do things here, compared to your own establishment!" The premature and sickly vegetables,—perfectly out of season, but forced and introduced solely for the gratification of the pleasures of the purse and pocket of the host, rather than the palates of the guests,—merely remind us of the money in the Eastern tale which turned into leaves; whilst the dreary conversation and attempt at *badinage* which pass

about the table, in the constrained style of a horse in a curb and kicking-strap, with a clog at his heels, have something in them peculiarly distressing. True it is, that after dinner the dialogue becomes somewhat more animated; but then it is the forced excitement of the decanters which effects this change; and the pleasure derived from it is far different to that which we experience from the unrestrained conversation of those real acquaintance who are as warm and animated over a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, as they would be if treated with venison and French beans at Christmas.

But pray, reader, do not think from this, that we are about to cry down the general habits of society. Far from it, we assure you; for we admire many of its institutions, and also think that when any one receives his friends, he is bound to entertain them as well as he best may, always stopping short of ostentation. We are alone about to expose the humbug conventionalities of the middle classes—it is a harsh term we admit, but it suits our purpose—neither soaring to the circles of the aristocracy, nor coming down to the sphere of the vulgar, but keeping to that class of society known as "respectable"—the vast mass, amongst whom we have reason to believe a large proportion of our circulation lies.

We purpose, then, to forward this great end by showing-up a family of our acquaintance—a sort of mental connexion of our own, with whom we have been long upon terms of intimacy—in our imagination. Yet understand us: we are not about to drag forward any private individuals upon the platform of our public exhibition, for such a proceeding we have ever shrunk from.

The head of our family is Mr. Spangle Lacquer, who is reported to have made a great deal of money somehow or another, but in what precise way is not known, and has passed through the three degrees of comparison appropriated to commercial wealth, in the stages of shopkeeper, tradesman, and merchant. He prefers an uncomfortable house, at an enormous rent, in the Hyde Park division of the Royal Blue Book, because it is considered stylish to live there, to any of the most eligible mansions he could command for half the sum in a less fashionable part of the town. Mrs. Spangle Lacquer is a very fine lady—a very fine lady indeed. She dresses by the fashion-books, and has reserved-seats at concerts as well as a pew in a very fashionable church, where religion is made a medium for the display of



bonnets in the interior and liveries at the doors. The young-lady Lacquers are immature Daguerreotypes of their mother—they talk much of the Opera during the season, and never go out shopping without a "page" at their heels, unless they are in their carriage. As all the world knows that the Lacquers have a Brougham, of course there is no degradation in their sometimes honouring the earth with their step, with the aforesaid page behind them: otherwise, that attendance of the retainer is a gloomy piece of poor importance; it always seems to give forth the information—"We would keep a carriage if we could." Young Mr. Lacquer haunts the thoroughfares of the West-End, and calls his lodgings chambers; and the whole family having a large connexion, are perpetually visiting and receiving company—not for any gratification which they themselves derive

from society, but because they think such laborious indefatigability, in following up the most approved precepts of fashion, necessary to enable them to retain their position amidst the crowd of people which they call the World.

These, then, are our acquaintances, with whom, as we have stated, we are particularly intimate, and whose domestic economy we shall from week to week keep our eye upon.

Punch's Contemporary Biographies.

NO. 1.—SIGNOR SWAGGERBINI, CONDUCTOR OF THE MUSIC AT THE ETRUSCAN TEMPLE IN THE COMMERCIAL ROAD.

THE subject of our present biography was born in the vicinity of Holborn Bars, which accounts for his early love of music; and it is said of him that, even as an infant, he would pay particular attention to the singing of his mother's tea-kettle. He had scarcely attained the age of eight, when he began to develop a remarkable love of tune; and his father, in order to bring this faculty out, was accustomed, when the boy wanted any indulgence, to let him very frequently whistle for it. Such was his precision in the way of time, that he could always tell the dinner hour by something within him—or rather by the absence of something within him; and at the early age of 12 he had put some variations of his own to the "*Margin of Zurich's fair waters*," which he was in the habit of giving at dusk with great effect in the public thoroughfares. This performance sometimes attracted the attention of the authorities, by whom he was occasionally a good deal sought after; and he was honoured by the especial notice of policeman K 36, who struck our hero very forcibly in a manner that was not soon forgotten. It was K 36 who taught the young musician the difference between Sharp and Flat; for on some occasions when he did not look sufficiently sharp, he was rendered flat by the severe but wholesome interference of the official alluded to.

Having purchased a halfpenny whistle at Bartholomew fair, our hero became a proficient on that somewhat ineffective instrument, but he subsequently brought himself into notice among his own friends, by a very brilliant arrangement of the gallopade in *Gustavus* for the Tintuberion—a small pipe made of the metal which its name indicates.

Having picked up a violin at a dealer in marine store's, he picked up, somehow or other, the knack of scraping a tune upon it; and though he certainly cannot be ranked as a performer on the fiddle, his quick ear renders him peculiarly fitted to conduct the orchestra of the Etruscan Temple. The perfect control under which he holds his band (consisting of a very classical quartette) is no less astonishing to all who know him, than to all who don't. Nature having favoured him with a squint, he is able to look a pair of daggers at once, and to embrace in his vision the flute on his right as well as the double-bass on his left. His enormous white paper cuffs and highly-chalked dog-skin gloves give him the appearance of Jullien, whose style of wielding the director's baton he closely imitates. As a conductor he stands excessively high—being mounted on a wooden pedestal. His compositions are very few, and he never commits them to paper, but whistles them when he sets to music any of those pieces for which the Roman Temple (licensed pursuant to the 2th of George the Second) is eminent. His idea is caught up by the band, and in this way he has not a rival among British composers. His crash music to the storm in the Mountaineers is a truthful and energetic burst, consisting of two consecutive chords in the orchestra; and the fine effect of the flute playing a minor fifth while the double-bass is a major seventh out of the key, is one which musicians only can properly appreciate.



THE BOLD HANDLING OF A DIFFICULT SUBJECT.

When he takes the violin in hand, he is often out, and his mother, though devotedly attached to him, knows it. His real name is

Swagger, but he assumed the interesting diminutive of *ini* at the end of his first season at the Roman Temple. His engagement here is supposed to be merely a stepping-stone to something else; but what that something else is, has not yet been decided on. The terms of his engagement are half-a-crown a night, with the privilege of beer to the nightly tune of four-pence. We have already spoken of his compositions, but his chief score is preserved in chalk at the back of the bar-room door of the Etruscan Temple. It presents a series of running passages, and it is expected the landlord will add an obligato of his own at no distant period. Among other efforts of his genius, we have heard it whispered that he has an idea of carrying out an entirely novel plan, which will place him in permanently comfortable circumstances. It is something in the nature of a composition—and it is to be called sixpence in the pound, which he contemplates dedicating to his creditors.

Nautical.

THE following has been handed to us by an eminent Professor of Navigation, as very important questions to be put to those gentlemen who are about to pass their examination for Lieutenants in the R. N.; extracted from that celebrated work, "*Sailing Directions between London and Blackwall*," by the great Welch Navigator, Captain Richard Ap-Lin. *Stiggins and Co., No. XXX, Fillop Lane.*

Ques. In steering between London and Blackwall, what are the leading marks to 'The George,' half-way public house?

Ans. I steer E. by S. till I bring 'the George' to bear a point on the larboard bow; I then keep on till I bring the flagstaff before the door, and the pewter pot in the bar window, in *one*; then cross the street, bring the bar-door broad on the starboard beam, put the helm hard-a-port, and bear up for the door, which, having well opened, I put the helm hard-a-starboard, and, coming up to N. N.E., enter the Parlour.

Ques. What soundings have you in that Parlour?

Ans. Many long yarns, pewter pots of various depths and yards of clay.

Ques. Supposing the night dark and squally, you *hazy* and unable to make headway, what would you do?

Ans. I would bowse out my jib with a stiff Norwester at the 'Black Boy and Camel,' light a cheroot, set my pea-jacket, and take my *departure on the top of a Blackwall omnibus.*

Ques. By what method do you compute the course to be steered?

Ans. As Aldgate Pump is to Whitechapel Church, so is the Halfway House to Blackwall Stairs."

SONGS OF THE STARS.

No. I.—LA PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

SHE bounds along with step so fleet,
And such aerial spring,
That from a world where spirits meet
She seems some fairy thing.

Her eye, with gushing radiance full,
So clearly bright, and brightly clear,
Is sparkling (from a recent pull
At a quart of Barclay's beer).

The lily's whiteness p'rhaps may charm
Those who in meadows walk,
But nothing can outshine her arm
(Caked with the finest chalk).

To sylph-like tenants of the sky
We surely may compare
A creature that doth dwell on high
(In some back-room—three-pair).

As wild and graceful as the fawn,
As swift as young gazelle—
(She's lately taken out of pawn
That ring which shines so well).

She seems the very child of dance,
A gentle thing devoid of art—
(Without a month's pay in advance,
From France she would not start).

OUR Express from Paris had not arrived when our Paper went to press, which is of no great consequence, as we never expected it. The *Herald* of this morning, however, brings us London news up to the day before yesterday.

MORE WORDS ON "PUNCH'S PANTOMIME."

WE are at this moment sitting knee-deep in letters touching our *Pantomime*. If *Punch* were a boaster, if he delighted in sounding his own tin trumpet, if he did not always retire within the modest circle of his own silent thoughts, when a sense of his manifold merits and virtues was pressed upon him by a grateful kingdom—then would *Punch* print the whole of this correspondence. As it is, with a meekness, a humility, not to be fully appreciated by one out of a million, *Punch* contents himself with printing only the subjoined; assuring the world and his epistolary friends generally, that their letters (bound in gold-smeared morocco) will be carefully deposited in the *Punch* library, for the eyes of unborn centuries. It is enough for *Punch* to know (and let the unbelieving world peruse the subjoined and be converted,) that the great original principles of his *Pantomime* are working—potently working—in the breasts of millions.

LETTER I.

MR. PUNCH—How am I to express to you my moral obligation for your *Pantomime*? Oh, sir! in about fifty years, how very much the world will bless you! I was naturally light and frivolous, treating all the serious concerns of life as the mere juggling of mountebanks and tricksters! I laughed at everything; but, sir, I have seen your *Pantomime*, and—I have never smiled since!

What a shallow-hearted, sniggering wretch was I, when on the 26th ult. I showed my grinning countenance—defiling the divine aspect of man with ignorant laughter—in the front row of Covent-garden pit. Your *Pantomime*, sir, began; and my moral revolution began with it. Swiftly, indeed, did your wondrous pantomime principles work within me! A love of laughter gave way to a recognition of the deep solemnities of life, and by the time that *Harlequin* and *Columbine* had danced their first *pas de deux*, I was, indeed, a "wiser and a sadder man." I saw at once that such a pantomime would involve in it the sternest truths, and that it was only from the profoundest ignorance, from the most barbarian crassitude of spirit, that men bring themselves to laugh at a harlequinade. I have seen your pantomime, and I would now as soon laugh at a death's-head and cross-bones.

In the very sadness, which means in the very wisdom of my heart, I thank you for the great work you have begun. Go on, sir—go on, and by repeated pantomimes, crush for ever the very seeds of laughter in the heart of man.

I Remain, Sir, Your Obligated,
JACOB GREGLETON.

P.S.—I have already sent in my resignation to "The Jolly Cocks," and think of joining the Anabaptists.

LETTER II.

SIR,—I was a gay, flaunting fellow upon town; in costume, fine as a dragon-fly, in brain as empty—I only wish you could see me now!

I write this, Sir, from a very respectable hovel in the neighbourhood of the wilds of Herne Bay; where I am located, at five shillings a week for lodging, with the run of the turnips in the garden. It is *Punch's Pantomime* that has sent me here!

When I rushed from Covent-Garden on the 26th ult.—under the influence of your profound work, I passed the night reading Jeremy Taylor on Death; summoned, with the earliest dawn, a Jew clothesman, sold to him my fine wardrobe, donned a gaberline, canvas trousers, high-lows and an overshadowing hat, and hastening per first boat to Herne Bay, arrived at Mangel Wurzel Cottage at about 6 p. m. "Here," said I, entering my white-washed hermitage—"here," said I, smitten with the awful truths in *Punch's Pantomime*, will I give up all the frivolities of life: here will I study the complex nature of my fellow-creatures; here, though they may talk about 'the fall of man,' I'll make him quite as good as new, if not a great deal better. Sir, I do not jest—I have laid in a ream of foolscap and a gallon of ink. The human mind shall look up again—and this elevation it shall owe to *Punch* and *Punch's Pantomime*!

Any communication you may have to make, will reach me here at Mangel Wurzel Cottage. Should you, influenced by the genial spirit of the season, wish to make me a present, may I be permitted to suggest a copy of *Vossius*? And this too, if accompanied by a twelfth-cake, will not be less acceptable to your own eremite,

PHILO-HOBBS.

P. S.—Need I say, how delighted—how honoured I should feel, if you would condescend to dignify my retreat by a visit? I will feast you to my uttermost. I should not be a worshipper of truth were I to brag much of my beef, but this I can assure you—the horseradish hereabouts is unexceptionable.

LETTER III.

DEAR, DEAR MR. PUNCH!—Bless you ten thousand, thousand times! I had been a lost woman without your pantomime; now, am I the happiest wife in Christendom!

My dear husband had run away from me; for six months, I heard not

where he was. Before his departure, he—but no, I will not speak of his past errors, but of his present goodness!

I was sitting, Mr. Punch, miserable as a deserted wife ought to be—sitting on the 26th of December, in my back two pair, when I heard a running up the stairs; the door was flung open, and my own dear Barnaby rushing in, fell upon his knees before me. I thought I should have fainted, but I asked him what he meant. He said nothing; but laying your play-bill down before me, and taking your pantomime from his pocket, tried to speak, but burst into tears.

Yes, Mr. Punch, my husband has since assured me that it is your *Pantomime* that has sent him home to the paths of virtue and his loving wife. I bless you for it sir, and hope, for the sake of all married folks, you'll go on making no end of pantomimes, and at the same time, believing me

Your Obligated Servant,

MARIA LOUISA MUGGS.

P.S.—Is there any allowance made to families who "take a quantity" of your printed pantomime? I know a great many ladies who wish to present their husbands with a copy. Their husbands have not yet run away from them; but, you know sir, "prevention is better than cure."

LETTER IV.

SIR,—I ave bene in the abit of priggig a Shillin aweek Hout off the til off my mastere: i ave sene your panntoemine and i wil doe So noe more,

Yourn,
BOB.

LETTER V.

Theatre Royal Covent-garden, Jan. 10, 1843.

MR. PUNCH,—In your last you observe—"Mr. Manager Bartley says my *Pantomime* is not a great original idea; never mind that—I say it is." And now, sir, permit me to add, so say I.

I must confess it, sir, that at first I did not wholly comprehend all the wondrous subtleties of thought abounding in your production; but, sir, I have watched it with a growing interest. I have felt it due to myself as a manager and a man, to take my place in front every night at the rise of the curtain, remaining, delighted and improved, until the curtain fell. I now believe *Punch's Pantomime* to be the greatest evidence of human wit (certainly in a peculiar style) to be found in the whole range of the drama; and it will, in the retirement of my life, in the golden, mellow autumn of my days, it will be to me an exceeding gratification to reflect that *Punch's Pantomime* was produced under my management—that it produced the greatest theatrical revolution yet known, since Thespis dismounted from his cart, and actors got into carriages.

I remain, Mr. Punch,

Your obedient and delighted servant,

GEORGE BARTLEY.

P.S.—Permit me to add, on the part of Mr. John Cooper, that he is "exactly of my opinion."

Besides these, *Punch* has letters (all in the same strain) from Downing-street; letters from several of the Foreign Ambassadors; but no! egotism was never the vice of *Punch*, and he will not print them.

Income-Tax Appeals.

THE Commissioners of Bankruptcy having been assessed at the amount of their salaries, have appealed, on the ground that they are not worth so much.

The "heavy father" at the Victoria, who had been surcharged on the ground of his having given away six full purses on one night, has appealed—the purses and their contents having been "stage properties," used in the drama of *The Benevolent Buffer*; or, *The Tomb, the Turk, and the Telescope*.



THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

A penny-a-liner has appealed, in consequence of the lamentable falling-off in accidents. He sets forth that, in consequence of the Fire-Escape Society having lately discontinued their labours, the loss of life has been so limited that his income has been materially diminished.

Mr. Charles Kean has appealed, on the ground of his having been greatly over-rated.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER I.—MY ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND; VISIT TO SHADRACH JACOB'S, OF THE MINORIES.

My voyage from the Cape to the port of London I would fain pass with the fewest words. I had at least this consolation—I was an unwilling traveller. Otherwise, I had deserved all the miseries of ship-board—the darkness, the fetor, the hubbub and violence of the place. I have some pity for anything that in its ignorance of salt-water first trusts itself to its mercies; but none for the fool that ventures twice. There may be some Eden-like spots even in a coal-mine; but, the hold of a ship—ugh!

I remember being once present at a party of the Bishop of Fat-o'the-land's. The conversation turned upon the bountifulness of the sea, ordained, as it assuredly was, for the facile communication of man with man. Poor simpletons! It is my inherent faith that the ocean was expressly created to keep nations as much as possible separate; but that the courageous wickedness of man has set at nought the benevolent design of nature, and—to her astonishment—has triumphed in the very teeth of sea-sickness. Nay have I not, on my side, the wisdom of law-makers! For were they not of my faith, would they tax silks and pepper? On the contrary, would they not take to their bosoms the adventurous men who are tossed to and from the far East for rare commodities to clothe the limbs, and tickle the palates of their fellow-bipeds? And what is the fact? Why, legislation, as a check to the presumption of man, makes him—in a hundred different modes—pay for his temerity. The sea was intended to keep people to themselves; but the human heart is wicked, and men became ship-builders.

Let me here advise the reader of one of my besetting faults. I am now and then apt to give up the thread of a narrative, that I may run after some butterfly-thought starting up before me; however, if the reader have patience, he will find that I always return to my story. If he have not, let him make clear the history and utility of the Pyramids, and at once lay down the feathery tale before him. I am conscious of this infirmity of falling into idle chit-chat. Consider, however, the prejudices of my early education. Consider the time of life at which I was taken to court—consider the society amidst which I passed my whitest days, and you will pardon the small-talk of this my forlorn, ragged, mortified old age.

However, to begin the history of my adventures in merry, miserable England:—I found myself the property of the third mate of the Jupiter, who had purchased me, with other of my companions, of a Kaffer, for a twist of pigtail; my new master rejoicing himself exceedingly at the cultivated intellect which enabled him to trick the savage. He never, I am certain, felt so much of an Englishman, as when he had fobbed the Hottentot. Jack Lipscomb, for so was my new master named, combined in his nature—at least, so he thought—all the courage and daring of the sailor, with the prudence and foresight of the experienced merchant. With this belief, he had the deepest contempt for every man of every other nation, save England. He believed that the blessings of arithmetic were wholly confined to his own beloved country and her darling sons; hence, in his small traffic with Chinese, Malay, and Hottentot, he would insist that two and two made seven, five and seven fifteen or twenty, as he might feel it convenient to arrange the figures. In a word, he considered every foreigner to be produced by benevolent nature for this one purpose—to bestow profit and pleasure on a freeborn Briton. It was this consciousness of superiority that made him vote himself "honest Jack Lipscomb—a man as was above a lie, and didn't care who knew it. He'd no deceit in him, not he: no—he never did nothing that he need hide from nobody." It was, doubtless, this fine principle that induced the ingenuous sailor to pack myself and some twenty companions between his shirt and jacket ere he quitted the Docks. Doubtless, there was no need of such an arrangement, no other than the whim, the caprice of honest Jack Lipscomb.

On leaving the Docks, Jack took his way towards the Minories; and in a short time smote the hospitable door of an ancient Hebrew, known among his people as Shadrach Jacobs, and still more familiarly recognised by his intimates as "old Fluffy." Shadrach was a dealer in the pomps and vanities of life, turning the honest penny by such commodities, and still benevolently deploring their existence. He would employ an hour, persuading a poor wench that ear-rings of mosaic metal were of the purest ore, pocket the girl's quarter's wages for the small commercial deceit, and then sigh for the promised innocence, the pure felicity of the New Jerusalem. This was the

tradesman who, for the past four voyages, had purchased the merchandise of honest, knowing Jack Lipscomb.

"Vell! if it isn't Mr. Lipscomb—if I didn't dream on you last night—if I didn't dream you was come home, captain, don't never believe me, that's all!" Such was the salutation of the Hebrew dealer, as Jack stood revealed at the door-step. "This vay, Mr. Lipscomb—this vay;" and old Fluffy fluttered down the passage, and mounted the narrow staircase, shaking at least twenty years from his heels, with the expectation of sudden gain. Jack was speedily conducted into the Jew's room, crammed and littered as it was with exotic produce—shells, feathers, birds, bamboo-sticks, Indian hammocks, war-swords, canoe-paddles, with half-a-dozen screaming parrots and macaws, enriched the commercial sanctuary of the Hebrew.

"If I didn't dream you was captain, Mr. Lipscomb!" repeated the Jew as Jack dropt himself upon a chair.

"Captain!" cried Jack, affecting a contempt for such vain dignity.

"Vell, then, first mate," said the Jew, as though his dream comprehended even the second rank.

"Ugh!" cried Jack, "a pretty first-mate we've got—yes, a good 'un, he is—just knows a bowsprit from a umbrella, and that's all."

"Bless me! vell!" sighed the Jew, and then smiling and rubbing his hands, he turned himself towards Jack, and with an affected look of anxiety, said, "In course, Mr. Lipscomb, you comes back second?"

"I tell you what, old Fluffy," said Jack, stung with the feeling of unrewarded personal merit, "I tell you what—I'm just what I was—honest Jack Lipscomb—third mate of the Jupiter,—and I'd like you to show me a more straightforward, honest, cleverer fellow!"

"Ha! it would do good to my eyes to see him as could," said Shadrach; and then, in a tone of sympathy, "only third-mate—vell, this is a world, to be sure!" Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Jacobs proceeded to the first business of his life; namely, to business itself. He had thought it merely prudent to learn the condition of his old acquaintance, whether improved or not, since they last met. This, it must be owned on the part of the Jew, was really respectful to station in the abstract; for if Mr. Lipscomb were Captain Lipscomb, Mr. Jacobs, of course, knew too well what was due to rank to offer to a commander, or even to a first or second mate, that which in the trader's own opinion, was merely due to the third. "Vell, and not have you brought us, Jack?" asked the Jew, with the old familiarity of an old friend.

"In the first place," answered the sailor, "feathers;" and he produced me.



"Feathers,—vell, I don't know," mused the Jew, "as for feathers, Jack, they're down to nothin'. There's no vonder the world's vot it is, for feathers is quite gone out. Look at them shelves, there; look at them boxes—all full—not sold a feather this six months. I don't know vot's come to people. Some say it's edication—I don't know; if it is, it ought to be put down, for it makes the feather trade nothin'—nothin'—nothin'." Thus spoke the Jew, his voice deepening on each of the last three words, until he sounded what seemed the very bass-string of despair.

Indeed, the Jew and the sailor might have made a picture. Shadrach had, in his youth, rejoiced in luxuriant locks of more than golden: they were, in the intense signification of the



PRIVATE OPINIONS.

GENTS.—“Did you ever see such a rhinoceros?”——RHINOCEROS.—“Vell, I never seed sich monkeys!”

phrase, red gold. These, in the storms of life, had become thickly speckled with grey and white; yet remained there a departing ray among them to indicate the glory that was past. Shadrach's face was lean and pointed; his eyes quick, and, as at times they seemed, trembling with excess of light—a light reflected as from guineas. His nose was boldly bowed, indicating the true son of Israel; and whilst the corners of his upper lip were twitched by muscular emotion—(how mysteriously is fashioned the civilised man, when there is a connexion between the seat of the pocket and the seat of the mouth)—emotion, due homage to the spirit of gain, his under lip hung down, lapped over with the weight of sensibility, or sensuality, I cannot here decide. His sharp face, quick eye, faded yellow hair and ardent complexion, gave him, to the eye of fancy, the visage of an old fox, grown venerably grey in the blood of stolen geese. And thus Shadrach sat and gazed at Jack Lipscomb.

And Jack received the looks of the Jew with the stalwart manner of a British tar, chewing the while that sweetest condiment—pigtail tobacco!

A "SPORTING" PUBLICAN AND "SPORTING" PEERS!

A few days ago, the Justices of Newbury fined one *William North*, of Monmouth-street, Bath, for having "*wantonly and cruelly abused, ill-treated, and tortured a horse.*" The matter was undertaken for a bet; the horse to run 53 miles in four hours and a half. The horse died

"within 20 minutes after it arrived, from the effects of having been overdriven. In the evening the animal was examined by a veterinary surgeon, and it was proved that the immediate cause of death was the violent exertion it had been compelled to undergo. When the defendant reached Hungerford he stopped a minute or two to give the horse some 'sherry.' At this place several persons remarked the condition of the horse, and advised the defendant not to proceed, as it was quite evident that it could not live to reach Newbury. He, however, persisted, and continued towards the Halfway-house, when the death of the animal compelled him to give up the match."

William North was forthwith condemned to a fine of 5l. 6s. 6d., with costs, which (of course) was immediately paid. *William North* obtained only his deserts; and we trust that if he read the report in *The Times*, he turned to another column, and perused an article headed "The Royal Buck-hounds." On this occasion, the celebrated little deer, "Sailor," was turned out for the dogs, the Earl of Rosslyn and other peers following. The deer was uncaught at the Splash, when

"it crossed that portion of the Beeches for a short distance, and headed back to Farnham-common, crossing the hounds, and then nearly to Farnham, whence it headed back to East Burnham, and again to the Beeches, where it was run into by a portion of the pack (close to the Splash), and got *terribly bitten before the hounds were whipped off.* The Earl of Rosslyn stated in the field, that it would be the last time the 'Sailor' would be brought out, as it is supposed he has seen his best days (*he has now but one eye*), and is out of condition for hunting for the future."

If the spirit of Esop can inform "Sailor" whilst enjoying Windsor pastures (always provided he is not shot for Windsor larder), with what a proud consciousness must he tread the green sward! What keen delight—what true enjoyment, has he afforded to nobles of the land! To be sure, he has again and again been hunted to agony—has been, as some people would say, like the publican's horse, "*wantonly and cruelly abused, ill-treated, and tortured*;" but then it has been for sport—for the express delectation of royalty and the peerage. Poor "Sailor!" He was, on his last exhibition, "*terribly bitten*" too by the dogs—he had lost an eye in previous pleasures; but then, happy brute!—happy in its aristocratic rank and breeding—it is not confounded in its miseries by the agony of a publican's horse. If we consider the conduct of *John North* towards his steed, we have much in stern reproof to shake the head at; but contemplating an array of nobles, horsed and spurred to hunt a deer from county to county, to have it "*terribly bitten*" by the dogs—torture straining "*its leathern coat, almost to bursting*"—and after all to be taken back for future pleasure (agony) on a future day,—that is, perhaps, the noblest spectacle to be afforded by wise, contemplative, benevolent man! A poet (now coming into fashion) has, among the greatness of his other doctrines, propounded this elevating dogma—

"Never to link our pleasure or our pride
With suffering of the meanest thing that lives."

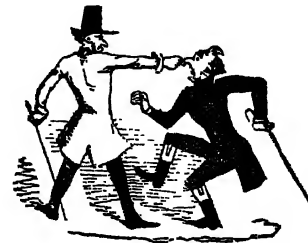
Has the Earl of Rosslyn a copy of WORDSWORTH?

WORKING OF THE NEW TARIFF.

It is expected that the New Tariff, in conjunction with the Corn Laws, will have the effect of increasing the consumption of articles of food to so great an extent, as to wear out a far greater number of teeth than hitherto; and the Dentists of the Metropolis are likely to reap a rich harvest. We have seen a celebrated Surgeon-Dentist, who tells us that, where he used to make one false tooth in a month, he now supplies three; but he complains that the impetus to his business is feverish and hectic, for he cannot get ready money in any quarter. If there should be a fixed duty on corn, the molars or grinders will come into operation more frequently, and there will be mastication for the million, which is far more desirable than singing—a practice that tends to excite hunger rather than to satisfy its cravings.

THE QUARTER'S REVENUE.

WHILE the national finances are all at sixes and sevens, it will at least be satisfactory to the public to learn, that Punch's own revenue shows a tremendous increase, not only on the year and the quarter, but on the month, week, day, hour, and minute. Our takings over the counter were



TAKING A PROMINENT PART.

fourpence more yesterday at half-past twelve than at the corresponding moment of the same day in the last week; and our till, at a quarter to six, presented such an astounding surplus, that our boy ventured to request, that an annuity might be settled on his aged mother—a demand that was at once acceded to. Our advertisement account shows an increase on the week; and our neglect in paying the duty to the Stamp-office, may account for the deficiency, under the head of stamps, in the statement of the public revenue. The only deficiency is in our own pockets, which exhibit a decrease on the whole year, and a perfect vacuum on the quarter.

CASUALTIES, &c., OF "THE SPECTATOR."

Our "cold-water" friend, the *Spectator*, has long been celebrated for his incomparable frigidity. He sometimes for half-a-paragraph disappoints the reader; but he finds that the writer is at the last always true to himself. For instance, the gentleman may go on with several lines of praise; then he inevitably comes to a "*but*," and this is sure to be a cold-water *butt*. Within the past few days, several accidents have occurred in the office, which as faithful journalists we are bound to give; at the same time informing the reader that there *may be*, in some particulars, slight exaggeration. We give the "casualties" as they have reached us:—

The compositor employed to put in type the notices of the drama, fine arts, &c., is suffering dreadfully from the awful coldness of the articles, all his fingers being in a dreadful state of chilblain.

A pressman accidentally treading upon a piece of copy that had fallen on the floor, was tripped up, as though he stepped upon a sheet of ice. The poor man was conveyed to the hospital, where he lingers with a dislocated ankle.

Last week the theatrical critic, entering the conservatories of Covent Garden market, left a hoar-frost upon all the exotics. Many are expected not to recover.

Several confectioners, despairing of their usual stock of ice, have sent in tenders for unsold copies.

The *Spectator* was last week expelled from the reading-room at Liverpool, it being found that no sooner was the journal brought into the establishment than all the fires went out. It is, however, expected that the paper will be taken in as a great luxury in the dog-days.

During the late frost it was found necessary to keep the editor's ink boiling in a saucepan. It is, however, a curious fact, that no sooner did the liquid enter the gentleman's pen, than it fell below zero.

Fashionable Intelligence.

Mr. and Mrs. SMITH have taken the attic lately occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jones: the latter have gone to pass the holidays in a new lodging.

The Indian-rubber Untrustables entertained a large circle in the public streets on Wednesday last. The celebrated drum band was in attendance, and played several popular airs, accompanied by the Pandean pipes. A policeman was in attendance.

Baron Nathan left Kennington for the West End by the Paragon omnibus. The Baron, being unable to find an inside-place, took the oaths and his seat on the coach-box.

THE SICK CHILD.

BY THE HONOURABLE WILHELMINA SNEGGS.



A WEAKNESS seizes on my mind—I would more pudding take;
But all in vain—I feel—I feel—my little head will ache.
Oh! that I might alone be left, to rest where now I am,
And finish with a piece of bread that pot of currant-jam.

I gaze upon the cake with tears; and wildly I deplore
That I must take a powder if I touch a morsel more,
Or oil of castor, smoothly bland, will offer'd be to me,
In wave pellucid, floating on a cup of milkless tea.

It may be so—I cannot tell—I yet may do without;
They need not know, when left alone, what I have been about.
I long to cut that potted beef—to taste that apple-pie;
I long—I long to eat some more, but have not strength to try.

I gasp for breath, and now I know I've eaten far too much;
Not one more crumb of all the feast before me can I touch.
Susan, oh! Susan, ring the bell, and call for Mother, dear!
My brain swims round—I feel it all—mother, your child is queer!

THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

No. I.—CHAUCER.

CHAUCER is known as the father of English poetry, and seems to have left his offspring very shabbily off, if we are to judge by the mass of antiquated gammon he has bequeathed to posterity. It is said that Chaucer flourished in the time of Edward the First, and his flourishing probably consisted in the fact of his writing down everything with his own hand, for all he did was in manuscript. His *Canterbury Tales* beat those of Miss Lee quite hollow, and are food for the strongest intellect; but such food, that nothing but a literary ostrich could in these days succeed in digesting it.

Chaucer, like a meddling old humbug as he was, embroiled himself in political disputes, and was compelled to fly to Holland; but he returned, and was made clerk of the works at Westminster, a situation now held by one of the men in the employ of Messrs. Grissell and Peto. When he lost this place, which was only temporary, he got a letter of license, and afterwards occupied a house, of which the rent was only fifty-three shillings and fourpence. He died in London, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, being the first of the file of poets (very old files, some of them!) who laid their ashes there. The flights of fancy in which Chaucer indulged were not half so vigorous as his flight from the numerous duns who followed him up; and though he never punctually discharged a liability, he came down with his dust in liquidation of the debt of nature. Like a gentleman, Chaucer delighted in his books; but how he could have done so is a marvel to us, for such books as he has left behind him, we (Punch) cannot at all appreciate. His splendid description of a barn-door cock is ranked on a level with Shakspeare's allusion to the *Morning Herald*, put into the mouth of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and his beautiful line descriptive of a priest—

"Full well he sange the service divine—"

will not be easily forgotten.

His glorious burst of passion in the *GOOD WIFE OF BATH* is thought by some to be equal to anything ever done by Mr. Cartlitch at Astley's. We give it:—

"The Reve was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shawe as neighe as ever he can."

We boldly ask, where is the poet of the present day who would venture on this splendid piece of imagery, which leaves such a glorious uncertainty as to the extent of his "*shawe*," telling us only it was as "*neighe* as ever he can;" but how "*neighe*" that was, is shrouded in poetic mystery.

With these remarks we leave Chaucer to the admiration of our wondering and flabbergasted readers.

MORE "WAX" FOR THE CHINESE.

THE *Observer* tells us that the "great seal of England" has been affixed to the treaty "between England and China;" and, as we think we shall prove from our very contemporary, quite unnecessarily; for says *The Observer*:—

"Of the seal itself, it is expected no trace of the impression of Mr. Wyon's beautiful mould will exist when the case reaches its destination, on account of the yielding nature of the materials of which it is composed; indeed, on former occasions, it has been discovered that during the comparatively short journey between Scotland and London the design has been completely obliterated."

Under these circumstances, and also considering—as Sir Henry Pottinger has proved—"the yielding materials" of which the Emperor himself is composed, would it not have been a handsomer thing on the part of our Government to have sent out a stick of sealing-wax to the Brother of the Moon, and let him have sealed for himself?

We, however, can still suggest a remedy. It will surely be very necessary that the emperor should understand the armorial terrors of England, and we therefore propose the appointment of a committee of explanation, to instruct the emperor as to what was *once* impressed upon the wax, "no trace of the impression remaining." Why should not a Colonel SIBTHORPE and a D'ISRAELI be of the committee? SIBTHORPE could say—"This, please your Emperorship, this piece of melted wax was a lion!" and D'ISRAELI, playing his part, might add—"and this a unicorn!" The only difficulty would be in getting the emperor to understand the *Dieu et mon Droit*. It will be a hard matter to make him couple the opium war with "God and my right." The task will be too delicate for a layman; and therefore we suggest that, for the proper instruction of his Celestial Majesty, a bishop be added to the commission; and that that bishop be (who so fit?) Henry of EXETER!

"PUNCH'S" ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY.

It is quite clear that there is carbon in cabbages, and the albumen or white of an egg, is identical with the gluten of plants; so that there is hope that some day or other the hedges will hatch chickens. The chemists have analyzed ox flesh, and have found starch, sugar, and gum in it; but the gum is all in the mouth, the starch is in the gills, and the sugar is left in solution; but there is no solution to the difficulty experienced in finding it. Whether it will be possible to cultivate the albuminous principle in plants, so far as to make them a substitute for meat, has not been ascertained; but if a hedge-stake can be made equivalent for a beef-steak, the fact would be highly important in the eyes of the Poor Law Commissioners. All of us contain a very large proportion of oxygen, and a certain quantity of carbon, which, acting in combination on the different particles of matter, produce the essence commonly called breath, and gives rise to animal heat. It is clear that the gas in our bodies is pretty nearly equal in all of us, so that had it been laid on by the equitable company itself, there could not well have been a fairer adjustment of it. Some, however, have more—some less; which accounts for the different degrees of enlightenment, and causes a want of equality in the disposition to flare-up among the human race in general. It has never occurred to scientific men to light the metropolis with human health; but as it contains a good deal of gas, and many people use their breath to very little purpose, it is to be regretted that some gas company does not make some arrangement to prevent the aforesaid breath being wholly wasted. Daisies contain gluten, and daffydownillies are, to a certain extent, imbued with carbon; but this is also found in ash and other vegetable substances. Every hundred tons of turnips contain ninety tons of water; so that any one who lives entirely on these things, might in time become a regular butt by such a course of treatment. Dumas, a French chemist, declares that the principle of fat is to be found in hay; but we never met with any. We will, however, examine a truss of it that we have by us, and if we find a bit of fat there, we shall not fail to make the fact known in our next Number.

The Share Market.

THE Hungerford and Belvedere Suspension shares are flat, but the holders are flatter. The report that a new pile had been driven in caused some excitement, which was soon allayed by an authenticated statement of the fact, that Old Thames was so extremely obstinate, that he had scarcely been got out of the bed of the coffer before he tumbled in again.

The Chelsea Chain-pier scrip has rallied, and a shareholder who had thrown his shares into the dust-hole has had them looked for among the rubbish, with a view to giving them another trial. The Chelsea Emigration Society, for colonising Battersea-fields and draining all the flats in the neighbourhood of Wandsworth, has been broken up. Their chief object was to restore the ancient order of Jolly Young Watermen; but they have failed signally in this bold experiment.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER II.—THE UPS AND DOWNS OF OLYMPUS.



URANUS and Terra, among their numerous godlings, had some forty-five stalwart sons, who were very tight lads, and therefore called Titans. When a man has a large family he often wishes it at the deuce; and so sometimes do the gods. Mortals, however, can only implore this blessing on their progeny: immortals, if they choose, can confer it. Now, Uranus took a dislike to these forty-five boys of his, for no reason upon earth except that they were "great hulking fellows"—which was no reason at all in heaven, where provisions were

cheap. He accordingly confined them all, except the eldest, Saturn, in the infernal regions: a place of which you will know more hereafter—I mean, by description. This so grieved his wife, Terra, that she poured forth floods and ataracts of briny tears, whereby the sea became impregnated with its chloride of sodium. Not content, however, with crying, she instigated Saturn—who would have been imprisoned, too, if anybody haddared to arrest him—to dethrone the unnatural father. In this enterprise Saturn succeeded; but not without a struggle, in which Uranus received a bloody nose—or, to speak with more accuracy, in a fanciful metaphor, he had his "claret tapped." Gods, be it observed, bleed ichor. From this blood, or claret, or ichor, there sprung a crop of monsters called giants, each about nine acres long.

Uranus was divorced from his wife Terra, and banished into a remote planet, unknown to the ancients, which was discovered in 1781 by the late Dr. Herschel—the astronomer, not the Rabbi. The next step of Saturn was the liberation of his brothers, who made an agreement with him that he should be Emperor of Everything, provided he brought up no male children. To this Saturn agreed, took his coronation oath by the Styx, and ascended his father's throne. His next brother, Hyperion, who was created a sort of celestial Duke of York, took up his quarters in the sun, of which he was to rule the roast.

Weary of a bachelor's life, and longing for domestic bliss, Saturn, not long after his accession, contracted a matrimonial alliance. The object of his choice was his sister Ops, *alias* (for there were aliases in the Courts above, as well as in the Courts below) Rhea. His empress soon presented him with a pledge of affection, which, the moment it was placed in his hands to be kissed, he, to her unspeakable horror, stuffed into his great mouth and swallowed. Each little annual in succession he regularly devoured in the same way: he would not even preserve one as a forget-me-not, or a keepsake. In vain did Ops kneel, beg, intreat, implore him to relinquish this barbarous practice. In vain did she and the nurse-nymphs cry shame upon him in full chorus; in vain did they call him Theophagus, and Teknophagus, and Theoteknophagus, and other hard and opprobrious names; he persisted in his boa-constrictor-like habit, and replied to their tears and exclamations only by a hoarse laugh, wherein he was joined by his cruel brothers. It was his agreement with them which induced him to take this cruel line in the first instance; but he was confirmed in it by subsequently having received from an oracle a hint that one of his children would depose him, if he did not take care. "For," he thought to himself, "the best way to make sure of them will be to bolt them."

Now here some sceptic will say "Pooh!" and ask *how* could Saturn eat his children, immortal as, of course, they were; at all events, how could he digest them? *How*, indeed! If he had asked such a question in Ancient Greece, the priests would have soon taught him how. They would not have burnt him alive, perhaps; but if they would not have ordered a "go" of hemlock for "that gentleman," never believe history.

Perceiving that complaints were unavailing, Ops had recourse to stratagem. The next godling she had (which proved to be a fine boy), she secreted it; and when Saturn came smacking his lips for the tit-bit, she playfully told him to "shut his eyes, and open his mouth, and see what she would send him." He, pleased with her apparent acquiescence, did as he was desired, whereupon she slipped a huge oyster, or, according to some, a pebble, (however, it is all one,) into the baby-trap, and down it went, without question. The son thus preserved she called Zeus; and she put him out to nurse in a respectable family at Mount Pleasant (then called Mount Ida) in Crete. Here he was fed on goat's milk and honey, which proved a most nutritious diet: for the young dog (that is, young god, especially if you read the word backwards) grew so big and strong in a twelve-month as to be quite able to defend himself. During his helpless infancy, the interesting child was protected by a fortunate circumstance from paternal voracity: the good people with whom he was placed lived next door to an institution for the insane, where certain madmen, called Corybantes, were kept. These poor people (who were a kind of classical Ranters, and had become deranged through fanaticism) were continually creating a disturbance by yelling and shouting, and by the clashing of cymbals and the beating of drums which they were allowed to play with, to keep them, as their Irish keeper said, quiet. By this hullabaloo the cries of the little deity were effectually drowned; a result which could have been achieved in no other manner—for he would scream like fifty screech-owls, and roar like a bull. This last accomplishment stood him afterwards in good stead, when he put on horn and hoof, and went courting



Europa—though then he roared "gently as any sucking dove:" but, as a child, he was much more noisy. It is lucky, therefore, that his foster-parents did not indict the asylum for a nuisance, which they had thought of doing more than once.

When Zeus had arrived at maturity, Ops confessed to Saturn the trick that she had played him, whereupon he flew into a tremendous fury; but knowing that his son would be too strong for him, and would infallibly take his mother's part, he abstained from offering her any violence. He even consented to see the young deity—probably, however, more on prudential grounds, than from any feeling of affection.

After this Saturn ate no more of his children. "What must be, must," he said; and consoling himself with this reflection, he drowned every other in nectar. Nectar was the drink of the gods. Some say it was Champagne; others, Burgundy; others, claret; one calls it hock; another hic; and a few maintain that it was half-and-half. Whatever it was, it was uncommonly good; and Saturn took to it.

Ops now went on increasing her family without molestation from her liege lord. At this her brothers, particularly Hyperion, were

highly exasperated; they declared that Saturn had violated his coronation oath, and that if he did not abdicate immediately, they would make him—or see themselves at Orcus.

Their threats came to the ears of Zeus, who at once resolved *juvare patrem*, to assist his father, whence, as some say, he was afterwards called Jupiter. Accordingly, bestriding an enormous eagle which he had tamed, he literally flew to the rescue. "My boy!" cried Saturn, quite affected, when Zeus, or Jupiter, as we shall henceforth call him, appeared before his throne—"My boy, my child—forgive me—I have done thee wrong!" "Governor!" answered Jupiter, "never mind; I'll stand by you to the last." The parent grasped his heroic son by the hand, and the youth returned the parental pressure. The other children of Saturn melted into tears, and all vowed eternal fidelity to their ancient sire.

This pathetic scene took place on the top of Mount Olympus, where stood the celestial palace among the clouds.

By the aid of the great Jupiter the rebellious Titans were defeated. The particulars of the contest would, if related, form a tremendously appalling narrative, and one infinitely more spirit-stirring than any description of carnage on a grand scale by the most graphic Irish novelist. But the war of the giants, which will be chronicled in the next chapter, being just the same affair, only on a much grander scale, let it suffice to say, that after several volleys of rocks and mountains on the part of the Titans, and much spirited thundering on that of Jupiter, the insurgents were made prisoners, and transported to various penal settlements. Some were buried beneath the Alps and Andes, some confined at the bottom of Vesuvius and *Ætna*, and others sent to keep company with Erebus.

Will it be believed that after all this Saturn grew jealous of his son Jupiter, and conspired against his happiness and liberty? Such was the melancholy fact; and it placed Jupiter under the painful necessity of deposing his ungrateful progenitor—thus fulfilling the decree of Destiny. The treacherous Saturn absconded. He first fled to America, where he expected to be hospitably taken in; but finding that he was taken in inhospitably, he shifted his residence to Italy, where Janus, who was king of that country, was so good as to give him half-a-crown—sharing with him his sovereign power. He now, taught by adversity, turned over a new leaf, and by promoting in every way his people's happiness, proved himself a good governor. His son, therefore, forgave him; and though he would not trust him again on the throne of Olympus, where he had very naturally established himself, he assigned him a temple among men and a very comfortable planet to live in—rather cold, perhaps, but gods are exempt from rheumatism.

Things being thus settled, Jupiter, finding himself autocrat of the universe, and in the possession of unlimited power, very wisely proceeded to make himself as comfortable as possible. He thought he would look about him a little before he married; but he had his throne and sceptre re-gilt—his pavilion, which was considerably handsomer than that at Brighton, fresh painted and decorated. He ordered in several pipes of nectar, and not a few of tobacco; and he dubbed himself "Father of the Gods and Men."



THE "SCHOLASTIC POLICE."

PUNCH, in his too frequent collisions with the police, has frequently remarked the growing politeness, the humane and gentle courtesies to be

found among that body; a day or two since he discovered the cause of this. Mr. Higginbottom, of Flayern House, Brixton, was regretting to a friend and late schoolmaster, the dearth of classical assistants—the paucity of ushers, who, at 30*l.* per annum, were wont to teach Greek, Latin, Mathematics, &c. &c. "Why," said his friend, "there was no want of such people in my time! No ushers to be had! How do you account for it?" "My dear friend," said Higginbottom, "they're all gone into the New Police!"

Punch's "Court Circular."

HER Majesty, in furtherance of her most gracious determination to patronize the English drama, "commanded" the performances at Covent-Garden on Wednesday last. Her Majesty with Prince Albert, attended by a numerous and brilliant suite, arrived at the theatre at five minutes to seven. Her Majesty and the Prince were received by Messrs. Bunn and Bartley in full court dress, and immediately lighted to the royal box. On the appearance of the Queen and the Prince, the audience (and we never witnessed one more numerous or more enthusiastic) rose, cheering and applauding, whilst the orchestra immediately commenced *God save the Queen*. When the anthem was concluded, the curtain rose upon a new comedy, called *She's Come at Last*. Both her Majesty and the Prince seemed to relish, with the keenest pleasure, the many sparkling and agreeable points abounding in the play; whilst *She's Come at Last*, as a general performance, appeared to give the highest pleasure to the audience at large. The Comedy was followed by *The Agreeable Surprise*, and the Entertainments concluded with the Pantomime. Her Majesty staid until the fall of the curtain, and then retired amidst the renewed cheers and hurrahs of the audience, who evidently appreciated this condescension on the part of the Queen, who, by thus giving her countenance to the national drama, by thus patronizing one of the most ennobling arts, gives one proof, among a thousand others, of her high personal sense of the advantages, and what is more, of the *duties* of her elevated station.

STANZAS TO AN EGG.

BY A SPOON.

PLEDGE of a feather'd pair's affection,
Kidnapp'd in thy downy nest,
Soon for my breakfast—sad reflection!—
Must thou in yon pot be drest.

What are the feelings of thy mother?
Poor, bereaved, unhappy hen!
Though she may lay, perchance, another,
Thou she ne'er will see again.

Yet do not mourn. Although above thee
Never more shall parent brood,
Know, dainty darling! that I love thee
Dearly as thy mother could.

THE WEATHER.

As a proof of the uncommon mildness of the season, Mr. Snozzles slept in an outhouse at Paddington on Monday evening. Mr. Snooks also left off fires in his third-pair back, having come to the last of the banisters, and the lodgers overhead objecting to the stairs being burnt as well.



THIS HOT WEATHER KNOCKS US ALL UP.

We are requested to state that the collection of Hyacinths in Miss Pinky's parlour-window, Poplar Terrace, are now in full bloom, and a piano organ attends frequently in the course of the day

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a pause of some two or three minutes. Jack Lipscomb fully apprehending the purpose of Shadrach Jacobs, yet at the same time feeling somewhat humiliated by the consciousness of his inferiority to the Jew. Thus had Jack in his innermost heart crowed and triumphed at the hard bargain which had made me his property! With what profound contempt had he contemplated the intellectual degradation of the Kaffer who sold me, tricked, cheated, as the poor savage had been, by the mixed lying and bullying of the sailor. Such had been Jack's emotions; but as he sat, and silently chewing, gazed at the Jew, he half-seemed to himself to change his condition with the barbarian he had gulled—he felt, in its fullest force, the supremacy of the Jew;—he shrank beneath the influence of a subtler nature. Thus, Jack Lipscomb remained doggedly silent—and thus the Jew was at length compelled to be a talker.

"I tells you, Jack, feathers is nothin'. If, now, you've a little bag of gold-dust, or any nicknack of that sort—vell, you havn't? Vell, vell—more's the pity, Jack—more's the pity, Mr. Lipscomb."

"Then we sha'n't deal, eh?" asked Jack sulkily, and throwing a significant glance towards the door. "Well, there's Barney Aaron, yet—that's one comfort."

"Vell, I didn't think it of you, Jack; to threaten me with that serpent—that disgrace to the synagogue. Vot if feathers is a drug, do you think Mr. Lipscomb that I'd let you be robbed? Vy, I should think the roof would fall upon me if I let you go out of this house to be cheated."

"Humph! I don't know," said Jack, a little mollified—"perhaps you arn't the worst of the sharks."

"I vish I vos—yes, Mr. Lipscomb, I vish I vos," said the Jew, earnestly, "for then I shouldn't be the beggar vot I am. Ha! this is a world! Vell, vell, we must take it as it is till the better one comes."

"In course," responded Jack, philosophically; and then counting my companions and myself before the Jew, he asked, "How much for the lot?"

"I don't know vot to do with 'em," answered Shadrach despondingly, looking down upon us, and sighing deeply. "As I'm an honest man, I shall only keep 'em for the moths. Vot money have you in your pocket, Jack?"

"Something within hail of five pounds," replied the sailor.

"Vell, let me see—von, two, three,—yes, fourteen feathers—"

"Seventeen, you griffin," growled Jack.

"Vell, vell—I didn't see; ven you've looked upon the vickedness of the world as long as I have, Mr. Lipscomb, you'll have some feelin' for an old man's eyes. Let me see, six—no, yes—seventeen—vell, seventeen feathers, and you've got seven pound in your pocket?"

"Four pound, six half-crowns," said Jack in correction.

"Now shall I tell you vot I've long thought of, Mr. Lipscomb? I've often said to myself, vot a pity it vos that a man like you, Mr. Lipscomb, didn't think more of yourself: that you didn't show the face you ought to the world."

"What do you mean, Mr. Jacobs?" asked Jack, very seriously.

"Vy, you see," continued the Jew, in his blandest manner, smiling upon the sailor—as an epicure smiles upon a dish he purposes very pleasantly to incorporate in his system—"vy you see, vot does it go for if you're the best sailor as ever swum—the honestest, jovialest, goodlookingest young man as ever von the vink of a virtuous young voman—vot does all your goodness go for with the world, if you don't wear a votch?"

Jack Lipscomb, with increasing gravity, sawed the back of his hand across his chin, and looking upon the floor, seemed as if the interrogative of the Jew had awakened a dormant feeling of vanity—had, in a moment, solved to his entire satisfaction, a great social mystery. "I don't know, if you arn't right," said Jack, after a pause.

"As the world goes—for it's made of wanity, Jack—a man's nothin' without a votch."

"There may be something in it," agreed the sailor.

"I'm an old man, my tear friend, and know the world with all its crooked bits, and nasty blots, and I talk to you, Jack, like my own flesh and blood."

"Come, avast there!" exclaimed Jack, suddenly; "none o' that—I'm a Christian, and loves pork."

"To be sure, vy not?" answered the Jew, in no way disconcerted:

he then returned to the charge. "I talk to you as I'd talk to my own son, and if it vas the last vords I had to speak, I'd say, Jack Lipscomb do justice to yourself and get a votch."

"Advice is plentiful as sprats," said the sailor. "Any fool can say, get a watch; but he isn't such a fool, who shows how it's to be done."

"My tear friend," said the Jew, "wait a minute." Shadrach then unlocked a drawer, and taking from it a large, yellow, metal watch, exposed it, with a light laugh, to the sailor.

"It's a big un," said Jack Lipscomb, gravely.

"It's a beauty," exclaimed the Jew; "but you hasn't seen half, Jack, look here." Shadrach then wound up the watch, and the picture of a ship fixed in the dial-plate, was set in motion, rocking very regularly over grass-green billows, under which was written the legend—"Such is life."

"She carries a good deal of canvas for such a sea," said the sailor, glancing at the toy with a purely professional eye.

"To be sure—vonts nothin'," answered the Jew, casting his gleaming looks in the weather-beaten face of the doomed purchaser.

"Humph! I wonder how long them studding-sail booms would stand in a trough of the sea like that? They'd snap like clay-pipes; if they wouldn't I'm"—

"Never mind, my tear friend," cried the Jew quickly, "sixpence vill paint it out. Vell, vot do you say to that, Jack?" asked Shadrach, now holding the watch to the sailor's eyes, now withdrawing it, and now turning it in his hand, as though he held a magic mirror to dazzle and confound the looker's senses. "Vot do you say to that, Jack?"

Jack spoke, to the Jew's understanding, a whole volume; albeit he really uttered not a word. For he slowly wiped his lips with the cuff of his jacket, the while he gazed at the chronometer; again he wiped away, what to the Jew seemed the water rising to the sailor's mouth, brought thither by strong desire of making that watch his own.

"For six pound with them feathers," and here the Jew threw an affected look of contempt upon myself and companions prostrate at his feet—"the votch shall be yourn."

"Is it gold?" asked Jack.

"Vot! vell!" exclaimed the Jew, and he advanced two indignant steps towards the drawer, as if about to consign the watch for ever to its keeping—then paused, and looking sorrowfully up into the face of Jack Lipscomb, asked him, in most pathetic tones, "vot he thought of him?"

"No offence, I hope," said Jack Lipscomb, deferentially.

"As if I'd sell my best friend anything but the best gold. Ha! Mr. Lipscomb, you don't know me—no, you don't; you've cut me clean to the heart; but to show you I bears no malice, I'll take all the money you have for the votch"—

"Without the feathers?" asked the sailor.

"No, my tear friend, with the feathers; though they're of no use to me—quite none; still, for principle, my tear friend, I must have the feathers."

Jack turned his tobacco in his mouth, looked at the watch, as the camelion fixes a fly, ere with its long thread of a tongue he consigns it to its jaws,—then, throwing forth his right hand, seized the time-piece, almost immediately emptying his pocket of four pounds, fifteen shillings.

"You've a bargain, Mr. Lipscomb—you've a—vell, bless my heart, don't go,"—said the Jew, as the knocker smote the street-door—"it's only an old acquaintance of yourn, my daughter Miriam."

Saying this the Jew quitted the chamber, and in two minutes from his departure, Miriam, a more than plump Jewess, with vast black eyes, a profusion of black hair (a very net for sailors' hearts), large rosy lips showing every one of her brilliant white teeth, and her massive face polished over with smiles, swam into the room.

Poor Jack Lipscomb!

This may be a proper place to observe that a sentimental affection had, for the duration of three past voyages, grown up between Jack Lipscomb and Miriam Jacobs. If, however, it was not strictly between them, 'twas all the same—Jack thought it was. There was, unfortunately, what at first promised to be an inseparable bar to the happiness of matrimony—namely, the religion of Miriam; Jack sticking for it, most lustily, that his wife must be like himself, every inch a Christian.

"Ha! Miriam, what a pity it is you're a Jew!" This was wont to be the frequent complaint of the orthodox Jack; and at length Miriam, worked upon by her lover's affection—for sure we are his many presents had nothing to do with it—promised, after a fair exercise of thought on the subject, to give up the synagogue.

Miriam Jacobs and Jack Lipscomb are together. Shall I betray the language of lovers? I will not. I will content myself, and I

trust, the reader too, by stating that Miriam (having seen the watch) promised to become a Christian wife in a week's time; in token of which promise, she received the said watch as a gift of her expectant husband.

Jack Lipscomb, nothing the better for the alcohol sold in the Minories, quitted the house of Jacobs penniless, leaving me and my companions—whom he had all but stolen from a barbarian, only to be tricked in his turn—as the property of the Jew.

As Jack reeled his way towards his ship, Miriam consigning her jetty locks to the close imprisonment of paper, glanced at the rocking ship on the watch, and for a moment ceasing to hum a tune, read—*"Such is life."*

RURAL INTELLIGENCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Swithinville, Australia, Jan. 11, 1843.

I CALL this part of the world Australia, because compliment, like charity, should begin at home; and we have as much right to fine names as the Antipodes. I arrived here by the South-Western Railway in safety, which I attribute to the providential circumstance that the engineer was a cautious driver; inasmuch that, instead of getting to the station at three, we did not get there till five. Our journey was a pleasant one. In the same carriage with myself there were two particularly nice young ladies, who regarded me with admiration; which, on my companion whispering to them that I was the First Bandit at Sadler's Wells, was converted into respect.

This region affords great facilities for the production of jokes; but its capabilities, from the limited intelligence of the natives, are of small avail. PUNCH is beginning to make his way here; but his circulation is inferior to that of the *Mark Lane Express*, which is much read by the few who can read at all.

The chief amusement of the natives consists in eating and drinking,



ANIMALS STUFFED HERE.

which also form the principal topics of conversation, not only in general society, but also between young ladies and gentlemen of an evening. Beer is much drunk in these parts, and some persons exceedingly so in consequence.

Much excitement has lately prevailed here on the Town-pump question. It has been proposed by the Improvement party to erect a new one; the existing pump, though there is nothing else the matter with it, being old and ugly. But this step has been opposed by others as a piece of needless extravagance, and an innovation besides, at variance with constitutional principles, and likely to bring on anarchy and irreligion. However it has been replied to them that as the structure in contemplation is intended to be a Gothic one, its erection will be a revival of good old English taste, and that it will be in keeping with the Market Cross into the bargain.

It has been determined, however, on all hands to rail in the shambles, in order to prevent beggars and other worthless characters from taking their nightly refuge there from the inclemencies of the skies and the work-house. It were much to be wished that some measure would also be adopted to prevent people from sleeping during lectures at the Mechanics' Institute, which is situated overhead.

The theatre has lately been whitewashed, and the actors are expected to be so in a short time. This process has agreeably harmonised the appearance of the building with that of the opposite one; namely, the County Gaol.

Tinder-boxes are now beginning to be exploded, and congreve-matches were this morning offered for sale at the door.—Gas has been introduced here for some little time; but the inhabitants, not being exactly acquainted with its proper uses, have employed it to light up the south transept of the cathedral.

The building last mentioned is a memorial of another age, erected by a race of men very different from the present inhabitants of Swithinville. It being an ecclesiastical edifice belonging to the nation, abounding in examples of the most exquisite architecture, and highly calculated to inspire the visitant with feelings of reverence and devotion, the public, all

but those who will pay to be let in,—are with great policy and justice, rigidly excluded from its interior, except when it is obliged to be open for service. To witness, in this remote district, so perfect and creditable an imitation of the liberality of the clergy of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, excited my no small admiration.

There are two regiments of soldiers quartered here, and the formation of eligible connexions with young officers is extensively calculated on by mamas with daughters.

P.S.—The average price of ale is 6d. per pot; but it is not worth it.

PROCLAMATION OF A "TAME ELEPHANT."

LORD ELLENBOROUGH will, henceforth, be known as the Sampson of India! He vaunts his ministry for having, as its greatest achievement, carried away "the gates of the temple of Somnauth—the gates of Sandalwood!" If Lord ELLENBOROUGH, following up the high deeds of Sampson, would wish to slay any number of Philistines, his proclamation to the "Princes and Chiefs of the People of India" proves that he can never be without the necessary weapon.

The proclamation begins:—

"My Brothers and my Friends,—Our victorious army bears the gates of the temple of Somnauth in triumph from Afghanistan, and the despoiled tomb of Sultan Mahmoud looks upon the ruins of Ghuznee."

Lord ELLENBOROUGH calls the Princes of India his "brothers." We much question whether all of them will feel very proud of their newly-discovered relative. He winds up his proclamation with the following:—

"May that good Providence, which has hitherto so manifestly protected me, still extend to me its favour, that I may so use the power now intrusted to my hands, as to advance your prosperity and secure your happiness, by placing the union of our two countries upon foundations which may render it eternal."

Me—me—me! What strange notions of Providence may possess a Governor-general of India! Among other poetic matters, the governor says:—

"The insult of 800 years is at last revenged. The gates of the temple of Somnauth, so long the memorial of your humiliation, are become the proudest record of your national glory—the proof of your superiority in arms over the nations beyond the Indus."

Punch would have much liked to see how vigorously the Governor-general thrust his tongue in his cheek, having penned the above. "The insult avenged!" And so all this bloodshed was only about a pair of gates! All this thunder, as the Jew said, about a little bit of bacon!

And then the "your superiority" to the "princes and chiefs of India!" Oh, princes, and oh, chiefs! There is a word—a vulgar, yet expressive one, in English—a word which you may safely use in reply to the Governor-general, for no man understands its comprehensiveness better, and that word is—*gammon*. Moreover, a finer sample of the thing we never met with than in this same proclamation!

"THE GRAVE-DIGGER!"

NOT TRANSLATED FROM "DER TODTENGRÄBER" OF J. W. KALLIWODA.

"Old man! old man! for whom digg'st thou this grave?"

I ask'd as I walk'd along;
For I saw in the heart of London streets
A dark and a busy throng.

'Twas a strange wild deed!—but a wilder wish
Of the parted soul, to lie

'Midst the troubled numbers of living men,
Who would pass him idly by!

So I said, "Old man, for whom digg'st thou this grave,
In the heart of London town?"

And the deep-toned voice of the Digger replied,
"We're a-laying a gas-pipe down!"

THE MARKETS.

In consequence of the wind, cabbages were blown in all directions and were carried off from the dealers in very large quantities. Poultry which had been killed for a week began unexpectedly to fly away; and at Hungerford Market, watercress, which is generally low, was forced up so high that it was found impossible to get it down again. The market-women found business done in a very unfair way by Boreas over their heads, for he took off a quantity of articles, and forced a distribution in quarters which the goods in question were not intended to reach. There was altogether a great want of firmness in the markets, and nothing remained stationary. The quotations were extremely unsettled, for we saw a ticket labelled "three-pence a dozen" blown from an apple-stall on to a quantity of geese in the window of a poulterer. The dealers were unable to stand out, and if they endeavoured to do so, they found themselves compelled to shift their ground immediately.

Punch's "Court Circular."

We have again to congratulate the lovers of the high English drama on its patronage and encouragement by our beloved Queen. Last Wednesday, her Majesty and Prince Albert again went in state to Drury-lane theatre. It is needless for us to observe that the house was thronged in every part. Every one of the enthusiastic crowd seemed to feel the condescension of her Majesty in these repeated assurances of the interest she takes in one of the noblest glories of her country—the pure English drama. Happy is it for the present stage, that we have a Queen who, like her great predecessor Elizabeth, sheds the bounty of her patronage upon a glorious art! Happy the people who, in their hours of loftiest recreation, can meet and, as it were, mingle with their beloved sovereign!

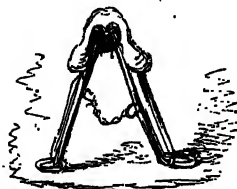
The royal party was escorted by a detachment of the Blues, and at seven o'clock precisely, arrived at the theatre. Messrs. MACREADY and SERLE, in very handsome court suits, received her Majesty and the Prince. What a shout greeted their appearance in the boxes! Her Majesty seemed highly delighted, nay, affected, by the burst of feeling, which she acknowledged most courteously, most graciously. The national anthem having been sung, the comedy (never before acted) of *Wonders will never Cease* began, and was brought to a triumphant close. The pantomime terminated the entertainments of the night. As the curtain descended, the audience insisted upon a repetition of *God save the Queen*; this desire was complied with by the operatic force, all the house joining lustily in chorus. Her Majesty, again curtsying most graciously, then withdrew.

We are happy to say that the Queen appeared in the highest health and spirits. She was dressed in blue satin and white lace; wearing a small circlet of brilliants on her head; she also wore the Order of the Garter. Prince Albert was dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, and we are glad to say, appeared in excellent health.

How delightful is it to *Punch* to chronicle events like these—how delightful to show to Continental nations, that the drama of England must once more flourish beneath the patronizing smiles of an enlightened and beloved Queen!

DESCRIPTION OF A CHANCERY SUIT.

BY JACOB DRYADUST, F.S.A.



CHANCERY *Suit* is one that never fits!—it is always too long and too tight for a Defendant's notions of propriety and universal charity; besides which, there is no credit allowed; the Bill is sent in with the Suit—and oh, what a Bill it is!

First of all you receive a "Subpoena," requesting you to meet the Queen within four days, "at Westminster, or wheresoever else she shall then be;" and Lord Devon is good enough to witness that it is all right. You

accordingly make inquiries, and, finding that Her Majesty is at Brighton, proceed there, firmly believing that she wants to consult you as to the formation of a New Ministry, or to ask whether a Pension would be acceptable. You are denied admittance to the palace, clearly in consequence of some party cabal, which the Premier is at the bottom of; and you return home, threatening him with the consequences, and resolving to await some further communication. This is soon delivered by a gentleman called the "Serjeant at Arms," who insists on conveying you to the Fleet, for not obeying the Subpoena. In vain do you explain the facts of the case; the Serjeant is inexorable, and so off you go, threatening him also with the consequences. You then summon an Attorney, who says you are "in contempt," and must therefore "come into Court and purge yourself." You then peruse the Plaintiff's "Bill," and are thunderstruck on discovering that James Jollands, who cannot speak two sentences grammatically, calls himself throughout "An Orator." Exasperated at such a ridiculous boast, you resolve to show him up to the authorities in his true colours; and then, reading a little further, find that the "orator" calls you a "conspirator," with, as he avers, "divers other persons at present unknown"—you are now comforted with the prospect of an action for libel and tremendous damages; finally, the "orator" winds up by requesting the Lord Chancellor to grant him "relief"—whereupon you hope he will be referred to the Mendicity Society and presented with a ticket for soup. The "orator" also declares that if the Chancellor will be good enough to grant him some "relief," he "will ever pray." This promise, coming from a man who, to your certain knowledge, has not entered a church for the last five years, is too bad—and you immediately inform the Chancellor of his real character, and caution him to beware.

With virtuous indignation you answer the "orator's" harangue in a very short and summary way—winding up with a flourishing sentence, commencing with "without this that there is any other matter or thing that"—you then pay eighteen-pence for leave to swear at Jollands in the "public office," which you do most emphatically, hoping that your "answer" may cloke him. Jollands, who, like all persons in the wrong, is horribly abusive, soon sends you a document referring to that answer, and saying a great deal about "scandal and impertinence." You are delighted to find he is stung, and puzzled by learning that "His Honour the Vice-Chancellor will be moved on Tuesday next by Mr. James Russell." Where he will be moved does not appear; neither does it specify the kind of vehicle to be used. However, you attend at the appointed time to see the fun, when Mr. Russell "moves" His Honour's feelings so much, that his emotion will not allow him to decide the matter, which he accordingly refers to "Master Richards," who is about 70 years old, and therefore as little entitled to that juvenile appellation as any grey-headed post-boy is to his. Jollands brings in his "charge," which is retailed at the rate of three-halfpence for ninety words; and you, in self-defence, provide yourself with a "discharge," which is sold at the same price. "Master Richards" at last "makes a report" (all young people love noises), and then you, Jollands, the Six Clerks, the man in the "Petty Bag Office," and the Vice-Chancellor, fight the matter out. The performance concludes with the following interesting *tableau vivant* and grand procession:—

The band performing a solo on a muffin-bell.
The "orator" in a cab, and agony of mind.
Yourself in ditto ditto.

Two tipstaves escorting you to the Fleet.
A detachment of charity-boys from the St. Andrew's School, in



their official costume, highly delighted with the show.

Peripatetic bookseller, with cheap copies of
the Insolvent Debtors' Act.

Your wife in tears and a slight state of gin-and-water.

Your little boy in ditto ditto, and corduroys.

I have not mentioned that, when any party to a suit dies, a "Bill of Reviver" has to be filed; and perhaps it is not too much to say that, wherever the individual may have gone to, he would not willingly come to life again for the purpose of proceeding with his Chancery suit;—at least Lord Brougham assures me he never heard of such an event, although he has known many thousand "Bills of Reviver" put on the file.

Twelfth Night Festivities.

THERE WAS a juvenile party in several places on Twelfth Night; and while Mr. Snooks entertained a parcel of noisy boys at Number Six, there was a selection of miscellaneous juveniles over the way at Mr. Dobson's. The water-rate had been punctually paid up, to prevent any obstruction to the unlimited supply of negus; and the matronly Mrs. Snooks had laid in a cake, for which she had laid out two-and-sixpence. At Mr. Dobson's there was a degree of parsimony in the festive arrangements; for, instead of a large cake, there was a terrific assortment of stale buns, surmounted with a dab of white stuff, and a little shabby bit of green citron. The characters were inclosed in an envelope adorned by a gorgeous *tableau*, representing her Majesty and Prince Albert receiving from Britannia a gigantic cake, of which Time was cutting a slice with his scythe, while Caledonia, with the appropriate motto of *Ich dien*, was playing with Hibernia a game at *scratch*-cradle. The juveniles were allowed to indulge *ad libitum* in the harmless decoction of hot water and lemon-peel, which constituted a sort of negative negus, while the parents demolished the really good things, to prevent them from "disagreeing" with their offspring.

LATEST DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

On Saturday a new comedy was read to the actors of Covent Garden theatre; and on the following day the "prayers of the congregation" were put up in his parish church for the author.

PEEL'S "VELVETEENS."

THE ingenuous Sir ROBERT has been the victim of a shameful trick. For ourselves, we have not the slightest doubt that the Corn-Law Leaguers are at the bottom of the transaction, which we only hope it is within the reach of Parliament to punish. The conspiracy displays such subtlety—has in it such a wicked *animus*—that did we merely consult our own feelings, we should devote the whole of our present number to discuss the iniquity, in its every shade of turpitude; in its depth, length, and width. The careless world, however, has not the same interest as PUNCH in the feelings of a Prime Minister—has, of course, not the same intimate sympathies with the private emotions of a politician. We shall therefore narrate, with all our characteristic brevity, the circumstances of as dark a political conspiracy as ever blackened the human heart—will show how the peace—may, more the consistency of a Prime Minister, has been aimed at in his hour of social confidence, threatened in his whole anatomy.

A week or two since, Mr. W. BARLOW of Ancoats-vale having—we are convinced of this truth—by the instigation of the Corn-Law League, perfected "some printed velveteens" of a most novel and beautiful fabric, sent a few yards of his handiwork as a present to Sir ROBERT PEEL. Gracious, unsuspecting Minister! No artless milkmaid on Drayton Manor could have received with less suspicion a bunch of ribands from Hodge, the carter; albeit given for the basest after-purposes by the designing clown. Sir ROBERT gazed upon the velveteen "made to look like silk," although of cotton,—gazed, and was lost. (Mr. BARLOW has the honesty to allow that one of the excellences of the fabric is, that it appears much better than it really is; that it has a glossy, silky outside look, to captivate unthinking eyes; although, indeed, the stuff itself be of an inferior yarn—a thing of very cotton. Why, believing this, Mr. BARLOW should have thought fit to select such a politician as Sir ROBERT to patronize his velveteen, we leave to the man's conscience to answer; and proceed with our story.) Sir ROBERT—courteous victim!—lost no time in acknowledging the present of velveteen, and—(how the Corn-Law League must have chuckled!)—further assured Mr. BARLOW, that Lady PEEL was so delighted with the stuff, that she purposed "having a cloak" made of part of it, whilst he, Sir ROBERT, would devote the remnant to his own bodily comfort, in some other fashion!

Reader, pause for a moment, and imagine the smothered laugh shaking the ribs of the League! How the master manufacturer grinned with all his heart and all his soul! Nay, it is said, that feeble smiles did "shoot and circulate" in the tax-ground faces of the tenants of Manchester cellars—that the very ghastliness of want was irradiated with the dim sense of a joke played upon the Prime Minister! Indeed, everywhere throughout Manchester, laughter abounded. It is said, the very knockers on the manufacturers' doors were dimpled with smiles—that the church vanes no longer creaked, but laughed audibly! Wherefore? Why this exultation at the courtesy of the most courteous of Prime Ministers? Why this rudeness of merriment at an act of gentlemanly condescension? With mingled feelings of contempt and pity for our species, we tell the why.

The velveteen was made into a cloak—(this we know from Lady PEEL's milliner,)—the remainder stuff was worked into trousers for the Prime Minister—(this we know from Sir ROBERT's tailor, the same man who has made our own motley for many years),—when the fraud, the iniquity, lurking in the fatal gift was discovered.

It appears that some ears of wheat were gracefully worked into the pattern adorning the velveteen, and further, that the dreaded monosyllable "FREE,"—those four damning letters, like tares and poppies, grew among the corn, thus insidiously presented to the Minister. Lady PEEL, with the quick feminine eye, discovered the device at once. Why, then, it may be asked, did so many days elapse ere Sir ROBERT returned the stuff—for return it, he did—to Mr. BARLOW? Ere we answer, we subjoin the missive that accompanied the rejected velveteen:—

"Drayton Manor, Jan. 7, 1843.—Sir: I was not aware, until to-day, that the specimen of manufacture which you requested me to accept bore any allusion to matters that are the subject of public controversy. No mention whatever was made of this in the letter you addressed to me; and I thought it would be ungracious to reject what appeared to be a pure act of civility on your part. I must beg leave to return to you that which I accepted under an erroneous impression. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, ROBERT PEEL.—W. Barlow, Esq."

Lady PEEL, like an excellent, devoted wife as she is, with a full knowledge of the wheat, and of those "idle weeds," the letters *f. r. e. e.* that "grew among the sustaining corn,"—ordered her cloak to be made; and wherefore? Simply, because she knew that Sir ROBERT had, at the last election, used a cloak with some sort of corn-law device upon it, and that therefore, like a good wife, she could

do no better than follow the example of a virtuous and beloved husband. How different the case with Sir ROBERT, the Prime Minister!

We have no doubt whatever, that as far as a cloak might have been got out of the stuff for himself, Sir ROBERT would have had no objection to retain the velveteen as a provision for future accidents; keeping it on, or putting it off as the wind might blow, or the sun might shine; but when once the velveteen was made into trousers, when once the minister had donned so succinct a garment, it must become, to him a sort of tight-fitting principle, not under any circumstances to be cast aside, with the least respect for the usages of honourable society. It was then Sir ROBERT saw the trap that had been laid for him; it was then that, looking with an instructed eye upon the velveteen, he felt the full force of the political plot got up in a pair of trousers:

"The seed was cursed that did grow the web,
And it was dyed in mummy, which the Corn Laws
Conserved of broken hearts!"

Such, then, appeared the velveteen presented by Mr. W. BARLOW, and the Prime Minister immediately resolved to put no foot in it.

We hope there is no admirer of Sir ROBERT who will not feel grateful for the escape of the Minister. Spells and incantations have been woven in a web ere now; and these, we are convinced of it, lurked in every ear of law-taxed corn.

"See the grievous texture grow,
(*'Tis of human entrails made,*)
And the weights that play below,
Each a starving Briton's head!"

Might not the velveteen, the produce of Corn-law looms, have been manufactured from such horrid materials—by such ghastly machinery? Indeed, we fear it.

And then that fatal word "FREE." In the *Gesta Romanorum* there is a story of a beautiful girl who, having been nurtured upon serpents, was sent as a slave to a certain king; the monarch kissed the rosy venom, and straightway died. We have not the slightest doubt that the word "free" in PEEL's velveteen was composed of serpents—and that no sooner should the Prime Minister have taken the trousers to himself, than that the petty reptiles would have grown into boa-constrictors, and poor Sir ROBERT, the unwilling Laocöon of "free" corn, would, as Minister, have been strangled by opposing principles!

However, thanks to the late sagacity of Sir ROBERT, our minister is saved. We have, let us be grateful for it, another plot to add to the unsuccessful machinations of democrats and knaves. We have had the Gunpowder Plot—the Rye-house Plot—the Thistlewood Plot—and now, as a crowning escape—the Velveteen Plot! Great, indeed, would have been the triumph of the League, if the Minister had donned the insidious trousers, and, taking his seat in them in the House of Commons, had, without knowing it, based his Ministry upon—"free" corn!

Q.

PEWS!

Punch has received a considerable number of letters on the above subject since the publication of the letter of the Bishop of Norwich, on the "injustice and evil tendency of pews." Two of these epistles are so touching, that though his columns are much crowded, *Punch* must insert them.

No. I.

MR. PUNCH.—There is, I find, a revolutionary spirit abroad, threatening the vested rights of pews—threatening to make no distinction of persons when under the roof of a church. What! sir! are we to lose our air-stuffed cushions in the family pew—our velvet hassocks, and all that makes religion dear to us?

In a word, sir, am I to sit among the mob? Am I to be encroached upon by a willow-chip or five shilling Dunstable?

I am yours respectfully,

A THREE GUINEA BONNET.

No. II.

SIR,—I have ever found you a champion of the oppressed—as such I now address you. I trust I know all Christian observances: I never miss a Sunday at church, as John the footman knows, who carries my small prayer-book after me. I have, sir, ever considered a church—that is, a respectable church, for of course I make no allusion to meeting-houses—to be composed only of pews. But, sir, pews are threatened, and I therefore wish to ask you if the Church is not in danger! I see what it will end in; if pews are abolished, every respectable family must keep their own parson, and have service at home; for I ask you, sir, how is it possible that I, who have always been accustomed to a delicious corner to myself, can sit in the same crowd with a mere cotton, or with even a Spitalfields silk?

I remain, your humble servant,

A REAL CACHEMIRE.



THE "REPEAL FARCE;"
OR, MOTHER GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER III.—ALL ABOUT LOVE.



JUPITER now having made himself happy, next proceeded to provide for his family. He made his brother Neptune lord-lieutenant of the sea, *viz* Oceanus, turned out; and Pluto, also, his father's son, governor-general of the Infernal regions. His sister, Ceres, he appointed lady patroness of the agricultural interest. These arrangements, and some others, having been completed, it occurred to him that his own blessedness, which had hitherto been single, might be advantageously doubled. He had another sister, Juno, or,

to speak more respectfully, Miss Juno, whose beauty was so striking, that it would have knocked you down; and for whom, considering that her face was her fortune, he had made no special provision. Of her he became passionately enamoured; but her bosom was all ice, and the difficulty was how was he to break it?

When a man goes courting, he generally gets up an appearance. He sometimes makes a buck of himself, occasionally a sheep, and not unfrequently a goose. Our divinity changed himself into a cuckoo. He then raised a storm, and took refuge from it, cold and shivering, in Juno's bosom. Now, that locality being in a twofold sense a region of snow, he must have got, conversely speaking, out of the frying-pan into the fire. But no matter. The case of Jupiter was like that of the Russian, who ices to warm his frost-bitten nose. And Juno's resembled that of the frozen liquid; for she melted with pity: from which, by an easy transition, she modulated into the warmer sentiment. The marriage was celebrated, without delay, with the most imposing pageantry and splendour, for which the Olympic machinery afforded great facilities. Cards were issued to all the gods, to mankind, and to the brutes; which last, with the exception of the Ass (who admired the parade) made fun of the whole affair; for which piece of impertinence they were condemned to be sacrificed.

For a time Jupiter and Juno lived in the undisturbed enjoyment of



domestic bliss. An event, however, shortly occurred which proved, subsequently, the source of various mutual disagreements; rather funny, perhaps, but to the feeling heart very painful to think upon.

The immortals, whose numbers Juno had considerably increased, were reclining one day upon their easy thrones, sipping nectar and smoking cheroots. All were present except his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of the Sea, whose absence was rather wondered at, as he seldom missed a court day, particularly when there was grog going on. His Majesty, Jupiter, his arm encircling the waist of his Queen, and his lips in approximation with her ear, was affectionately tempting her to drink a little more. "Come, girl," said the King of gods and men; "come, it will do you good. Hebe, pour out another glass

for your mama." "No, Jupiter, thank you, I had rather not," returned Juno. "Do, Judy," urged the Monarch. "Now, sir," replied the goddess, slapping his arm, "I won't have you call me Judy." "Do what I tell you, then," said Jupiter, playfully pulling her ear. She spoke not, but turned her large full eyes upon him. Jupiter looked as if he were in Heaven; where, in fact, he was. Unable to contain himself, he uttered an inarticulate sound expressive of delight, as Mr. Farren does in Sir Peter Teazle, and convulsively poked her with his forefinger in the waist. "Have done! you tease," she cried, but evidently as pleased as Punch; whereupon Jupiter did what he was told not to do, again, and gave her a kiss into the bargain.

This edifying scene of conjugal affection was suddenly interrupted by a noise of conch-shells and boatswains' whistles below, followed by a loud call of "House ahoy!" the vocalist evidently bawling through his hands. "Here he is at last!" was the general cry, and in another moment in staggered Neptune; he was greeted with deafening applause. "How are you, old boy?" said Jupiter. "Pretty well, thank you," answered Neptune. "How are you, governor?" "Middling," responded the Sovereign. "But I say: who is that beautiful Nymph that you have brought in your train?"

"Aha!" cried Neptune, looking very sly with his forefinger applied to the side of his nose, "what! you've caught sight of her already, have you? Shiver my timbers! your Majesty has sharp eyes. Avast, there, you Tritons; stand aside, will you, you lubbers! There. Did you ever any of you see such a splendid little craft in all your born days! See how trim she is about the bows, and how natty about the stern; and there 's a figure-head for you! Then only look at the rigging. Ye ho! there, lass, do you hear! Come forward, Venus."

With a smiling though downcast look, and face suffused with a roseate blush, the Nymph, gracefully ambling, advanced. "See how beautifully she steers," cried Neptune; "watch the action of the rudder!" She did, indeed, move on like a little duck, in her own element. A murmur of admiration ran through Olympus. "I say, Pluto," said Momus, jogging him and winking his eye—"eh? I say—eh?" Plutty nodded approvingly. "Isn't she sweetly pretty?" asked Ceres. "Oh, yes!" answered Hebe.

Having approached to the throne of Jupiter, the lovely stranger assumed that elegant attitude which Phidias or Praxiteles, whoever it was who made her Medicean effigy, has rendered so deservedly celebrated.

The monarch gazed upon the beautiful being with a mixture of astonishment and delight. "And where," he asked, "young lady, did you drop from?"

"Nowhere, Sir," she answered in a gentle voice.

"Ye gods," cried Jupiter, appealing to the company, "what music! Come, you little puss!" he continued, elevating her chin, "look up. I say, master Neptune, what have you to say about this damsel?"

"Explain, Neptune, explain," resounded on all hands.

"Mayhap," said Neptune, turning his quid, "his majesty there knows as much about the matter as I do. But that's neither here nor there. All I have to say is this: we were cruising off Cyprus, when we ran alongside of a sheet of foam, for all the world like that kickshaw before Mars there. I couldn't make out what the deuce it was; but while I was looking at it, lo and behold ye! up comes a mist out of it as high as the main-top; and out she steps of that, and walks on deck. There, my yarn is spun. Hebe, old girl, hand us a jorum of nectar, will you?" So saying, he sat down.

All this while Jupiter was feasting his eyes on the charms of the lovely wonder,—not exactly to the satisfaction of Juno, who was beginning to look a little uncomfortable, which his Majesty observing, discontinued his gaze. Then, turning to the Queen, he proposed to her to adopt the fair Venus for a daughter, and to get her, if possible, comfortably married. The latter part of the proposal allayed Juno's suspicions; she had not the slightest objection to it, she said, and would behave to her as if she were her own child. So she beckoned her to approach, and kissed her, and called her a dear, and told her that for the future in addressing her, Juno, she was to say, Mama. And then Jupiter informed her that she was to consider herself thenceforth as the Goddess of Beauty.

Hereupon Venus, amid much applause, took her seat among the



other deities. She was placed next to Mars, who, it was observed, was whispering and talking to her a great deal all the evening. It was likewise noticed that Vulcan kept looking at her very hard: though, whenever their eyes met, she turned up her nose at him.

The new goddess was voted a great acquisition; and, for a little while, her addition to the Olympic circle was productive of unmingled delight to all parties. But this state of things was not to last. One morning, to the astonishment of everybody, Venus came down to breakfast followed by a little winged boy. "How now, Veny?" cried Jupiter, "what have you started a tiger?" "Oh, no! papa; this is my little boy," she replied. "Your little boy!" exclaimed all in amazement. "My little boy," she answered, very coolly; and, when pressed with further questions, only laughed. The conclusion of everybody was, that she had been secretly married, and Jupiter, determined to get at the truth, demanded in turn of each of the gods whether he was the sly dog of a husband. Vulcan manfully came forward, and declared that he was; adding, "Don't you think the boy my very picture?" Now Vulcan was as swarthy as a Moor, hump-backed, bandy-legged, and lame, in consequence of a misfortune which he had in infancy. The gods, therefore, grinned, and said, "Very."

Jupiter, notwithstanding Vulcan's avowal, determined that the marriage between his son and Venus should be solemnised again and in public. Thus Venus became Mrs. Vulcan, but everybody still called her Venus.

Now—would you believe it! the dissensions which afterwards took place between Juno and her husband were brought about by this little boy of Venus's, who was named by his godmother, CURIO. And a pretty deal of mischief he did, and continues to do besides.

MORAL.—Beware of Love; particularly after you are married.

THE "BUTTON" AND "PEACOCK."

THE Chinese Commissioner has sent in his "Report" to his Imperial master, of the demands of the "barbarian" English, and a very pretty official document it is. The Commissioner, having dwelt upon the probable means of paying the 21,000,000 dollars "begged" (begged is the word) by Sir HENRY PORTINGER, says "in time money may be looked for, for the purchase of honours, *buttons and peacocks' feathers!*" We think Sir ROBERT PEEL might take a hint from this. With a falling revenue, why not sell honour to anybody who would take a good lumping penn'orth of it? We are sure there are hundreds, with money to spare, who have by no means souls above *buttons*; whilst, for *peacocks' feathers*, there are rich noodles with heads especially designed for such adornment. Wealth, mere wealth, requires a distinguishing order of merit; and the order of "the button and the peacock" would be a most fitting decoration. For instance, the "button" would, in its size and substance, admirably typify the hearts of the rich advocates of the poor-law; whilst the plume of the peacock would illustrate their selfish pride and mindless egotism.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH DRAMA.



THE PRINCIPAL SCENE-SHIFTER.

Galignani's Messenger says of the French Theatre:—

"There were produced in 1842, at the different theatres of Paris, 191 new pieces. At the Académie Royale de Musique, 2 operas and a ballet; the Théâtre Français, 2 dramas and 5 comedies; at the Odéon, 3 tragedies, 11 dramas, and 15 comedies; the Italian Opera, 4 pieces; the Vaudeville, 11; at the Variétés, 28 vaudevilles; an English pantomime; the Gymnase, 18 vaudevilles; the Palais-Royal, 24 vaudevilles and a parody; the Porte St. Martin, 3 dramas, 1 vaudeville, 1 ballet, and a monologue; the Gaité, 8 dramas and 8 vaudevilles; the Délassements Comiques, 37 vaudevilles; and at the Théâtre Beaumarchais, 2 dramas and 6 vaudevilles."

Punch says of the English Theatre:—

"There were produced in 1842 at the different theatres of London about *ten* new pieces; the rest being hashed, fricasseed, devilled, warmed up, from old stock brought from France or stolen from the manufactory of Bentley and others!"

THE SIDE-SCENES OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER III.—SOME MORE PARTICULARS OF THE SPANGLE LACQUERS, AND THEIR DRAWING-ROOM.

We have stated that our friends the Lacquers reside in a very fashionable part of town—indeed, they know nothing of the other districts of London; which is the more remarkable because Mr. Lacquer amassed his fortune in those less favoured localities, from soap, gin, tallow, rags, or something equally interesting, by a process of alchemy, which leaves all the old philosophers far behind. But of course all this is scarcely ever recollected by their friends; who, on first making their acquaintance, are so dazzled by their display, that they are, for a time, blind to every thing beyond it, until their eyes get accustomed to the glare, when they have been often observed to have recovered their usual vision; and sometimes look deeper than they ought. For artificial display is dangerous to have anything to do with; and resembles a Chinese firework—very grand and bewildering at first sight, but if kept up too long its coruscations are found to proceed only from the revolutions of a few bits of coloured glass shining with a borrowed light.

The house in which the Lacquers reside is, as 'old Pepys would say, "pleasant to behold;" and the street door appears to have put on a suit of brass armour—there being plates of the visitors' bell, and the domestics' bell, and the kitchen bell, as well as the family name of the Lacquers, and a command that you will ring also, with other amusing and ornamental tablets—possibly for the purpose of being spelt for entertainment whilst you are waiting at the door. All these things, however, are great improvements upon the habits of our forefathers, in whose time the best way to get into a house was simply to knock at the door. An old lady—a friend of ours also—who lives opposite; a simple quiet body, whose idea of enjoying life consists in



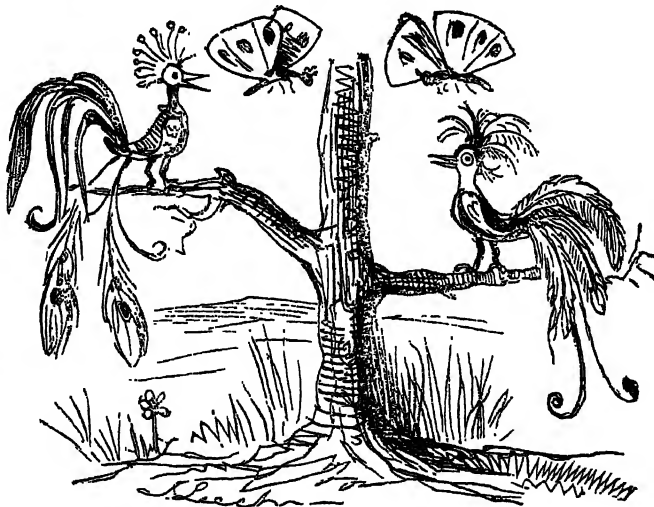
sitting at the window for a certain time every day in a grand cap and watching her neighbours, has informed us that whichever bell you ring the same person always appears to answer it. So that the whole process resembles that gone through with the toy used to gamble with for gingerbread-nuts, at fairs, where you pull different strings at each attempt to improve your luck, but find the same puppet always make its appearance. We have, therefore, come to the conclusion that these various bells have for their object, not so much the division of labour amongst the domestics, as to advertise the inmates when any one is going to make a call—a sort of prompter's signal to "clear!" which means that they must get into their places, and dispose of all unseemly properties before the drama begins. And this brings us to one of those excellent pieces of advice which we are in the constant habit of presenting to our readers. Whenever you make a morning call at a house, never, inadvertently, or with the air of a careless lounge, turn up the sofa cushions: or you will be certain to make both yourself and your friends uncomfortable, by the unexpected display of some funny object or another, that "those tiresome children must have hidden there."

Having determined, with much careful investigation, which bell you are to pull, you are presently admitted by a footman. But as it is too much trouble for that particular domestic to go up to the drawing-room with you, he walks you to the end of his beat at the foot of the staircase, and there gives you into the charge of another domestic, in whose custody you ascend. Arrived at the drawing-room, the footman gives you a chair, pokes the fire, puts some coals on, tells you his mistress will be down directly, and leaves you to your own meditations.

In walking about the drawing-room at the Lacquers', the chief rule to be observed is to keep your coat-tails under your arm, for fear of knocking over the curiosities crowded into the room. There are such wonders of nature and art displayed upon every practicable point of furniture, that the imagination of the spectator is insensibly called back to Wardour-street, and Howell & James's. The card-basket is also arranged with much care, for the inspection of visitors, although with an apparent indifference. The "wedding cards," if the originals of them chance to be presentable persons, are placed at top—the "return thanks" and "P.D.A.'s" underneath; and the small visiting connexions burrow down to the bottom of the china receptacle in conscious retirement.

A copy of the *Morning Post* lies on the table, amidst a chaos of periodicals, albums, showily-bound religious books, and papier maché writing-cases, with portraits of Cérito and golden-tailed cockatoos on the covers. The Spangle Lacquers take in the *Post*, on account of its high gentility. It is so pleasant to learn from its columns what the great people are doing—when the Earl and Countess of Varnishville left Mivart's Hotel for a tour in Hyde Park; when the Misses Fitzpump will open their private gaming-tables, for the season, in Grosvenor-square; and the usual routine of other delightful information so necessary to the existence of West-end ladies'-maids who are enamoured of retainers in those noble families whose important actions are herein chronicled. Indeed the refined style of this elegant journal almost tempts us to imagine that its editor is a faylike and lovely thing of gentlest blood (or rather with *rondeletia* running in his veins instead of the coarse vital fluid), nourished upon the aroma of costly hot-house flowers; and who dies upon inhaling a common atmosphere, like the puppy of the Grotto del Cane, whilst ordinary vulgar people receive no injuries from it.

But the chief amusement for the morning-visitor in-waiting is Miss Lacquer's album. It is a very handsome book, with light pink



A DESIGN FOR AN ALBUM.

and light green, and light blue, and buff, and tea-coloured pages—a literary drawing-room rat-trap—which no one dares peep into without being compelled to pay a visit to his Eminence, Mount Parnassus. Then there are such sweet rice-paper blue butterflies, and tinted peacocks; such eccentric flowers and carefully pencilled Turks; such shilling Byron Beauties, and half-crown Flowers of Loveliness; and such a beautiful gipsy at the first page begging for scraps, that it is quite refreshing to think there are still such lovely *Bohémiennes* in the world. And the literary portion of this costly book is very pretty indeed. There are the celebrated lines beginning

"Black eyes most dazzle at a ball,"

written with a crowquill; as well as some verses about "A Moss Rose;" and an affecting sonnet "Upon hearing my first-born sneeze in his sleep." There are also some verses about "My little foot-page," which are whispered as the production of Miss Lacquer, but which do not mean the small boy in buttons attached to the establishment; and many other exquisite morceaux tending in the highest degree to assist genteel reason and reflection. Once Mr. Lacquer brought home a number of *Punch* with him, which was immediately hustled

away with singular speed, none of the family being able to see anything in it; but putting it down as a very strange work, and not at all suited to the intellect of people like themselves. And we cordially agree with them—it certainly was not. Any person of moderate capacity, comparing the refined poetry of the *Annals* with the ordinary matter of the periodical in question, will soon see the difference.

We have been so long looking about the room that we have scarcely time left for an interview with this delightful family. But they are such entertaining people that we must give them a chapter to themselves; and when we have finished, we are confident that our readers will hold them in similar esteem.

A DRAMATIC BET.

ONCE upon a time a Hebrew manager of a London playhouse met Vamply, the playwright. "Mr. Wamply, you're the werry man as I vouted to see." "What's the matter, sir!" asks Vamply: "anything, sir, in my way?" "Vy, vot I vouted vos this. How many years ago is it since you writ *The Blood-stained Atchet*?" "How many years, sir?" "Yes, how many years?" "Why, sir, since that production was first made known, is exactly ten years." "Vell, I said so—and Lazarus vouted to lay me five pound it was twelve. You're certain, Mr. Wamply, it's only ten?" "Most certain, sir." "Thank'ee, Mr. Wamply, thank'ee; good bye, I'll go and lay the bet now!"



TAKING A FELLOW IN.

BALLADS OF THE BIRDS.

THE BALLAD OF THE GOOSE.

THEY may talk as they will of the golden canary,
But boldly I ask, of such birds where's the use?
No! I'd rather by far—nor my note will I vary—
Be just what you find me—a guzzling young goose.

I'll own that the goldfinch in song is delicious,
And fairer to look at—Ah, there I agree;
But stuff us with onions, *et cetera*, and dish us,
Oh, then can the goldfinch be equal to me?

I'll own that the duck, when with sauce you embellish,
Is a bird that the gourmand would never despise;
And capon, I know, when some ham gives a relish,
Is also by epicures counted a prize.

The turkey, when truffles are used for the stuffing,
A savoury notion will often produce;
But, oh! without any extraneous puffing,
The bird which bangs all other birds is the goose.

Ay even the poet, my praises inditing,
Must own that I'm worthy his pages to fill,
For he at this moment could not go on writing,
Unless the kind goose had presented a quill.

"Good bird, thou art right:" thus the poet addresses
The creature that causes at present his strains;
"For many an author, when writing, possesses
Not only the quill of the goose—but the brains."

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

MR. MUGGLES left the Marylebone Workhouse on Tuesday, for a short tour on the Clerkenwell treadmill. He was received by the governor and turnkeys, who conducted him over the principal part of the prison, but, we regret to add, he expressed his entire dissatisfaction of the arrangements.

Mr. Covey and a party of gentlemen will leave town on Saturday, on a visit to the Hulks of Woolwich.

Inspector Green entertained a large circle of visitors at his hospitable mansion in Bow Street, on New-Year's eve. The majority of the company left on Monday morning for the court. Similar *réunions* took place at Queen Square and Union Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Twit will leave their residence on Saturday morning. They will proceed from Kennington Oval to Regent Street, *via* Piccadilly, and having passed a short time on the banks of the canal at the Polytechnic, propose going still further north to visit the Frozen Lake at the Coliseum: whence they are expected to return by dinner-time. The infant does not accompany them, but will be left under the charge of the Dowager Mrs. Pearlash.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

INTRODUCTORY DEFINITIONS.

POLITICAL economy is the science by which nations and individuals acquire wealth, or, in other words, become rich; and this accounts for some of the principal political economists being the richest—humbugs of this or any other time.

Wealth is that which we can exchange for something else, and consequently an old pair of pantaloons must be considered as wealth when exchanged for a goldfinch, and the men who walk about with birds on their fingers, offering them for old trousers, are consequently practising political economy.

Air is not wealth, because we cannot get change for it, though there is such a thing as "change of air:" and it is this ambiguity of terms which has probably misled the government, who think that what is capable of being changed, must gain something in exchange, and is consequently wealth; so, looking at air in that light, they tax it accordingly.

A shirt is wealth if it is only changed once a month, but the fact of its being changed at all gives it, according to political economists, a certain or an uncertain value.

OF VALUE.

That quality of an object which renders it capable of gratifying our desires is value: therefore, if we desire to catch a flea, and the flea is caught, it becomes valuable—at least in the eyes of political economists.

Before political economy came into vogue, it was thought that the value of anything was exactly what it would fetch; but this doctrine is exploded, for if we send a servant to fetch a pound of mutton chops, we are not to consider the chops as the value of the servant. A valuable dog will fetch a penny ball if we throw it to him, but we cannot say that the dog is only worth what he will fetch, for this would make him worth only a penny, and (allowing for the wear and tear of the ball) perhaps nothing.

Intrinsic value is different from exchangeable value. The former exists in an article to which nothing is added by human labour. The play of *Hamlet* is of intrinsic value, inasmuch as it affords us gratification to read it; but sometimes when human labour is added to it, as when Mr. Charles Kean toils through the part, it loses its power of delighting us, and consequently its value is gone, by being mixed up with human labour—including the labour of the actor, and the labour of those who sit out his performance.

It is, however, admitted by all political economists, that labour in general gives value to that which it is bestowed upon; and of two similar things, that is the most valuable which has been the subject of the greatest amount of labour. By this doctrine, it would appear that a cab-horse, which requires great activity from the driver to make it go, is a more valuable creature than a horse that goes without any labour at all. This seems at first a startling proposition, but it must be evident that a horse which cannot run away with you, and endanger your life, is more valuable than one that may, at least in the long run; and it is, after all, the long run, or for going to great lengths, that the doctrine of the political economists is best adapted.

If it takes Sir Robert Peel a week to make a single joke as good as one of the thousand that appeared in Punch's Almanack, it is clear that the Almanack in question is worth a thousand weeks, or about twenty years, of the Premier's existence; and as cheerfulness is likely to prolong life, it is probable that Sir R. Peel may find his existence so much lengthened by a perusal of the work alluded to, as to prove the theory of the political economists.

Some works not so valuable may be said to lengthen people's days, but it is by making the time employed in perusing those works drag on very heavily.

When men exchange silver for gold, they give more silver because it requires less labour to get it. But there are exceptions to this rule; for

it is just as easy for a pickpocket to steal a gold watch as a silver one, though it is certainly less difficult to procure iron, which is often thrown into the bargain, in the shape of handcuffs, after gold or silver may have been obtained in the manner hinted at.

Value is however regulated by supply, and when there is too much of a thing it falls in its price, while the reverse occurs when there is too little. Water is valuable when it comes into the cistern in moderation, and we cheerfully pay the water-rate (if we happen to have the money by us for doing so); but when it runs in at the roofs or inundates the kitchens, it loses its value altogether. This admirable rule of political economy would seem to reverse the principles of arithmetic, for while the latter teaches that twenty must be worth more than one, the former opens our eyes to the fact—the politico-economical fact—that one is worth more than twenty.

THE POET'S DREAM.

I.

As stretch'd upon my feverish palliase
(Bought at the Furniture Bazaar) I lay,
It seem'd as if the Equitable gas,
Within a lamp on t'other side the way,
Would cheer me with its faintly flickering ray.
I drew my nightcap down upon my ears,
For, Oh, the Waits had just begun to play,
And fancying them the music of the spheres,
I closed my eyes in sleep—my eyes—red founts of tears.

II.

Sweet Fancy! mother of a thousand things
That never were and never are to be;
Fancy, that turnest maniacs into kings,
Fancy, that once made somebody of me,
Fancy that givest the briefless one a fee,
And makes the junior barrister—good lack!—
Walk boldly into court and fancy he
Has the full right to occupy the Sack,
Though if he tried it on Ushers would keep him back.



(BACK-GAMMON.)

III.

Sweet Fancy! in thine arms, Oh, let me revel,
Though even horrors thou should'st conjure up,
For on a bone of pork—broil'd à-la-devil—
I boldly ventured yesternight to sup.
Of half-and-half I quaffed a foaming cup.
In fact, did all a nightmare to induce,
While the shrill whining of a neighbour's pup,
To which I had been reconciled by use,
Last night with my wild dreams did help to play the deuce.]

IV.

I dream'd that I beneath a fountain stood,
Far in the midst of some deserted plain,
And on my fever'd brow there came a flood
To cool the burning of my heated brain.
I woke! and then, indeed, the truth was plain,
(Alas, how Fancy reason often clogs!)
The damaged roof was letting in the rain;
Soak'd was my bed, my toes were cold as frogs—
For it was pelting down, like pitchforks, cats, and dogs!

NOTICE.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with the present Number. It will be Published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsman, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER III.—FLAMINGO, THE COURT FEATHER-MERCHANT—THE DUKE—PINE-APPLE—BIRTH OF PRINCE OF WALES.

My next remove was far westward. I became the property of feather-merchant to the court; or, as the tradesman himself delighted to blazon in gold letters over his shop-door, "Plumassier to their Majesties." I confess I felt myself somewhat humiliated by the ill-report of Mr. Flamingo, who, in his dealing with Miriam Jacobs—on this occasion ambassadress from her sire in the Minorities—protested that I was the inferior article of the whole lot; and that no pains of cleaning and dressing would ever enable me to return sixpence to my purchaser. This melancholy feeling, however, gave place to better hopes, when, on the departure of the Jewess—Miriam had been compelled by the hard chaffering of the feather-merchant to throw a green monkey into the bargain, for the especial delectation of the youngest Miss Flamingo—my new master selected me from my companions, and, shaking me tenderly, asked the wife of his bosom, "if I wasn't a perfect beauty?" This pleasing flattery was, moreover, adequately responded to by Mrs. Flamingo, who, with glistening eyes, declared me "quite a love!"



I have already said, Mr. Flamingo was feather-seller to the court of Great Britain. He felt, intensely felt, the surpassing importance of his position. His very soul seemed plumed with the dignity. Hence, like my parent ostrich, he would, when full of the consciousness of his greatness, scarcely tread the shop-floor, but, raised upon the wings, or winglets, of his self-conceit, half-fly, half-walk. It was the religion of Peter Flamingo, that the whole moral and social condition of man depended solely upon feathers. Nay, I believe it to have been his inner-creed that plumes were not so much designed for kings and nobles, as that potentates and peers were especially sent into this world for plumes. I say, inner-creed; because my experience of mankind has convinced me that there are some people who have an outside faith—covering a faith in the same way that jugglers have a box within a box, the last in its small sanctuary generally containing the conjured shilling. When Peter Flamingo read or heard of the possible perfectibility of man, I am certain that man appeared to him like a Poland cock, with a natural crest of feathers. With this faith, it was consequent that Mr. Flamingo should pay profoundest reverence to those privileged to wear the artificial glory, such reverence being at the prime cost of those to whom fate had rigorously denied that proud advantage. Hence, the reader can imagine the separate places of the Marchioness of Mannaville, born to the right of a plumed coronet, and of Patty Butler, also born to the duty of dressing feathers—can conceive their separate conditions in the mind of Mr. Flamingo. The Marchioness was a creature apart—a glory to be numbered with the stars of heaven; the feather-dresser, a mere weed of earth, millions of miles away from that starry presence. Therefore, like a good penny-turning Chaldean, Flamingo thought, to properly worship the star, he must tread upon the weed.

Mr. Flamingo, in the observance of this faith, did at times forget the mere naked meaning of words, substituting another set of syllables for the only set rightly called for by the occasion. In homespun phrase, Flamingo was a liar: but then his lies, if I must call them so, were used to the very best advantage. He dressed himself in falsehood, but then he looked all the better for it. He made positive gold-leaf of his untruths, which cast a lustre on him, covered, as he would still be covered, with borrowed radiance. Being feather-seller to the Court, he was, of course, intimate with the whole peerage. He would, at a moment, cast you up the number of dimples to be found in the cheeks and chins of Countesses—would minutely describe to you the hangings and furniture of every best bedroom of every nobleman's mansion in the kingdom, he, in the course of his glorifying profession, having been an honoured guest thereat. With him true friendship was a flower that was only to be plucked from the gardens of the nobility; and this flower Flamingo was for ever twisting between his lips, or sporting in his button-hole. "My friend, the Marquis,"—"My most excellent friend, the Duke,"—"My worthy acquaintance, the Baronet!" Thus continually spoke Flamingo; and so speaking, he thought he let fall diamonds and rubies from his tongue for the world to wonder at.

A man with so many, and with such friends, had of course frequent evidences that friendship was not what the poetic cynic calls it, only "a name." By no means; to Flamingo, it was sometimes a turbot—sometimes a turkey. His friend the Marquis would now and then appear upon the feather-dresser's table in the not less attractive though twin shape of a brace of pheasants: his most excellent friend the Duke, has smoked upon the board, in the solid beauty of a haunch of venison. Of all men in the world, Flamingo would have been the last to deprive the peerage of their proxies. More: how often did some exalted dowager appear in a rich and candied preserve—how often some earl's daughter, the last out of the season, sent a basket of peaches, ripe and pulpy as her own lips? At least, if these gifts were really not made by the exalted people praised by Flamingo for their generosity, it was not the fault of the feather-dresser; no, the more his virtue to preach up the necessity of liberality to the world, even by apocryphal examples of true beneficence.

It was sometime after I had passed from the hands of the feather-merchant, that I heard a story illustrative of this his theoretical virtue. As, however, I may not find a fitter place than the present for the story, I will here narrate it; the more especially as the occurrence took place whilst I was yet Flamingo's property, albeit then ignorant of the history I have to speak of.

Peter Flamingo gave a dinner. I should say he rather presided at a dinner given to him; for there was no dish upon the table that might not have borne above it the banner of the noble house from which it emanated. Believe Flamingo, and the banquet was no other than a collection of offerings made to him by the English nobility: he could have pointed out the representatives of the peerage, from the noble who came to cut throats with William the Conqueror at Hastings, to the last baron ennobled for cutting the throats of his constituents at Westminster. How Flamingo's guests—benevolently picked out by him from the very mob of tradesmen—wondered at the banquet; how they praised their host for his high connexions; and how they hated him!

The dinner passed off with excessive cordiality. The wine, every drop of it from the cellars of the peerage, made at all events a passing call at the hearts of the drinkers, ere it mounted into their heads; and all was sincerity and noisy happiness!

The dessert appears. Was there ever seen such magnificent pine apples? Flamingo drops his eye proudly yet lovingly upon the fruit and says with soft voice, so modulated that not one man shall lose one syllable—"Ha! my dear Duke of Diddleton—he is indeed a friend; all—all from his own gracious pinery!"

"Bless my heart! Well, you are a lucky man!" cries Brown.

"Was there ever such a duke in the world?" exclaims Johnson.

"It's a shame to put a knife into 'em;" remarks Field, directing his looks sharpened to a very keen edge, on the crown of the ducal gift.

"Pooh! pooh! what are pines grown for, if not to be eaten?" cries Flamingo, handling his knife, looking full at the pines, but only looking at them.

"Don't cut the duke's gift—it's a shame! I wouldn't touch a bit of it," says Robinson; "but there's a couple of little ones, there, that—"

"Well, if you prefer them—they're not so large; but their flavour is delicious! They were sent by—yes, I think by him—by Sir Harry Bargate, a baronet of the last batch: will you venture?"

And without waiting for a reply, Flamingo cuts into very—very small pieces the smallest pine.

And still all proceeds with increasing felicity. The bottle goes round and round, and at length the heads of the drinkers begin obediently to follow it. The laugh increases—the shout swells—and all's boisterous merriment.

Brown jumps to his legs. "It's no use," he cries; "I've fought against it long enough: I must have a cut at the Duke." So saying Brown seizes the largest pine, and, with furious precipitancy, strikes his knife into it; Flamingo's blood running cold to his very toes.

"And so must I!" cries the no less drunken Johnson, following Brown's example.

"And I!" screams Field; and the third knife enters the Duke's third pine.

"And I, too," shouts Robinson, rising to commit execution; but Flamingo, restored by the third attack to something like consciousness, snatches up the pine, and Robinson, missing his mark, falls sprawling on the table.

The charm of the night is broken; Flamingo looks sulky; the guests, a little sobered by a sense of their attack upon the Duke's gifts, depart.

"We were wrong," says Brown, "to demolish those pines; for, if Flamingo had had to buy 'em, what must they have cost?"

"I wonder what's the market-price now?" says Johnson—"let's ask." And as he spoke, he turned into a fashionable fruiterer's. "What's the price of those pines?"

"Three guineas each, sir," answered Melon, the fruiterer.

"They're very small," said Johnson. "Have you none bigger?"

"Yes, four—very large; five guineas each. But I can't shew them now; for the fact is, they're out on hire for a night to my neighbour, Mr. Flamingo!"

And so, the Duke of Diddleton was Melon, the shopkeeper; and so Flamingo paid fifteen guineas (he saved one pine) for a lie, certainly, if there be any means of testing the value of lies, not worth half the money.

This little banquet took place on the 11th of August, 1762. With much melancholy did Peter Flamingo rise on the 12th. His bile, however, was blown away by the Park guns, for they announced the birth of Queen Charlotte's first-born—the Prince of Wales.

The "rudiments of an angel"* were begun in George the Fourth. Did Peter Flamingo rejoice at the birth of a Prince of Wales? I think so; but certain I am his "his heart leapt up" at the fine prospect for—Feathers.

SONGS OF THE SESSIONS.

THE CHAIRMAN'S SONG.

I'm the chairman of the Sessions,
And patiently I sit,
Enduring the digressions
Which counsel mean for wit.

But while I seem attending
To all their fume and vapour,
My eyes are slyly bending
Upon the morning paper.

But when the time is nearing
For summing up the case,
From my spectacles the smearing
I silently efface.

My charge I slowly utter,
And deal in wise expressions;
Odd's bacon, beans and butter,—
I'm Chairman of the Sessions!

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET."

According to the French papers, there is a double treaty going on with Brazil; by which the Prince de Joinville is indirectly asked if he'll take his wife (like an old spinster at a tea-party) "with or without sugar?"

* In *The Yorkshireman* of Jan. 14, 1843, is the report of a meeting of "The Stockton Mechanics' Institute," William Bailey, Esq. in the chair. The Chairman, in introducing the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal, said—"Reverence in the son the future man, and in the prince the future king." Destroy not in either royal scion the rudiments of an angel."

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

OF PRODUCTION.

PRODUCTION is the art by which we give to any object its particular value, and it is by the production, or the way in which it is produced, or rather the getting up, that an attempt is made to give value to certain dramatic pieces. Production and value are, however, not identical; for there are many productions which must be regarded as entirely without value.

Man, say the political economists, can neither create nor annihilate anything. Yet the Whigs, who were economists in a certain way, are said to have *created* a deficit, while the Tories take credit for having *annihilated* the Melbourne ministry. To annihilate, means, literally, to bring to nothing; and considering how many fine schemes are brought to nothing by their various concoctors, we can scarcely concur in the doctrine of the political economists, that man cannot annihilate anything.

CAPITAL.

The term *capital* is one which political economists, and other humbugs, are very fond of using; and, indeed, they never let an opportunity slip for laying hold of it. Capital is of various kinds, and it is sometimes a substance, while it is at other times a shadow. The capital of joint stock companies may be defined as "material turned by labour into a product;" that is to say, when labour is employed, and something is doing or somebody done, the product is capital. A printer's materials come under this head; and his types must be included, though we leave it to the political economist to say how a fount of lower-case letters can be considered as capital.

OF EXCHANGE.



GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.

Every man finds it to his interest to labour at one kind of production, but he wants things that he cannot produce himself, and this leads to exchange. Thus a gentleman who lives on his wits, is compelled to be witty when asked to pay for anything that may have been supplied to him; and some people exchange for valuable goods certain documents called bills of exchange, which they part with readily—being of no use to any one. The shoemaker must eat and drink and clothe himself, which he cannot do with shoes alone; so the butcher lets him have a steak (which is sometimes in the nature of leather) in return for repairs done to boots, &c.

DISTRIBUTION.

Every product goes through several hands, and by the labour employed it obtains value. This is called Distribution; and the more hands it goes through the greater is the value. According to this, a shilling is more valuable when distributed among thirty people than among ten, and it may certainly be said to go much farther in the former than in the latter case. A pin passes through many hands, and runs into several fingers before it finally sticks in the pincushion. Every one who has assisted in making a pin has a right to a share of the profit that is made upon the pin when it is sold; and, according to the political economists, a register should be kept, in which an account should be kept of every pin that is made, and the owners to whom it is transferred, so that the manufacturer may know what parties to go upon to obtain remuneration for his labour. This is the true theory of distribution, as laid down by political economists. A rule so elaborately laid down, few will have the courage to take up.

WHIMS OF THE WIND.

AMONG other freaks, the wind passed a boy's cap toll free through the carriage gate of Waterloo Bridge. So much politeness was enforced by the wind, that all persons put their hands to their hats on meeting it. The raising of the wind had a great effect on bills, particularly play-bills, and no holders of sufficient weight and substance could be found for them. The whole business seemed to partake in a great degree of what is called kite-flying.

Why are washerwomen the greatest navigators of the globe?—Because they are continually crossing the line, and running from pole to pole.

PUNCH AND SIR R. PEEL.

THE following correspondence has passed between Sir R. Peel and ourselves. We lay it before the Nation without a word of comment.

LETTER I.

"Wellington Street.

"SIR,—I am instructed by my hemplowyers the purpietors of "PUNCH" to transmit you a kopy of the wurk.

"I am, Sur,

"Yours (no not yours but Punch's)
"BOY DICK."

LETTER II.

"SIR R. PEEL presents his compliments to Mr. Boy Dick—a relative, it is presumed, of Mr. Quentin Dick—and has great pleasure in accepting a *Punch* at his hands."

Our boy having been rather elated at the Premier's reply could not refrain from talking the matter over in the presence of some other juveniles; and the urchins referred to some of the illustrations and pencillings in which Sir R. Peel is a conspicuous figure. The boys laughed heartily at the joke, and the affair having reached the Premier's ears, the following letter was written :—

"Downing Street.

"SIR R. PEEL presents his compliments to Mr. Boy Dick, and returns the *Punch*, which, when he (Sir R. Peel) accepted it, he had no idea had any reference to anything that was passing."

The following is the reply :—

"BEHIND THE COUNTER.

"Wellington Street.

"The Boy Dick begs to say that the parcel he sent had no reference to nothink passing except the Homnibus, which was passing at the time, and which the Boy Dick sent the *Punch* by."

When the proprietors of *Punch* were made aware of this correspondence, the Boy, who had shown himself a juvenile Talleyrand, was presented with a grey Taglioni, which he wears to this day, as an emblem of his diplomatic cunning and cleverness.

A RHAPSODY OF THE WRETCHED.

NOBODY'S FRIEND.



NOBODY'S FRIEND.

Come sing me a dreary roundelay,
A grievous carol we'll troll;
And thus we'll pass the time away,
In a melancholy dole.
Let others boast of gladness,
And cash in pleasure spend;
But I'll quaff the cup of sadness,
With nobody for my friend.

Where is the friend will cherish,
And stick to one that's poor?
Who'd for another perish?
Why nobody, to be sure.
Who, if you've not a shilling,
A hundred pounds will lend?
Why, nobody is willing,
Then nobody's my friend.

Then nobody I hail thee,
The sharer of my grief;
Should thy resources fail thee,
To thee I'll give relief.
Yes, kindness interchanging,
And faithful to the end,
The world together ranging,
Come, nobody, my friend!

THE "MOST FINISHED GENTLEMAN" IN EUROPE.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER has left behind him * a sort of *post-mortem* examination of that once very fashionable individual—George the Fourth—now, we should say—quite gone out. We shall gem our page with two or three brilliant evidences of the king's undeniable claim to the proud title once bestowed upon him—"the most finished gentleman in Europe." Hear the Baronet :—

"Lord Liverpool was an excellent domestic character—a fond husband, a good master, and an excellent moral character. George the Fourth did not like him as a man, *because he felt a fear of him, from his firmness*, for he would never yield any important point to the King, nor suffer him to interfere in his particular province. The King used to say, as soon as he went out of the room, 'What an awkward creature that is!' and *then he mimicked* all his peculiarities, so as to produce a laugh against Lord Liverpool."

How like "a finished gentleman!"

Sir Astley shows himself to have been a very unsophisticated man. Mark the ingenuousness of the following. The King was to have a tumour cut from his head :—

"I called upon Lord Liverpool, and requested him to *persuade the King* to let HOME do the operation, as that was the *usual etiquette*, he being Sergeant-Surgeon. Lord Liverpool said that it was very difficult to interfere respecting the choice of a medical man. I was *very-averse from doing it*; I had always been successful, and I saw that the operation, if it were followed by erysipelas, *would destroy all my happiness, and blast my reputation.*"



DISPENSING WITH CEREMONY.

And, therefore, Sir Astley's charity began "at Home!"

Sir Astley says of the King's abilities :—

"They were of the first order. He would have made the first physician, or surgeon, of his time, the first lawyer—the first speaker in the House of Commons or Lords, though, *perhaps not the best divine!*"

Why not? For our part (as we think we shall show), George the Fourth would have been quite as much of the Archbishop as of the "gentleman." Take the subjoined example :—

"When ill, the King would never allow that it was caused by his own imprudence. One morning his tongue was white, and he was much heated. 'By G—,' said he, 'it is very extraordinary that I should be thus heated, for I lived very abstemiously, and went to bed in good time. I must have some *beaume de vie*, sir.' When we went out of the room, W— said, 'You must not professionally act upon what his Majesty said: he was drinking *Maraschino* at two o'clock this morning.'

That is, the "most finished gentleman" was in the habit of saying the thing that was not, *vulgo*—a lie.

Take another evidence to character :—

"Lord — said that George the Fourth and the Duke of York, although generally lavish, were fond of having money in their bureau, which they did not like to expend, and related the following anecdote in illustration. Mrs. Fitzherbert told the King, that one of his horses was likely to win at Newmarket, but the stakes were not paid. George Lee came and told him the same thing. 'Yes,' said the King, 'I told Lake to pay them.' 'But,' replied Lee, 'he has no money.' 'Do you pay them, then, my dear fellow. Oh! yes, you pay them.' He could not pay them either, and half an hour only remained; when he was told that his horse could not run, as the stakes were not paid. 'Yes; but I have told Lake to pay them, and I told Lee to pay them.' 'But they have no money, your Majesty.' And then, *very unwillingly*, he went to his drawer to *take out the sum*. The Duke of York was just the same: they would, either of them, draw a cheque upon their bankers, but would not part with their money."

What perfect "gentlemen!"

King George was, however, as Sir Astley Cooper triumphantly proves, a brilliant wit. He could dazzle even under the surgeon's knife. For instance :—

"The King bore the operation well, requested that there might be no hurry, and when it was finished, said, 'What do you call the tumour?' I said, 'A *steatome* Sir.' 'Then,' said he, 'I hope it will *stay at home*, and not annoy me any more.'"

Is not the reader convulsed?

Now as we know *Punch* circulates in the Elysian Fields, "should this meet the eye of George the Fourth, he is requested to send, say five hundred jokes, not worse than the above, to our Office, for first-rate payment." The money shall either be put to his Majesty's own account, or shall be more beneficently applied in buying up the "I.O.U.'s" of his lamented brother, York!

* The Life of Sir A. Cooper, Bart. By Bransby Blake Cooper, Esq. 2 vols.

THE "MILK" OF POOR-LAW "KINDNESS."

At a late meeting of the rate-payers of Bethnal-Green, one of the body made the following statement, adding that he had been a witness of the fact:—"An infant, only *five weeks old*, was separated from the mother, being occasionally brought to her for the breast."

What a beneficent presence is this same Poor-Law, that it takes to its bosom babes and sucklings—that it lavishes upon callow infancy the tenderness, the love, the gushing kindness of maternal instincts! Doth it not realise the parable of NATHAN? Doth not the wailing, helpless piece of humanity become the Poor-Law's "ewe-lamb," eating of its own meat, drinking of its cup, lying in its bosom, and being unto it as a daughter? Can we sufficiently venerate the wisdom, the benevolence of a statute that supplies to pauper infancy the substitute for a mother—that dandles it, kisses it, prattles to it from the eloquent fulness of the heart, surrounding, strengthening, and comforting its feeble nature with the thousand nameless acts of mother's love—with all the holiness of mother's best emotions?

What was the celebrated wooden eagle and iron fly of REGIOMONTANUS—the eagle that hovered over the head of MAXIMILIAN with a crown in its beak—the mechanic fly that flew about the royal banquet—for the account of which things see the old chroniclers,)—to the automaton Poor-Law mother at work in the Union, dandling, kissing, fondling its pauper multitudes? To construct a wooden eagle—to fashion an iron fly—both of which should have motion and apparent intelligence, was certainly a high mechanic achievement: but what is it to the greater triumph of our day, that, by a *le Roi le veut*, makes on the instant a Union Mother, as the old painters limned a Mother-Nature, with a hundred breasts; with this difference, indeed, in the statute parent, that they are cold and milkless!

Let us watch the outward development of the inward love beating in the heart of the Somerset-house automaton, the mother-in-law (for he was officially born of the statute) of Mr. EDWIN CHADWICK. Her adopted babe of five weeks old screams for its natural parent; and the old hag—the childless SYCORAX, unblest even by a CALIBAN of her own—hobbles with the squalling nuisance, the pauper-brat, the law-made offal of the land, to its natural parent, who has offended the decencies of the earth by adding to the list of God's helpless creatures, and who is therefore doomed to the hospitality of the Union. The Poor-Law witch sits her down whilst the baby feeds at the mother's breast,—waiting, grudgingly waiting, until baby-pauper has made its natural meal,—and then, with most relentless haste, snatching it from its mother's arms, in punishment of the said mother's iniquity of want. The foolish woman would sit and watch, and solace her mother's heart with looking on her baby's face,—there is, at least, a legend that mothers out of a Union are wont to do so; but step-dame Poor-Law forbids the luxury, and snatching the baby to its parchment breast, carries it off, until it squall and squall again for the maternal bosom, and is at length triumphant in its roaring.

Mother Poor-Law has now the baby to herself. Let us watch her games with it. How she dandles it! How she throws it up and down, and kisses, and prattles to it; and with softly-beaming eyes and honied words, becomes communicant with the dawning intelligence, that her love still more awakens! What a Mother of Mothers! Yea, what a Mother Cole is she! Tories, Whigs, and Radicals—for ye all, more or less, assisted at the work—gather round, and marvel at the automaton parent ye have fashioned! Would ye not swear she lived and breathed, so lively are her antics with the pauper babe? Never think it: for a moment, pass no such slander on your handiwork—there is no more life in the creature than in a shadow thrown by a corpse—no more throb of heart than in a mummy of old Egypt.

And herein, O legislators! is your excelling triumph; herein do ye show yourselves more than equal to the magicians of the olden day, who would conjure up menials to do their bidding from the barren sand—from the surrounding air; who would have servitors, to all external appearance, of bone and muscle, and quick red blood—but who were mere phantasmata, looking human, but indeed heartless, brainless, pulseless. Of these is too often the Poor-Law ruling the Union. Of these is the seeming humanity that, preaching the ultimate dignity of men's nature—of the nature to be developed, it may be, in the year 3000—would strip the present man of all that elevates him above the ox that breaks the clod. Of these is the shadowy harridan, that snatches the puling five weeks' babe from its mother's breast, and counts out to it drops of mother's milk, as misers count ingots.

Nor is the terror of the Poor-Law confined to the walls of the

Union. No; it waylays the poor in their mid-day walks—a shadow falls from it that darkens the noon-day earth! Men become mad with their very fears of the horror that then "lays knives under their pillows;" and, to the disordered wits of the failing, struggling husband and father, preaches homicide as the best duty.

What screams pierce through yonder dwelling! People run in and out with speechless horror in their stone-like faces! Some crime has been accomplished—some deed that sinks the doer to the demons. What can it be?

A man—heretofore believed a mild, kind, gentle creature; one noted for his homely affections, for his love and tenderness to his children, has even now become their murderer. A fear of want brought madness upon him—madness, made by the Poor-Law; the fiend that has haunted his solitary hours—that, in the very intensity of his affections, has curdled his heart's blood, destroyed his brain, and to his bewildered thoughts made him the kindest, the most provident father, a thrice-dyed murderer. He has saved his children from the Union, by blessing them with coffins.

Is this a picture of the imagination—a ghastly fiction of blood-vending novelists?

And yet, we think, we see Lord Howick, in his easy library chair, with the last Poor-Law Report in his hand,—we see him throw himself back, and hear him crow like chanticleer at the marvellous story we have forged as the effect of Poor-Law benevolence! His Lordship is, doubtless, a good Christian: a truth which, we question not, he illustrates in the family pew every Sabbath day. His Lordship—the very champion of the Poor-Law—is, we are sure of it, touched with the very thanksgiving of humility when he reflects upon Christmas-day; when he remembers the Nativity of that benevolence for the first time preached to suffering man of man's eternal equality; of the necessity of an interchange of love and help—of the cultivation of the affections—of the sacred duty (propounded from the very throne of Heaven) of charity, in its largest and most comprehensive meaning.

Imagine Lord Howick—his ears it may be ringing with the rude Christmas carol sung beneath his window (if, indeed, the police, town or rural, have not scared the minstrels hence),—imagine his Lordship, in the depths of his Christianity, and in the comprehensiveness of his statesmanship, plunging his goose-quill into his standish, for the magnanimous purpose of writing down small ale and pauper plum-pudding! There had been a talk—a foolish rumour of a foolish intention, to regale certain workhouse people with a gill or so of ale, and a slice of pudding, that Christmas might be to their senses something more than a name—that they might feel that a recollection of the Advent of CHRIST yet throbbed in the hearts of their richer fellow-Christians. But no! the Poor-Law—at least in the opinion of Lord Howick—was expressly passed to repeal the New Testament, and there should be no chance of the paupers running riotous upon the strength of illegally applied Christianity. Lord Howick held up his Christian hand against ale and pudding to the workhouse; and having fulfilled his duty as a born senator and a citizen, dined that day off—shall we say ten courses?

And with all this, strange it is that the poor look with sullen eyes at the men with pockets! With this daily preaching, and practical illustration of the created inferiority of men who have nothing, to those who have "land and beeves," or some tangible property,—the poor are obstinate, and vain enough to imagine that they have a common nature with those who, on the strength of their enjoyed comforts, call themselves their betters! It is a remarkable and humiliating evidence of popular ignorance—of the hebetate condition of the masses, that, with the beautiful machinery of the Poor-Laws, with the thousand social modes, both obvious and subtle, of showing to the poor man his utter uselessness—of proving to him that he has committed a great wrong upon his betters by coming into this world at all,—that he will still not consider himself as being allowed to belong to this earth as a matter of sufferance, but purely as a matter of right. He moreover talks some gibberish, called "sympathy!"

"Sympathy!" Oh ye makers of the Poor Laws, what *does* the varlet mean?

Q.

GLAZED PEWS!

MR. PALMER, sheriff of Bucks, and especial patron of the church at Dorney, has been terribly mauled for having had, among other luxuries, his pew "glazed at the top!" Why not? Some people's Christianity, like cucumbers, may flourish all the better under glass.



THE "MILK" OF POOR-LAW "KINDNESS."

AN INTERESTING CORRESPONDENT.

PUNCH.—No offence to you, but I am in such a humour, I cannot call any one "Dear."—What! do you think? I sent a tragedy, in which the following ode was introduced, and in which all the sentiment was of the same character, to the Theatre Royal * * * *. It was actually rejected. I say no more. What is to become of the drama now?

A SPICILATED DRAMATIST.

THE REGENERATING POET TO HIS OWN BEING.



"WHERE IGNORANCE," ETC.

I.
TITAN, that sitt'st upon a shapeless throne,
And broodest forth thy fantasies sublime
Alone—alone!
Bird that with mystic wing hatchest Old Time,
Where Synthesis so soft and meek
Tinges the antithetic cheek;
Awake, arise, boldly to thee I cry—
For thou art I!

II.
Oh, I am very fresh and beautiful,
The sweetest flowers I cull
From where young Poesy, with eye unseeing,
Revels in the jocundity of being.
I know the land where young ideas sprout
Soft things, that round about the column twine,
Where space unmeasured and divine
Laughs at the earth and at the ocean waves,
Till Echo from black Demogorgon's caves
Repeats the shout.

III.
The world is not for me, the chilly world!—
It will not hear my honied melodies.
No! to the clouds above will I be hurl'd,
And fashion mighty verses to the skies.
The clouds shall weep when they shall hear me sing,
And through the planets all my notes shall ring.
The moon's soft ray, the sun's bright beams,
Shall bask in Transcendental dreams.
The portals that the hours confine,
Shall burst in two at every song of mine,
The stars shall all be linked to me—
For I am young Eternity.

SEASONABLE FESTIVITIES.

THE housewarming of the New Model Prison took place about a fortnight ago. The guests, sixteen in number, were received by the governor, and regaled with the good old prison fare of potatoes and gruel. Beds were provided for all the company on the premises.

THE APPROACHING SESSION.

(FROM THE OBSERVER'S "OWN.")

THE country is on tiptoe, and expectation has leaped pick-a-pack on to the shoulders of surmise for the purpose of catching a glimpse of things which are as yet impalpable. Curiosity has rubbed her eye-glass; and while the spectacles of inquiry hang over the nose of doubt, anticipation lifts the opera-glass of observation to the eye; while Time, with a tantalizing aspect, points to a damaged telescope.

If we were called upon at this moment to say what the Ministers will do, we should not only pause before we made a reply, but we should make no reply at all, in the first instance, and should pause for a long time afterwards. We are not among the intimates of Sir Robert Peel, nor do we stoop, like some of our contemporaries, to visit the servants'-hall for the sake of learning the Premier's measures from the lips of his menials. It is true that we have sources of information known only to ourselves; but these at present tell us nothing. It will be seen, then, that these sources are not likely to mislead us, and that all we have hitherto learned from them may be firmly relied upon.

Whatever may be the means of the Minister, our own determination is pretty generally known. If Sir R. Peel goes to the right, we shall not feel ourselves bound to turn to the left; nor will his going forward be a signal for us to turn backward. The Speech from the Throne will, we have reason to know, consist of more paragraphs than one; but it is not for us to say what the one most important paragraph will be, nor what will be the nature of the others. We care not for the voice of faction; nor do we fear the tide of popular clamour. "Cash and commerce!" has always been our cry; and while the banners of Britannia float over the dark blue waters of the boundless sea, we may well defy the calumny of an opposition contemporary, who takes advertisements at a penny a line less than ourselves, with the dastardly intention of undermining us and the British constitution together.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

I.—THE BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

OUR Library Table is strowed with books of the season, the principal of which is our Grocer's Book, and we find we have let these matters get into such arrears, that the authors or compilers of these books must be naturally impatient for us to take some notice of them. Our Grocer's Book is an instructive little Manual, from which we find that coffee is two shillings a pound, and that moist sugar is sold at the rate of sevenpence the pound; presenting a curious analogy to the Income Tax. We may, however, draw a distinction; for while the one is sweet, the other is bitter. Our Butcher's Book is a very curious production, and is written partly in hieroglyphics; particularly that part of it which relates to *Items*; though the sum total is set out with laudable distinctness. We have not been very well pleased with the annotations, and there is a note at the end of the last page which we thought extremely irrelevant. It speaks of the necessity the author is under of meeting a heavy payment on a certain day, and craves the assistance of the individual to whom the book is dedicated. It will be seen that the author is of a sanguine temperament, which is liable to lead him to the commission of some absurdities.

THE POLITICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

WHEN at night in the house Peter Borthwick is prozing,
And members on both sides are chatting aloud,
When snug in his chair Mister Speaker is dozing,
Oh then I'll steal softly away from the crowd!

When the Tories bring forward an excellent budget,
When the tax upon incomes is pleasing to all,
When the duty on corn is what landowners pledge it,
When Ministers cheerfully meet with a fall;

When Sibthorpe talks sense or creates an impression,
When Goulburn has settled the national debt,
When a great deal of good is achieved in a session,
Oh then, dearest maiden! I'll learn to forget.

This passionate letter with favour then heeding,
Of my constancy quickly relinquish each doubt;
Oh! give it a second, and e'en a third reading,
Before from your heart 'tis completely thrown out.

Then treat not the matter with scornful derision,
Nor let the cold world interpose its harsh law,
Between us no others should make a division:
No! rather for ever let strangers withdraw.

THE SIDE-SCENES OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER IV.—WHICH TREATS MORE ESPECIALLY OF THE YOUNG LADIES, AND MR. LACQUER'S BENEVOLENCE.



E have spoken, *en passant*, of the Misses Spangle Lacquer—we will now endeavour to make the reader better acquainted with them.

These young ladies, then, feel great pleasure in stating "that they were never at school;" and Mrs. Lacquer also has an honest pride in avowing that, thank God, her daughters were brought up at home, solely from the idea that it was the only way of

producing pure-minded and well-educated young women. Those narrow-minded people who affect to sneer at Mrs. Lacquer for that display which they can never hope to compass, affirm that there were other reasons for domestic tuition. In fact, that, since at the time when her daughters were growing up there were several more in family, it was deemed cheaper to work to death a talented and heart-broken girl, as governess, in instructing the whole party at once, than to place them separately at some school.

So have we seen, at taverns, five people club together their shillings for the luxury of a bowl of punch, and be looked upon for a while as the heads of the room, where otherwise they would have been compelled to be content with distinct goes of plebeian spirits. So do passengers in the street throw forth their halfpence, and laugh at the exertions of the famishing mountebank, whose performance they could not have commanded for themselves alone. And the Lacquer young ladies learnt another useful lesson from the governess, besides their ordinary routine of accomplishments, inculcating a proper pride of station, and the importance of money. The governess was far superior to them both in family and acquirements—her father's crest had never needed to be "found" by ingenious seal-engravers of inventive minds, and she knew that her ancestors had borne it on their shields at Agincourt. But the Lacquers were enabled, through their excellent bringing up, to look upon her merely as a superior domestic—the *entresol* in their architectural scale of society; and they regarded her with a perfect absence of that awkward feeling which would certainly have affected low people. And of course the mere act of their so constantly and studiously endeavouring to make the governess perfectly aware of what she was, proved that they thought nothing of her.

The Misses Lacquer are now perfectly accomplished, masters having perfected what the governess left undone. Common French, of course, they look upon as their own tongue; but it is wonderful to hear them talk German—even the very natives of that country have been amazed at it. And their knowledge of Italian is so perfect that they would not be seen with a book at the Opera for the world—they would as soon think of sitting in the vulgar public boxes of one of the common English theatres, or singing an English ballad in society, unless they smothered up the words, and overlaid the air with roulades, so that by thus stifling the original song altogether, nobody could exactly tell what it was.

But their knowledge is not merely superficial, for they have learnt a quantity of botany and chemistry from a valuable series of works, which being bound in green silk, with gilt edges, must, of course, comprise the best treatises on those subjects.

If young men, whom they wish to dazzle and overcome, tell them that their eyes are diamonds and their teeth pearls, they will reply that it is no compliment to say so, for the first substance is only crystallized charcoal, and the last diseased oyster-shells, as they have

frequently heard explained at the Royal Institution—the only public scientific establishment they deign to visit.

They have a great idea of the Horticultural Fête at Chiswick, and are usually to be met with at all three; although they give it out generally that they only go to the middle one. They feel great gratification when their carriage draws up at the gate, before the people who are waiting for their own equipages. They could get in much more comfortably and far sooner by walking down to where it was waiting at the side of Turnham Green; but then nobody would see its gaudy liveries and conspicuous heraldic bearings. They are particular on this point; and indeed once found it necessary to cut a friend of their brother's because he had the temerity—in the open face of a beautiful July day, calmly and deliberately to go from Hyde Park Corner to Chiswick, on the roof of an omnibus. Young Lacquer proves his superior breeding by hiring a private cab for the day, when he cannot borrow one from any of the high-born young men who borrow his money in return; and gets into no end of rows on his journey down, from not being a very experienced whip.

Of course, the Misses Lacquer will make very eligible matches. They have been "out" four or five seasons—for as the high-born daughters of England keep up that ceremony of inauguration into the mysteries of the Hymeneal Stock Exchange, the Lacquers must do the same—and have not yet gone off; it is true, but, of course, they will do so. Envious report, however, says that there is very little money attached to them; that, whilst old Lacquer is very rich, still other expenses are proportionately great, and that all they will have will be what he leaves—not what he gives them. And yet this is scarcely just, for Mr. Lacquer's liberality and benevolence are attested every printed subscription—the true charity that relieves those proper objects whose distress is publicly heralded forth by a phalanx of important names, in preference to the swindling whippers of pitiful unknown hearts that burst in seclusion. Does an hospital require to be built, or an infirmary or asylum to be established, Mr. Lacquer's open hand comes down immediately with fifty or a hundred pounds. Is there an eleemosynary sermon at a fashionable church—the gold glitters in the sunlight as Mr. Lacquer drops it into the plate, so accommodately presented to him; but he never encourages illness or want by covertly aiding the same individuals for whom the charity is founded that he has assisted to endow.



Mrs. Lacquer has precisely the same right-minded feeling; and with it she combines true hospitality, and the desire to honour her guests. For when she holds a grand *réunion* she does not care how many wax candles blaze in the branches and chandeliers of the apartments for the gratification of her company. We say the gratification of her company, because it is evident that this single-hearted woman dislikes such show. We know this from having one evening dropped in by chance, when nobody was there, or indeed expected, and found her with a solitary metallic wick, reading as she best might. And we have heard from discarded servants that the *menu* of the dinner was sometimes rather shy when it was a mere family meal—that they did not then even use the covers, "with handles to take off and form dishes," which they appeared, at their dinner parties, to consider as belonging to a service of the most every-day kind;—but these reports we really blush to chronicle, when we reflect upon the quarter from whence they were derived.

Mais revenons à—pshaw! that hacknied sentence is quite worn out in the service of a species of literary police-officers, in bringing back runaway subjects to their proper place, so we will not use it, but discard it henceforth. We meant it to imply that we were about to return to the Misses Lacquer. Next to the horticultural fête and perhaps Ascot course, the great effects in dress and appearance are economised for the autumnal visit to the sea-side, where they always migrate and remain, while there, in a fashionable expensive boarding-house. Their chief amusement here is carrying on a matrimonial game of chess, as soon as they become assured of the actual great expectations of any bachelor therein abiding. They have several times met with such a one, and endeavoured, by driving him about the squares and giving him check, to compel him to take them. Up to the present time, they have not succeeded, from want of proper *finesse*; but they will doubtless improve, since they leave London every year with the rest of their world. Indeed, of such vital importance is this migration, that one season, when they were compelled to stay in town, Mrs. Lacquer and her daughters never left the house, but papered up their blinds and shut the shutters of the front drawing-room and parlour; and lived for six weeks in the back rooms that overlooked the dead wall of the mews.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER IV.—OF JUPITER, HIS WIFE, AND FAMILY.

JUPITER, with his crown and sceptre, was sitting, one fine day, in a contemplative mood, amusing himself by watching affairs in general, of which his throne commanded a fine view. But presently his attention was diverted from mundane things to an object more particularly under his nose—namely, to Master Cupid, who was running about before the hall window, playing with a little bow and arrows.

"Hallo, you young sir," cried Jupiter, "what are you about there?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Cupid.

"Nothing, you rogue; do you call that nothing? You'll put some god's eye out presently. Come here."

Cupid obeyed.

"Don't you know," said Jupiter, "that bows and arrows are very dangerous things?"

"Mine are not sir," replied Cupid. "See." And with this he suddenly twanged his string and sent a shaft through the heart of Jupiter and out at his back, before the monarch could say Jack Robinson.



His Majesty instinctively seized a thunderbolt, but feeling that he was not hurt, he stayed his uplifted arm; while a smile which stole over his features, and a slight cackinnation, evinced a consciousness agreeable rather than otherwise. Cupid ran away laughing. "A little monkey!" exclaimed Jupiter. "Confound his impudence! But what new sensation is this?" And he placed his hand upon his heart and turned up his eyes.

It were needless to pursue his soliloquy further. Suffice it to say, that not an hour had elapsed after his having been shot at, when Juno, coming in unexpectedly, caught him on his knees to his sister Latona. The row that ensued transcends a single man's imagination.

After this Jupiter went on very ill. He turned Turk and married four or five more wives, and took to lurking and wandering up and

down, philandering at masquerades in all sorts of disguises, and behaving altogether like a gay Lothario. He went courting to Europa in the form of a bull, paid his addresses to Leda as a swan, and made strong love to Antiope in the shape of a satyr. It will readily be conceived that Juno was highly displeased with this unsteadiness. In her paroxysms of jealousy she would box his ears and scratch his face, and he in return would beat and kick her; so that they lived a very cat-and-dog sort of life, together, just like Punch and Judy.

The family of his Majesty Jupiter soon became very extensive; and to give the devil, or rather the divinity, his due, he provided handsomely for them all. Of the most noted of these and the other subordinate deities it is now time to give an account, which will most conveniently be done in alphabetical order, beginning with

Apollo.

Apollo was the son of Jupiter and Latona. According to Cicero there were four of that name, to whom, if we add Apollo Belvy, who was personated by Mr. Liston, we shall have five. Apollo used to preside over the fine arts, music, poetry, medicine, eloquence, and humbug. He presides at present over terraces and crescents; as Apollo Terrace, Apollo Crescent. He is the patron of National Galleries and Art Unions; but whether as the god of the fine arts or the god of humbug (though some say, that the latter is one of the fine arts), mythologists are not agreed upon. Under his patronage also, were the concerts of the ancients, and so the Ancient Concerts are still; as likewise are the Philharmonic and the Promenade Concerts, which last he conducts in the shape of a funny little Frenchman in a spangled waistcoat and white kid gloves. The praises of Apollo have been set forth in divers odes in former times, and more recently in a celebrated glee—"Glorious Apollo, from on high behold us," which is sung at harmonic meetings with great applause.

Apollo, according to Lempriere and Lord Byron, was born at Delos—

"Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung."

For Apollo was also called Phœbus. This, however, was not an *alias*, but rather a sort of *prænomen*, as he was often termed Phœbus-Apollo. Phœbus, therefore, would have been his Christian name, if he had been a Christian; but as he was one of the heathen deities, of course it could not be that. The word Phœbus corresponds to our vernacular, "bright one;" or more vernacularly still "bright 'un;" and there is some reason to suppose that, as the last-mentioned epithet would be now-a-days, it was a sort of nick-name; for it was conferred upon him in his capacity of coachman, or, as the vulgar say, jarvey; as he drove the Sun fast coach, which started every morning from the public-house of that name over against the palace of Neptune.

Apollo was the best hand at an oracle of all the gods in Olympus: the reader will recollect that he has already been described as the god of humbug. His oracles had the repute of being infallible, which they owed to being invariably capable of being understood two ways. Nevertheless he was a great shot with the long-bow, for he killed the serpent Python (the skeleton of which creature is now in the British Museum), a few minutes after he was born—an age when ordinary children lie in bed. Python was a great snake of the boa-constrictor species, which had been raised (there is reason to suppose) in Kentucky by the jealous Juno, and sent to eat Latona up. As president of poetry, Apollo was of course the god of fiction; and, consequently, of lying—though whether he invented the lyre or not has been disputed; everybody, however, admits that he played it.

In external form, Apollo resembled a nice young man; such, at least, he would have seemed if he had sported whiskers; but he was beardless. He wore his locks *à la jeune France*, and his head was surrounded with beams of light; it is therefore probable that he had recourse to Macassar oil, which communicates that glossy appearance to the hair which is so great an addition to personal beauty.

Lambs were sacrificed to Apollo; but whether with or without mint sauce, the learned cannot tell. He had a grand temple at Delphi, and a Colossus at Rhodes, which places must not be confounded with the *Adelphi*, where Cupid was once to be seen every night; nor with the Coal Hole, kept by Mr. Rhodes.

Apollo had the credit of occasioning epidemics and contagions, which he naturally would do, not only as the God of medicine, but as having a son, *Æsculapius*, formerly physician to the Argonauts, in extensive practice. We read that this *Æsculapius* was killed by Jupiter, with a thunderbolt, for raising the dead to life; but his crime more probably was another sort of resurrectionism; the Anatomy Bill not then having become law. However he was slain, as aforesaid; and Apollo, exasperated at the fate of his son, shot the

Cyclops, (the one-eyed blacksmith who had forged the thunderbolt,) through the head. Jupiter, therefore, kicked him out of heaven; and Apollo was forced to rusticate for nine years in Thessaly—or in other words, was transported for that period for manslaughter.

Apollo had a very pleasant residence on the summit of Mount Parnassus; a situation less eligible, but perhaps more picturesque, than Clapham Rise. His establishment at this place consisted of nine maids, called Muses, who were a sort of governesses in his family. Of these larger mention will be made hereafter; it is enough at present to say that they were very clever, and rejoiced in blue stockings, all except Terpsichore, the Muse of the Ballet, who wore sometimes flesh-coloured tights, at others white silk.

Apollo had a Phaëton, not a vehicle, however, but a son. The name of this young gentleman has been corrupted, in these latter times, into Pheaton. He was capsized in the attempt to drive his father's coach, which "lamentable accident," as it was termed in the papers of the day, is commemorated in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Apollo had also other children, who were all bright, like his own particular sun. Among them all poets and poetesses are included. Most of these members of his family have departed this life; but Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. Samuel Rogers, and Mr. Campbell, are still living.



Punch's "Court Circular."

On Wednesday last, Her Majesty (to the great delight of the actors and the public generally) again "commanded" the performances at Covent Garden Theatre. This, it will be remembered, is the fourth time within a month that our Gracious Queen has shown the strongest evidence in her power of the wise interest (for we call it wisdom) she takes in the English Drama—of her sense of its surpassing glories—and of the beneficial effect of her patronage upon the higher and middling classes.

Her Majesty (with her characteristic punctuality) arrived at the theatre, accompanied by Prince Albert, at exactly two minutes to seven. She was escorted by a detachment of the Life Guards, and was loudly cheered by the people all the way from Buckingham Palace to Hart-street. Indeed, the visits of Her Majesty to the theatre have of late been so regularly paid, that people begin now to look forward to Wednesday evening as a sort of holiday, that they may at least catch a glance of their beloved and enlightened Queen as she rapidly passes from her palace to the playhouse.

On their arrival at the theatre, Her Majesty and the Prince were received by Mr. BARTLEY and (Mr. BUNN being absent in Berlin) by Mr. JOHN COOPER, both in very splendid court-dresses, and carrying very large wax candles. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to express her satisfaction at the costly and tasteful preparations made for her visit, her box being most magnificently decorated, and the ante-room filled with the choicest exotic and aromatic flowers.

When the Royal couple appeared in the box, the audience rose and cheered as one man: the curtain drew up, and the national anthem was sung, a tremendous burst of applause drowning the voice of the singer

(Miss RAINFORTH) at the line, "Long to reign over us!" Her Majesty was evidently affected by the enthusiastic loyalty of her subjects.

The performances commenced with another new comedy, called *Are you sure 'tis She?* (it was perfectly successful), followed by the old farce of *My Spouse and I*, concluding with the pantomime. *God save the Queen!* was then again demanded; and Her Majesty and the Prince retired amidst the cheering of the multitudinous audience.

The Queen was simply dressed in white satin, trimmed with lace (all of English manufacture), and wore a bandlet of most exquisite brilliants. The Prince, as usual, wore a Field-Marshal's uniform. The Royal pair, it gladdens us to say, appeared in excellent health, and relished the performances exceedingly. Between the play and farce, tea was prepared in the box; and on one occasion, a hearty burst of John-Bull applause escaped the audience, when the Queen handed a cup to Prince Albert (the curious play-goer may remember that the like domestic incident once occurred on a state visit of the late William the Fourth with Queen Adelaide to Drury-Lane.)

We cannot dismiss this brief and bare account of a most interesting event without for a moment expressing our gratitude to Her Majesty for her theatrical patronage. Its influence must be obvious upon all; but especially upon the higher classes, who have so long deserted our national temples of the Drama. With the impulse, however, given by Her Majesty, we have yet hopes that FARQUHAR and SHERIDAN may again be introduced to good society, and Shakspearianity be generally diffused among the benighted peerage.

THE MENDICITY MARKET.

(FROM OUR RED-LION-SQUARE CORRESPONDENT.)

TWINS are looking up,—but orphans are still below par. Blind men make but little progress—but their dogs, when properly trained, *fetch* a great deal, and that, too, at a single bidding. Crossing-sweepers are firm, and still stick to their posts, though the Lascars have lately swept everything before them. The frozen-out gardeners are complaining bitterly of the mildness of the weather. Congrevo matches, since the rain, will not go off at all. Ballads are largely quoted—but somehow do not sell for more than a mere song. Begging-letters do not answer, though the chalk-writing on the pavement, especially the running hand, goes off as rapidly as ever. Wooden legs are sent away begging; whilst sailors, who have lost their arms, go crying about the streets, but find that London is not exactly the place for alms-giving. Fiddlers continue to scrape as much as formerly; but organs are turned to no profit, and the Scotch band, we are sorry to say, no longer pipes to the same tune that it used to do.



CRIPPLE-GATE.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

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PHILANTHROPY AND FIDDLING.

WE are a charitable people, but when we give a shilling to a charitable purpose, we like to have our shilling's-worth in return. We call ourselves sympathising Christians, but our Christianity cannot be dispensed *gratis*. This small social infirmity was, a few days since, strikingly illustrated at the Hall of Commerce in Thread-needle-street.

A thrill of horror—a sense of grief—has struck and weighed upon the whole nation by the late frightful disasters at sea. Five hundred souls, it is said, have perished in the ocean; leaving breaking hearts to bewail them; leaving the widowed and the fatherless to agony and hopeless want. The misery of poverty may, however, be somewhat alleviated. For this purpose SIR JOHN FRIE took the chair at a meeting of merchants held at the Hall of Commerce; and then pertinently said, to “cheering” voices:—

“Those who were safe on land were anxious to testify their sympathy, in the only way in which sympathy was of any avail, by putting their hands in their pockets.”

They were, however, to have something in return for what they took out of their pockets. This, SIR JOHN had duly understood from the good Samaritans of the city; for he said (and again the merchants “cheered”)—

“By several philanthropic persons in the city of London, who were in the habit of superintending meetings suddenly got up with the view of serving the unfortunate, it had been stated that a concert in the splendid room in which the meeting was now assembled, would be the most agreeable means of gathering together the charitable of both sexes, and receiving their contributions in the price of tickets of admission.”

And so Charity, “heaven-descended maid,” is only to be charmed into the light of day, as the snake-charmers of the East draw serpents from their holes, by piping and drumming! The sympathetic strings of the human heart are to vibrate to cat-gut! The “melodious tear” of benevolence is to be accompanied by Mr. BLAGROVE on the *cornet-à-piston*!

Yes; we will imagine “the splendid room” of the Hall of Commerce crowded by “the charitable of both sexes,” thus “agreeably gathered together” by hopes of music vocal and instrumental. We will imagine that LORD DUDLEY STUART—

(“Praise be to him, and to his slumbers peace.”)—

has succeeded, as he assuredly *will* succeed, in obtaining gratuitously the very highest professional assistance. Every artist of any eminence clamours to aid the almost sacred purpose, and (what charity can stay at home, reading *such* a concert bill?) the “splendid room” is crowded! Sympathy, in full dress, elbows it in a throng! What a delightful spectacle! How cheering to the philanthropist! How ennobling to the best feelings of our nature to behold such a multitude gathered together to aid the wretched widow and the orphan, upon this slight consideration,—that they shall have the very best music for their money. How the deep sense of the calamity, and its frightful effects at hundreds of heartless, strikes upon the hearts of the assembled crowd! How serious, how solemn are their faces! Not a smile plays upon them: as for the music—

“They hear it, and they *heed* it not,—their ears
Are with their hearts, and they are far away—”

listening to the howling wind on desolate Lornel—hearing the roaring sea with a grave in every billow!

Our worthy and intelligent contemporary, *The Boulogne Gazette*, has given a terrible picture—terrible in its true simplicity—of the horrors of the wreck:—

“Waves like mountains soon rose above the sides, and poured, in all their vengeance, tons and tons of water along the deck, streaming down the cuddy stairs and overflowing the steerage. All rushed on deck in their flannels and nightclothes to seek refuge on the poop. There, indeed, was a distressing scene—mothers and children clasping each other in mute hope, husband encouraging the wife, the captain sustaining all by promises he felt delusive. Our readers may imagine the scene; but we cannot refrain from particularly noticing the admirable conduct of Miss Turton, who was 18 on the day of her death. She had been the life and soul of the voyage, had endeared all to her by her constant good humour, suavity, and mildness. On that poop she thought not of herself; there she was going from sad group to sad group, sustaining the courage of all, and holding out prospects of succour and safety; ministering, like a pure spirit, consolation, hope, and dependence on that Providence who orders all for the best.”

Is this a thing to be “set to music?” Can its desolating effects harmonize with a cavatina by Mrs. SHAW—with *Willie brewed a peck o’ malt*, by Mr. WILSON—or with even *The Sea*, by Mr. H. PHILLIPS.

With an inexpressible loathing, we ask again,—is this a horror to be piped and fiddled to?

And now—we see astonishment in the face of the excellent and well-meaning LORD DUDLEY STUART, who at length finding words, asks, “What! would you afford no relief to the wretched creatures, deprived at one blow of their earthly protectors? Is there nothing

sacred in such sorrow?” And we answer—Yes, so sacred that we would not have it associated with the trills and roudades, and dextrous fingering of singers and musicians.

We ask of the Samaritans of the City,—*Have ye no churches?* In such a cause, is it not better that the voice of sympathy should be heard from the pulpit than the orchestra? Have ye no priests, that ye must seek ministers of charity from the opera, the play-house, and the concert-room? If it be so necessary to make benevolence attractive, are there no bishops to cast a gracious lustre from their cloud of lawn upon the cause—to lift up their silver voices in aid of the widow and the fatherless? There are many persons, inconstant church-goers, who nevertheless “lacker their Sunday face” in a pew to hear a bishop preach; not, we fear, so much for the matter dropping from episcopacy, as from mere curiosity; in the like way as the estimable MR. SHANDY reproaches himself for his gift of the macaroon to the ass—not so much for pure charity, as to see how the animal “would eat a macaroon.” Any way, there would have been no want of crowded congregations—no lack of gold and silver in the plates of the churchwardens.

But no, we are to have music for our alms: we are to make holy offerings at the shrine of charity amidst the smirks and smiles of a concert-room, to the accompaniment of horns and oboes, tenors and contraltos! Our heart-strings are to be well-roshed, and *then*—and only then—our purse-strings will give way! Q.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER IV.

PATTY BUTLER, THE FEATHER-DRESSER.—THE GARRETS OF THE POOL.—PATTY’S MOTHER.—MR. LINTLY, THE APOTHECARY.

THE week that followed the 12th of August, 1762, was a time of jubilee for rejoicing, thoughtful England. A Prince of Wales was born; and as I heard, numberless patriotic sages had, at public dinners, already prophesied in him another Alfred. In his time all the virtues would walk the highways, dropping flowers in the everyday paths of mortals, and rejoicing Plenty unloose her golden sheaves for the no more repining poor. The sky would wear a purer azure—the gladdening sun once more beam with the sanctifying light it cast on Eden—the whole earth lie nearer Paradise, and once more

“—angels talk familiarly with men,”

as men were wont to talk with one another. The Prince—it was predicted from the tables of a thousand taverns—would be the paragon of mortals; in his own great acts indicating to the highest the divine origin and end of man, and showing the folly, the littleness, of all human malice, and all human selfishness. George the Fourth yet slept in his cradle, when the spirit of prophesying thus walked abroad, and played the sweetest notes upon its silver trumpet; and tailors and gold-lacemen felt a strange, mysterious gladness—a lightening of the heart and pleasant spasm of the pocket!

Patty Butler dwelt in a long, dark lane on the north side of the Strand; in one of those noisome, pestilential retreats abutting on, yet hidden by, the wealth and splendour of the metropolis; one of the thousand social blotches covered by the perfumed, gold-worked trappings of the harlot London. Even to this place did the birth of the Prince of Wales bring gladness: for Patty Butler smiled, as dreaming grief might smile upon an angel, as Luke Knuckle, Mr. Flamingo’s light-porter, somewhat suddenly stood before her.

“Hush!” said Patty, advancing to him, with upraised finger.

“How’s mother?” asked Luke, with a quiet earnestness.

“Better—better, Luke, and asleep. Have you brought work?” inquired the girl with trembling voice, and the tears already in her eyes.

“Hav’n’t you heard the news?” asked Flamingo’s porter.

“What news should I hear in this place?” said Patty.

“Why, to be sure, you might as well be clean out of the world! Not to have heard all about it! Well, I wouldn’t ha’ believed it! Can’t you guess?” Patty, with a wan smile, shook her head. “Well, then,” said Luke, “not to tease you any longer—for God help you! poor babe, you’ve enough trouble for any six—what do you think?—there’s a Prince of Wales born!”

“Indeed?” said Patty, unmoved by the blissful intelligence.

“Why, where could you ha’ been not to have heard the bells ringing, and the guns—to be sure, this isn’t much of a place for merry bells to be heard in at all—but where could you ha’ been?”

"Where could I have been—where could I go?" said Patty a little impatiently—and then forcing a smile to her fading lips, she asked—"and what, Luke, can a Prince matter to folks like us?"

"Well!—why you used to be a quick girl—don't you see, the Prince of Wales as is come will make the fortin of feathers? It's what they call one of his royal perogatives—though, for myself, I can't say I know what they quite are. I know this much, though; old Flamingo's all upon the wing agin. There's work for three months certain," added Luke.

Patty clasped her hands in gratitude, but said nothing.

"Master said you must come to the shop and work, or go without it; but I talked to missus—ha! she'd ha' been a nicer woman after all, if luck hadn't given her such good board and lodging,—I told her how ill your mother was—how you'd starve beside her, but wouldn't leave her; so I got her to abuse master into a bit of goodness, and so that you mayn't leave mother, I've brought the work to you." Here the honest porter displayed myself and others to Patty Butler.

"You are always so good-natured, Luke," cried Patty.

"I don't know about that," said Knuckle, "but after all, it seems to me so easy to be good-natur'd, I wonder anybody takes the trouble to be anything else. Good bye, Patty: I say, the work must be done directly—for master says he don't know when it won't be wanted."

"I won't stir, Luke, till I've finished it, that you may be sure of," said Patty, with new cheerfulness; and wishing her a cordial farewell, and speedy health to her mother, Luke Knuckle—the light-porter to Flamingo, the court feather-merchant—descended the dark narrow staircase with the feeling of the finest gentleman; for he trod gently, anxiously, lest he should wake the sleeping sick.

Released from the case, I could now look about me. I am sure I felt a thrill of pain as the place broke upon me. An August sun struggled through a narrow lattice, as though stained and tainted by the gloom it had to pierce; dimly showing the space of the apartment, a space not encumbered by useless furniture. In a recess, a nook of the room, was a bed; and I could hear the hard breathing of a sleeper—but only hear; for a curtain of surprising whiteness hung between us. Indeed, every object was wonderfully clean, and displayed itself in contrast to the meanness, the homeliness of the material. All was penury,—but penury in housewife attire.

Patty Butler took me from my other companions, looking earnestly at me. I have seen eyes exulting under coronets; have felt throughout my frame the magic breath of beauty, born with all earth's pleasures for its handmaids; have waved above and touched the velvet cheek of lady greatness; yet have I never felt such deep emotion as when gazed upon by the poor feather-dresser—the girl of fifteen years—the drudge of a garret in a pestilent and fever-breathing alley.

Patty would never have been beautiful: born in down, and fed upon the world's honey-dew, she would have passed for nothing handsome; but she had in her countenance that kind of plainness, to my mind, better than any beauty heaven has yet fashioned. Her sweet, gentle, thin face trembled with sensibility—with sensibility that sent its riches to her eyes, glittering for a moment there, beyond all worth of diamonds. I have said, she was really but fifteen; she would have passed for twenty. From earliest childhood, she was made to read the hardest words—"Want," "Poverty"—in the iron book of daily life; and the early teaching had given to her face a look of years beyond her age. With her, daily misery had anticipated time.

And she sits, in that almost empty garret, a lovely sacred thing—a creature that redeems the evils and the wrongs of earth; and in her quiet suffering—in her devotion, constant to her heart as her heart's blood—gives best assurance of a future heaven. She sits, glorified by patient poverty—by the sustaining meekness of her soul, by the unconquerable strength of her affections. Beautiful are queens on thrones—but is there not a beauty (eternal as the beauty of the stars!) in placid want, smiling with angel looks, and gathering holiest power, even from the misery that consumes it?

For two nights, Patty scarcely took one constant hour's repose. Still she worked; her labour only intermitted by her frequent visits to the bed-side where lay her sick mother. I have seen the feet of the best opera-dancers; heard them praised for their life, ay for their intelligence—their sentiment. Yet have I seen nothing like Patty Butler's foot, touching the garret floor from her chair to the bed-side; so gentle, so affectionate, so noiseless, yet so trembling at its motion, lest she should wake her mother.

Each day, the doctor—not the parish doctor—came. A neighbour had told him of the sick woman; and he had accidentally seen the gentle Patty. Mr. Lintly was a poor apothecary. It was at times a hard struggle for him not to tell the man who called for the taxes,—

to call again. He had no hope of a shilling from Mrs. Butler, even could his skill restore her; but more—he knew the seal of death was on her; consumption—Patty knew it not—withered her.

The third day, I passed in the garret, the doctor paid his morning visit. Patty had been up all night: that night, she had wept—bitterly wept—had risen every five minutes to hover above her mother, who would still assure her she was better—much better.

Mr. Lintly, the apothecary, entered the garret. What chaplets are woven for men of slaughter! What statues erected to men-slaying conquerors! What notes of glory sounded—what blaspheming praises to the genius of blood-shedding! I have seen much of the ceremonies dedicated to these things, and contrasting my late feelings with my present, with what new homage do I venerate the race of Lintleys—the men who, like minor deities, walk the earth—and in the homes of poverty, where sickness falls with doubly heavy hand, fight the disease beside the poor man's bed, their only fee the blessing of the poor! Mars may have his planet, but give me what—in the spirit of the old mythology might be made a star in heaven—the night-lamp of apothecary Lintly.

"And how—how is your mother?" asked the apothecary, shown into the room by Patty, who, with me in her hand, had risen to open the door.

"She is better, sir," said Patty—"better and asleep."

The apothecary looked with a mild sadness on the girl, and drew aside the curtain. Her mother was dead.



"In tears and agony and numbness of heart, and death about me, I was prepared—"drest" for—
But of that in another chapter.

LATEST NEWS FROM WINDSOR.

(Important.)

THURSDAY, Feby. 2.

One o'Clock.—We stop the press to announce that Mr. F. G. Moon, the printseller, has just arrived from Threadneedle-street.

Quarter-past One.—Mr. F. G. Moon has just been shown in to Her Majesty and Prince Albert!

Twenty Minutes past One.—Mr. F. G. Moon has this moment displayed to Her Majesty and the Prince, a porcupine tooth-pick set in pewter, presented to Mr. F. G. Moon by the King of Madagascar, in "admiration of his work of *The Holy Land*, by David Roberts, R. A." (David Roberts, R. A., getting nothing.)

Half-past One.—Mr. F. G. Moon is about to leave the Castle, and has in the handsomest manner volunteered to leave this report ("from your own Correspondent") at *Punch's* Office.

ECONOMICAL HINT.

HOW TO KEEP A HORSE FOR NOTHING. Buy a valuable hunter at Tattersall's, turn him into a loose box, hire two grooms to wait on him, give him four feeds of corn a day—and never make the slightest use of him.

SIR PETER LAURIE ON WOOD.

SIR PETER LAURIE presents his compliments to *Punch*, and begs leave to offer the following Treatise on Wood to his consideration :—

ON WOOD.

He would if he could.—*Old Proverb.*

Wood may be divided into several heads; and my own head has consequently come in for a fair share of it. There is the *lignum vite*, or the log of life, which may be taken to represent a living log, and of these I have several specimens in my own family. The Woods and Forests are an interesting branch of this subject. These Woods begin at Waterloo-place and end somewhere about Albany-street. Where the forests are, has not been discovered; but perhaps they extend as far as the Fishmonger Groves at Charing-cross. These Woods and Forests are capable of granting leave to persons who wish to build; but they do not seem to partake in any other manner of the florescent character. Wood pavements are an innovation on all old practices; though it is contended that they are only an extension of the ancient custom of wearing wooden legs, which involved the necessity of walking on wood, at least, in some measure. It is true there is a street called Wood-street, Cheapside; but though I have inspected the pavement very minutely, and tested the materials by scratching with my nails, I have not arrived at anything satisfactory. My objection to paving with wood has been accounted for by saying that I cannot bring myself to approve of a practice of trampling upon what, in reference to the heads of the city, may be called our own species. This I deny! It is said in favour of wood, that it enables one to go quietly on one's way, but I had rather make a noise in the world, and if one pays a good price for a carriage, one ought at least to have the luxury of hearing the wheels rattle. It may be said in favour of the antiquity of wooden pavements, that there is an old expression about "hallooing before we are out of the wood." Perhaps there is an Act of Parliament prohibiting the itinerant vendors of certain commodities to cry their wares at halloo until they are out of the wood. I say, there is, perhaps, such an Act of Parliament, but I am bound to admit that perhaps there isn't.

In conclusion, let me say, that I am not a bigoted enemy of wood paving, and I am still ready to consider the matter, or, in other words, to give my head to it.

SONGS OF THE SESSIONS.

THE SONG OF THE DEPUTY CLERK OF THE PEACE.

THEY may talk as they will of the warrior's glory,
And boast of their Wellingtons, Bluchers, and Neys,
But the laurel adorning their brows must be gory,
And reeking with blood their victorious bays.

Let others indulging in warlike professions
Engage in hot strife with the Moslem or Turk,
But preserving the peace is the aim of the Sessions,
And I of the Peace am the Deputy Clerk.

I've heard the proud war-horse triumphantly neighing
In the little square boxes in Parliament Street,
I've marked when the boys something rude have been saying,
The trooper unmoved has sat stern in his seat.

Yes, war has its glories; then bind up with laurel
The bones of the soldier till battle shall cease;
Let others slash, smash, or dispute, shoot, and quarrel,
But I—am the Deputy Clerk of the Peace.

ETYMOLOGY.

ABSTINENCE—from *ab* (after), and *stingo* (strong beer)—signifies the desire to imbibe malt compounds; just as

EXTINGUISH—from *ex* (without), and *stingo* (old beer)—implies the utter impossibility of obtaining it.

CADAVEROUS—from *cad* (the conductor of a vehicle), and *aversus* (turned away)—denotes the appearance of the aforementioned individual at the moment of his capture on a long-pending warrant.

INACCURACY—from *in*, and *cura* (without much trouble), or, as it may be otherwise rendered, *in-a-curacy*.

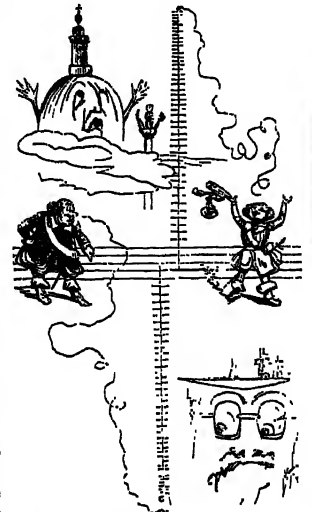
ADMIRALTY—from *admiror* (to admire), and *altum* (persons in high places), generally considered referable to the man who works the semaphore at Whitehall, and to the public excitement consequent thereon.

Legends of Inn Signs.

THE FLOWER-POT, BISHOPSGATE-STREET.

THE legend attached to The Flower-Pot, in Bishopsgate Street, is so wild and so romantic, yet, withal, so redolent of "old home voices," as Leigh Hunt would call them, that we scarcely know at which end to begin in relating it. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," begins at the middle, but unfortunately he sticks there. Thomas-a-Kempis leaves the subject where he found it, or in other words misses it altogether. Camden, in his quaint fashion, begins at the top, but never gets to the bottom; and Stowe comes to a dead stop—a habit with the worthy antiquarian which has given rise to the expression, "*Stow(e) that*," when a request is made to discontinue a thing altogether.

Having rejected at once all extraneous materials, we come to our own resources, which are always inexhaustible. The sign of the Flower Pot was the rallying point of the French Refugees, who planted there a *fleur de lis*, and when the Restoration took place, they gave the pot in which the lily had flourished, to the landlord of the house, as a trifling return for what they owed him. It is said that Arthur of Houndsditch, surnamed the Dog's-meat Man, was the original introducer of this pot into Bishopsgate Street; while others affirm that it was at the Flower-Pot Wat Tyler first attempted to plant his rebellious standard. The *Sieur Snooks*, in his "*Tailles of the Towne*," alludes to the *Pot de Fleurs*, which is probably the Flower-Pot; and Brown of Bayonne, in writing to Brooks of Barcleause, in the 41st year of the 19th century, speaks of a parcel then lying at the Flower-Pot, which it seems was in danger of being sold (the parcel, not the Flower-Pot) to pay the expense of carriage. There is a little ballad extant in an old book, which is so pertinent to the place, that we have obtained permission to print the whole of it. We, however, only avail ourselves of the privilege so far as to insert two or three stanzas:



FELLOWS OF HIGH AND LOW NOTE.

"Ryghte joyfullie ye cocke did crowe,
And merrie blewedde ye horne,
When Richardde didde prepare to go,
One Moondaye in ye mornne.

He tooke a draffte of goode oulde ale,
No betterre neere wasse gotte,
As they do keepe alwaye on sale
At ye Bishoppgate flowerre Potte."

Having said the whole of our say on the subject of the Flower-Pot, we beg leave to refer our readers to Bishopsgate Within for further information; and if they go, they may perhaps come away from Bishopsgate *Without*.

A WARM RECEPTION.

In some of the Sunday papers of last week, was the advertisement of "A Madeira Dwelling,"—a sort of social hot-house, kept at a uniformly high temperature, for the benefit (?) of invalids. The owner adds, "One or two domestics of Delicate Health and Superior Character may find an advantageous employment." This is very gratifying to sick servants; and perhaps a few consumptive cooks, bilious butlers, paralytic pages, hysterical housemaids, and feverish footmen, will avail themselves readily of the high-dried advantages held forth.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE SCOTCH MARTYRS.

THIS monument is at last finished, and is situated in the centre of the Regent Circus. Its base is formed of blocks for the wooden pavement, allegorical of the instigators of the memorial, making three sides of a square; and the fourth consists of a light screen of scaffold poles and wheelbarrows, typical of union and industry, which has a pleasing effect, and serves as a haven for old ladies, pursued by omnibuses whilst crossing. On the northern summit is fixed a standard, bearing a bill of the Princess's Theatre; and at the southern, a large yellow tablet, on which is inscribed the word "CARDINAL" in gigantic letters, which may be seen from a great distance, and is intended to express the virtues of the monument-alees. The whole erection, which is a great object at this part of town, is in the obstructo-composite style of architecture, and reflects great credit upon the designers.



THE QUEEN'S SPEECH,
AS IT IS TO BE SUNG BY THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

PEACE WITH CHINA.

Maestoso.

Our foes in Chi - na, Pott's drubb'd in all quar-ters, They'd ne'er so fine a
whacking from the Tartars; And, Sirs, they must (How proud I am to say it)
Down with the dust, And tax our tea to pay it. Sing Pe - koe and Con - gou, Green
Hy-son and Gun-powder; And let your cheer be, hear! hear! hear! Shout louder, boys, and louder.

GLORY IN INDIA.

Air—"King Death."

WE'VE gather'd fresh wreaths of glory
On the ramparts of far Cabool;
And though every leaf be gory,
We'll rejoice in our own miarule.
Hurrah! hurrah!

PEACE AND PLENTY.

Air—"God save the King!"

HE who Elijah fed,
Still doth his bounty shed,
Swelling our store.
Heed not the selfish few,
Who e'er one theme pursue,
Claiming what is your due!—
God, change the poor!

REVENUE AND SUPPLIES.

Air—"I've no money."

WE'VE no money! so, you see,
Some must quickly furnish'd be,
If you beg or borrow.
'Tis in vain for you to say,
'People won't their taxes pay!
What's the use of lawyers, pray!
So summons them to-morrow!



THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE SIDE-SCENES OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE GENERAL SOCIETY MET WITH AT THE LACQUERS'.

OUR friends the Lacquers have two distinct sets of acquaintances—those whom they knew formerly in the city, and those that have been introduced to them since they set up their west-end establishment; and as these two parties do not very well harmonize, the greatest skill and management is necessary to prevent any uncomfortable collisions. And so their assemblies are always the results of much careful arrangement, except the large balls, where, owing to the crowded state of the rooms, anybody can pass muster tolerably well, from the mercantile friends of former times to the semi-unproducible relations of the present day. But those latter persons, being low and uncivilized, think that consanguinity is a sufficient plea for intimacy, and are always calling just when they ought not: in consequence of which attention the Lacquers give them a set dinner annually, "to keep up old feelings and natural affection," as Mr. Lacquer always says on these occasions. The period fixed for these re-unions is generally as much out of the season as it can be, because the semi-unproducibles are always happy to accept the invitations of the Lacquers at any time; and the early close of the day veils the motley train of hack vehicles which, according to the usual habits of vulgar people, always arrive together at the door within a minute of the exact time.

Several distinguished foreigners—chiefly counts and barons—are usually met with at the Lacquers' great parties; and then the hostess addresses them in a louder tone than ordinary, and by their titles. The greater part of the company know their faces very well in Regent-street; or rather think they do: for the majority of distinguished foreigners so much resemble one another, that we ourselves have sometimes imagined we have seen the Lacquers' friends in the most questionable haunts of London; but this must have been a mistake—such imposing specimens of alien aristocracy could never have stooped to visit the places in question. The Baron D'Etoffe is the most popular of the continentalists. He is a rollicking young cavalier of eight-and-forty, who finds much favour in the eyes of the young ladies, by giving out that he has a large fortune, and is looking after a wife. He is the only gentleman that the Misses Lacquer will waltz with at a public ball; and at any of these ten-and-sixpenny Crown and Anchors of superior society, he is usually seen with the prettiest girl of the room on his arm. *Au reste*, he is harmless, which is much more than can be said of the majority of distinguished foreigners who glitter in the *parvenu* drawing-rooms of our great London. They all speak English with tolerable accuracy, but the Misses Lacquer think it good breeding to keep up conversation with them in their own language.



After a time some of these illustrious persons disappear, and are heard of no more: others re-appear rather too prominently; and are

heard of a great deal too much: and others again—perhaps, the majority—may be met, when the season has passed, in the secluded streets at the back of the towns of Kentish and Camden—spots which find peculiar favour, as far as regards cheap rustication, in the eyes of the million unshaven foreign adventurers who swarm over here annually, for the sake of swindling their way into decent society, or robbing poor John Bull in the impudent manner which that worthy gentleman so quietly puts up with.

If you mention any one of these migratory beings, the Lacquers will always tell you that it is not the same person whom you have met at their house. Possibly not; yet with all their aristocratic bearing, we have sometimes trembled for the spoons when we have narrowly watched two or three of these stars at the parties. And the Lacquers afford greater room for this fear, from their tables being always loaded with plate. But this is a point of economy after all, for people are not in the habit of devouring silver forks and candlesticks, and they cost nothing to keep when not in use; whilst with their aid, a very little refreshment goes a very great way. Six brandy-cherries in the branch of an *epergne* become prominent portions of the feast, when they would be passed over in a saucer of blown glass. The large vase of artificial flowers at the top—which, like the wreath of Dr. Parr's maypole, is carefully put by when the *fête* has passed, to come out again in undiminished glory at the next—does away with the trifle, by occupying its place, and looks much more imposing. The small mould of cream is aggrandised by the heavy moulding of the dish on which it is placed; and throughout the whole banquet the same evidences appear of the economy of splendour. Indeed the endeavour to pick out something slightly substantial, reminds you of Sindbad hunting after food in the Valley of Diamonds, before the merchants above threw down the legs of mutton. Equally, with the Lacquers, are Blackwall and Greenwich tavern-keepers aware of the power of plated dishes in increasing the importance of the viands they contain; or three or four pieces of stewed eel would never pass muster as they do, in the eyes of the hungry guest who has just quitted the river—to say nothing of salmon cutlets and sole filets.

The young men who frequent the Lacquers' house, keep cabs, and talk largely of their winnings at cards, and their clubs, although you cannot distinctly understand to which they belong. Without being regularly sporting men, they assume a great knowledge of dogs and horses, and the state of the odds. Young Lacquer, from associating with them, insensibly—(insensibly enough)—falls into their style of conversation, and speaks about "making up his book" as a matter of great moment; although it is believed by ordinary common-minded people that a five-pound note would at any time cover his speculations, whichever way luck might turn. He is, at present, keeping his terms in the Temple; and sometimes honours those whom he considers the more eligible of his fellow-students with invitations to his house; where, following the custom of unweaned barristers generally, in after-dinner society, they differ in opinion with everybody at table, for the sake of knocking up an argument; and this is kept up with the greater powers of contradiction, in proportion to the perfectly unimportant nature of the subject, and to the great delight and edification of the other guests. Mr. Lacquer never joins much in conversation, unless it relates to money or capital; and then he appears to be so very humorous and entertaining, that his visitors are continually laughing at him. Sometimes, to be sure, a slight trip in his grammar carries back the mind of his auditor to the days of his early education, but he is not courted one whit the less upon this account. His money brings position, and position brings influence; and he enjoys the high gratification of affording room for his acquaintances to place his skull far below his breeches pocket, in point of value as to what it contains; for gold is the best joker in the world—its sallies always tell.

You will always be certain to meet at the Lacquers' a great many persons with whom you are perfectly well acquainted by sight, but to whom you can assign no fixed position in society, having generally met them in places where distinction was acquired by paying for it. You will see them sailing up the avenues of a morning concert—they cross your pathway in going to their carriages from Howell and James's; they brush against you at the conclusion of the performances at the Opera; and they put their faith in Gunter firmly believing that his ice is much colder than any one else's—at all events it is expensive, which, placing it more out of the power of the commonplace million, must of course endow it with superior attributes of some kind or another. It is this eligible class that forms the great proportion of Mrs. Lacquer's visiting acquaintance at present; and the continual struggle between them all, to outdo the others in display, or anticipate them in some expensive novelty for the table or palate, is one of the most amusing affairs in the world; and proves

that they work harder and experience many more cutting vexations than the nobodies of the middling circles who do not enjoy a twentieth part of their income; but who nevertheless contrive occasionally, to the extraordinary astonishment of Mrs. Lacquer and her friends, to get into a particular sphere of society which they, with all their dash and expenditure, are unable to accomplish.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

BY JACOB DRYASDUST, F.S.A.

ETHER Sir William Blackstone or Peter Pindar says, "The King is the head and fountain of the Law." The fact is undeniable, and therefore it matters not on whose authority it rests; indeed, if necessary, I can give conclusive testimony to that effect, as her Majesty lately sent me "greeting," with a request that I would remit Cabbage and Flint, my tailors, 3*l.* 10*s.*, and their attorney 4*l.* 10*s.* It would have afforded me much pleasure to oblige the Queen, or any other lady, on such an occasion, had I possessed the power to do so, and therefore Her Gracious Majesty guessing the real state of the case, soon afterwards ordered the Sheriff of Middlesex to pay great attention to me, because, as she kindly said, "We are informed he lurks and wanders up and down in your Bailiwick." The sheriff, who thereupon instituted very particular inquiries, having had the pleasure of meeting me in Oxford-street, introduced himself; and certainly did take remarkable care of me, as he could not bear me out of his sight until I paid the whole debt and costs, which I was fortunately enabled to do by means of a tender conscience; for my friends declared me a Church-rate Martyr, and raised a very handsome subscription.

I intend to discuss the subject which heads this chapter in a grave and serious style—I do not wish to poke my fun at that revered body of men—the attorneys. I know well that an Act of Parliament has declared them to be "Gentlemen," and I know well that nothing but an Act of Parliament could have induced the public to believe them such. It is not for a defendant to complain of costs which he has incurred through his own broken promises; nor must he consider twenty years' hopeless suffering an extreme punishment for a debt of 20*l.* For what purpose were creditors created, if there should be no debtors? And what was the use of buildings such spacious and elegant prisons, if nobody should inhabit them?

Law may be compared to a new boot—a luxury which we approach with undisguised reluctance, and quit with supreme delight—a thing which transforms the ordinarily calm and placable man into a living torment to himself and all around him. There are several kinds of "actions," all equally horrible and astounding to the defendant, who finds the fact of his owing four guineas for a dress coat recited in the most mystic terms by a composition called a "declaration," which gravely commences with—"For that whereas," and then proceeds to aver that he is indebted "in 100*l.* for goods sold and delivered," "100*l.* for work and labour done and performed," "100*l.* for materials found and provided," "100*l.* for money paid, laid out, and expended," and "100*l.* due on account stated." To this the "plea" very civilly answers that



ODE TO MY TAILOR.

the defendant never had the goods, does not owe the money, and never promised to pay. Then succeeds a "Replication," and to that a "Rejoinder;" a "Surrejoinder" next appears, in awful dignity, followed by a "Rebutter," and then comes a "Surrebutter," and so on, until every species of attack and defence being exhausted, the parties declare themselves satisfied, and prepare a "Brief," so called on account of its enormous length, having first enjoined the sheriff to catch "twelve good and lawful men" to appear as jurors. This is one kind of action; there are, however, several others, all highly interesting to the parties concerned.

The public attention is often forcibly attracted to reports of proceedings in the Admiralty Court, headed "The Queen against Twenty Casks of Brandy." People naturally wonder at her Majesty's apparent antipathy to foreign spirits, little imagining that she is really seeking to make them her own. When a man's nose has been pulled, instead of stating the fact in plain terms, he derives a melancholy satisfaction from declaring that the defendant

assaulted him "with swords, staves, sticks, stones, cudgols, fists, and bludgeons; and thereby and therewith beat, wounded, ill-treated, pummelled, kicked, maimed, bruised, and otherwise damaged him, and spoilt the clothes he then and there had on, to wit: 6 coats, 6 waistcoats, 6 pair of trousers, 6 pairs of Boots, 6 hats, and 6 cloaks." The plaintiff, I say, may well comfort himself by reflecting on the dangers he has providentially escaped, and this inventory of his wardrobe (although it makes him seem somewhat like a Jew clothesman) is very delightful, as proving wealth and respectability. The most distinguishing feature in an attorney's character is philanthropy; he is the avenger of the oppressed, the champion of the innocent, and the benignant patron of the barrister. This last-named official wears a horse-hair wig, to prevent his own hair standing on an end when reciting the dreadful wickedness of the opposite party; he invariably assures the Court that he never rose to address them with such feelings as agitate his bosom "on the present occasion;" and he calls the twelve very common-looking men who compose the Common Jury "an intelligent and most respectable body;" he always asks a witness who comes to prove a man's handwriting, how often he has been bankrupt, or taken "the benefit?"—whether he is living with his wife—and, if not—why not? all this being very material to show that the coat in question was worth four guineas only, instead of five, and besides very agreeable to the witness's feelings, who has an opportunity of indulging the audience with a little small talk about his own rise and progress in life. The judge's duty is to snub the counsel on both sides, and bother the jury by furnishing them with a *third* method of looking at a case. The crier is a gentleman appointed to drown the noise of all other people by his own system of commanding silence; he is also deputed to get half-a-crown from the winner, if possible, which is invested in the purchase of half-and-half for the Attorney-General.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

CONSUMPTION.

EVERY product is put to some purpose after it is created—for instance, when sloe leaves are grown, they are used for adulterating tea, and the destruction of values in this way is called consumption. When a joke is spoiled in the telling, the destruction of the value amounts to consumption. And when an insolvent person puts his hand to a bill he may be said to consume a stamp, for he destroys its value. Political economists have, however, omitted to mention that consumption sometimes bestows value instead of destroying it, for when a person goes into a consumption he becomes invested with value—as a patient—to the medical practitioner.

CAPITAL.

We have already touched on capital, but it is a subject which we are unwilling to let go, and it may be profitable to return to it. That is, strictly speaking, capital, which is used by men in their different occupations. Thus a man who writes a farce, though it be very bad, still, when finished, he generally thinks he has a right to call it capital. An author who publishes a novel may consider it capital; though capital of this kind very often carries with it no interest.

CHANGES OF CAPITAL.

Capital is incessantly undergoing change, and political economy of this kind is daily illustrated at the foot of Waterloo Bridge, where, if you tender a penny, change will be given you. Some persons carry their love of political economy so far as to tender bad silver, and the change is capital for them, but not for the parties giving it. Capital may sometimes be subjected to such changes that it is wholly lost sight of, as when it is invested in theatrical speculations or joint stock companies.

WESTMINSTER: COMMON PLEAS.

WE have received, by express, our Reporter's note-book from this Court, bringing up its details to the close of last week. The only cases of importance during that time, were two motions for judgment against the Casual Ejector, and an unimportant rule for judgment as in the case of a non-suit. The learned Judges intimated in the latter case, that as they had nothing to do, they should take time to consider their judgment; and it is fully expected that a solemn decision will be pronounced some time during this term. As the cases referred to are of no sort of importance to any person except the learned Members of this Court, we shall not trouble our readers with their details.

In the absence of other matter, our reporter informs us, that a learned Serjeant is to go in the capacity of Judge on the Western Circuit. This unusual circumstance is said, in Westminster Hall, to result from these facts. The learned leaders on the Western Circuit are very fond, it seems, of the *beginning* and *middle* of their speeches, but very much

dislike their *end*, which they therefore try to postpone (like other disagreeable things) to the latest possible period. This obliges the Judges on the Circuit to sleep a good deal in Court; which the Judges in the Queen's Bench and Exchequer, from their constant activity, and the restlessness of mind it produces under idleness, find it very difficult to do. It has been accordingly suggested to Her Gracious Majesty—which she has in the most condescending manner approved of—that one of the Judges and one of the Serjeants of the Common Pleas should be sent on this Circuit, as the very little they have had to do a long time past has induced habits of sleep that will exactly fit them for their duties. This arrangement has given great satisfaction, we understand, to the leaders of the Western Circuit, as they confidently expect to speak now as long as they please without interruption.

Our reporter adds, that the Judges of this Court wish it to be generally understood among their friends, that they are not generally at home till twelve o'clock, as they cannot get away from their Court till nearly that hour. All calls on them, therefore, should be made before half-past ten, when they go to Westminster, or after twelve, when they return. The learned Serjeants do not get home till twenty minutes later than the Judges, as they are in the habit of first going to Serjeant's Inn to see if any motions have come in for the next day.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER V.—SOME ACCOUNT OF BACCHUS.

BACCHUS was the God of fermented liquors, their appurtenances, effects, and consumers. His dominion is much more extensive now than it was among the ancients, who could not boast, like the moderns, of a "large assortment" of wines; and who, although among their vinous beverages there was one prepared from barley, were unacquainted with true beer. The era, however, of Barclay and Perkins, of Reid and Co., and of Guinness, at length arrived; and stout, draught and bottled, porter, half-and-half, together with the various ales, acknowledged his divine authority. His empire has of late received an accession in the shape of Bass's pale Indian ale, and will, no doubt, from the progress of invention and intemperance, continue to derive others. The discovery of distillation entailed upon him a new title, that of the "Ruler of Spirits;" though it must not be supposed that Weber's glorious overture of that name related to Bacchus: the spirits whereof he is the ruler not being the spirits of the elements, but the exciseable spirits, as whisky, brandy, rum, gin, and Hollands.

To the cyathii, calices, and other few drinking vessels which were formerly sacred to Bacchus, decanters, tumblers, and rummers have been added in these latter days; wherein, also, he has become the god of goes, and the patron of pots and pipes.

Not only is the worship of Bacchus still maintained, but it is perhaps more prevalent than any other; especially in this country, and above all in this town, where temples, termed gin-palaces, devoted to its celebration, abound in every street.

Many of his subjects have been lately seduced from their allegiance by Father Mathew, and not a few others have been prevented from doing him that homage which in their hearts they would fain have paid, in consequence of the operation of the Income-tax, which has occasioned a retrenchment in grog, and consequently a defalcation in the revenue. However, as the very rich drink as much as they please, and the very poor as much as they can get, Bacchus can afford the loss.

Bacchus, according to the mythologists, came, like several other gods, into the world, that is, into heaven, in a very odd way. Thus it was. His mother Semele had for some months been added, quite under the rose, to the matrimonial establishment of Jupiter. Fame, however, at last discovered the secret, which she instantly trumpeted into Juno's ears. Now the Queen of Heaven

would have been very glad to do what the Queen of England (Queen Eleanor) afterwards, under similar circumstances did—she would instantly have enforced on her rival the option of cold steel or prussic acid, had she dared; but Jupiter had sworn by the Styx that if she offered the slightest violence to any of his other wives, he would give her his sceptre—about her back. He had even hinted at Tartarus and thunderbolts; and she knew he was not to be trifled with.

"I can't be revenged on that creature by hook," thought Juno; "but I will by crook, though." So she put on an old cloak and bonnet, screwed up her face into the likeness of an old woman's, and walked into Semele's chamber as Beroë her nurse. In this shape she persuaded her that the person who had palmed himself upon her for Jupiter was a humbug.



"What!" she said, "do you think a god, that really was a god, would come sneaking up the back stairs muffled and moustached like a strolling vagabond play-actor? Phut!—the idea! Why, if he were but a king, or only a duke even, couldn't he do as he chose? Tell him you won't have anything more to say to him till he comes to visit you full fig, with his crown, and sceptre, and thunderbolts, and chariot of fire. That's how Jupiter goes to see Juno. A chariot indeed! I'll be bound he hasn't a shilling in his pocket to pay for a cab; nor yet a coat to his back, besides what he has got on. He Jupiter! he's no Jupiter, or gentleman either."

Never listen to old women. Semele did; and mark the consequences. The next time Jupiter called, she made him promise to grant her whatever she should ask, which he readily agreed to do, taking his customary affidavit.

"Then I desire," said the lady, "that you will pay your next visit to me in state."

"Certainly, my dear," answered Jupiter, "if you wish it; but there is one slight objection to your persisting in your request."

"What is that?" demanded Semele.

"Only," replied the monarch, "that if I come in my thunder and lightning, which, you know, is my court dress, I shall most inevitably burn you up to a cinder."

"I don't care!" said Semele. She did not believe her husband; and her fate supplies us, or rather our wives, with another moral. Jupiter was a god of his word; and as she would insist upon his coming, sure enough he came. The consequence was that she was consumed in his embrace in about half a minute. Among her ashes was discovered a fine infant, whose divinity, which he had derived from Jupiter, had rendered him fire-proof. "Sweep up your mistress," said Jupiter to the attendants, "and put up that incombustible young dog with Ino in the rumble." His command was obeyed; and away they all started for Olympus.

Now the facts upon which the above tale was founded, probably were, that Semele, the mother of Bacchus, fell a martyr to a love of liquor; her system, from excessive drinking, having got into such a state, that she went off one night in spontaneous combustion; that little Bacchus, then an infant at her breast, had the luck to escape unsinged: that in process of time he grew up to keeping a public-house, was regarded as the prince of pot-companions during his life, and came, after his death, to be regarded as their god.

If Bacchus did not actually suck in a fondness for drink with his mother's milk, he acquired it soon after being weaned. He was placed by his father, Jupiter, as a pupil under Silenus, an old fellow with the appearance of Socrates, and the habits of Professor Porson, who used to ride about Arcadia on a jackass, very drunk, attended by Fauns and Satyrs. Thus favourably circumstanced for the acquisition of knowledge, Bacchus soon learned to drink as effectually as he could have done at Cambridge, or elsewhere.



Some say that by this early drinking the growth of Bacchus was stopped, and thus account for his being sometimes depicted as a fat infant, with a bunch of grapes, sitting astride on a barrel. This, however, was more probably a likeness of him taken when he was a little god; because he is also represented as a fine young man, with ivy all round his hat or head, and a thyrsus for a sceptre.

Bacchus had a great aversion to tee-totalers, whom he often punished for their contempt of his divinity; and even now he frequently instigates his votaries to interfere with their "demonstrations." Hence arise sundry rows, productive of torn banners, sanguinary noses, black eyes, and broken heads.

Among the things over which Bacchus presides, should have been mentioned the articles in *Punch*. This statement, to be sure, is a little ambiguous; but (to borrow the beautiful legend of the knightly garter), "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

The Money Market.



"THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS."

COPPER is a mille dearer at Seringapatam than at Chcapsido, and brass being two-eighths cheaper in Kamtschatka than at Charing-cross, gives an exchange of a ninth and three-twelfths in favour of London.

Every Arab is speaking of the glut of money; but as our own correspondent has asked us for a week's salary in advance, we have no faith in the statement.

There was a great demand for copper at all the principal crossings, and so it may be said that the clearing went off as well as any one could anticipate. Bullion was scarce in the early part of the day, but a party came in towards the close of business with change for a five pound note, which gave a fresh impetus to all the transactions.

German silver was at a small discount, and Dutch (dolls) were quoted at much the same as yesterday. Something was done in Abyssinian debentures, and Chelsea scrip was dull at nothing, on account of the old holders having been proceeded against on their personal liability.

THE SEASON.

OUR boy informs us that the notes of the cuckoo were heard in the Lowther Arcade, amongst the toy-shops, last week; and the same day he observed a quantity of violets in the open air on the sunny side of Regent Street.

The silver-paper water-lilies in the fire-place of Mrs. Tweak's spare room at Hackney, are now in high perfection; as well as that lady's worsted tulips and cockle-shell camellias, on the side table, which have bloomed uninterruptedly all the winter.

Mr. Jones, of this city, left off his great-coat on Saturday night last, in the neighbourhood of his uncle's; and the nightingale was heard in the New Cut on the same evening, near the spot where the man usually stands who blows the whistle into a cup of water.

Mr. Twits informs us that the mercury in his barometer fell so low on Friday, as to be quite invisible on the index plate. He ultimately discovered that the servant had broken the bulb of the tube, and it had all run out. The same day the kitten pulled out the little man in the red coat who lives in Mrs. Twits's weather-house so far, that he would not go back again. A heavy storm was the result.

BLASTING OF THE GREAT COPPER IN THE DOVER-ROAD.—GRAND ENGINEERING TRIUMPH.

THIS stupendous undertaking was successfully achieved last week, and the flue, which had been in the foulest state for nearly a month, is now thoroughly clear. So great is the power of art when opposed to anything of this nature.

At an early hour Mrs. Snooks, attended by the children, met the laundress in the front kitchen, and a short consultation having been held, the whole party adjourned to the wash-house. By way of giving signals to the surrounding neighbourhood, lines were fastened in the back yard to nails in the wall, from which they were ingeniously carried, by means of wooden poles, backwards and forwards in every direction, so as to communicate north, east, south, and west with the massive brickwork. It was now exactly a quarter to eight, and the excitement was intense among the children, who pressed forward towards the copper with indescribable eagerness. They were, however, kept back by the hand-broom, under the immediate direction of Mrs. Sutton, the laundress, who as engineer-in-chief, was invested with perfect control over the whole of the proceedings. The gunpowder, consisting of three penn'orth, was now produced, and a portion of it laid under the chimney, through which a passage was intended to be blown by the powerful influence of human skill aided by material violence. Mrs. Sutton, who behaved admirably throughout the whole of the trying occasion, now inspected the paper containing the destructive agent, and with great daring at once emptied the remainder of the three penn'orth into the place where a moiety of the power-generating substance (*vulgo*—the gunpowder) had already been deposited. The word was now given for everybody to retire; and the whole party withdrew from the washhouse, except Mrs. Sutton herself, whose gallant conduct throughout the morning was the theme of admiration among all present. In a few seconds this noble woman had drawn a lucifer across the brickwork, and hastening without any visible trepidation to the mouth of the copper, she threw in the lighted match with a precision of aim that could only have resulted from a cool head and a steady hand, both of which are peculiarly the property of Mrs. Sutton. A second only had elapsed when a smothered explosion was heard, a quantity of smoke issued from the aperture of the copper, and a compact mass of thick soot sailed majestically along, gliding noiselessly until it reached the ground, where it seemed to repose after the disturbance to which it had been subjected. A hearty cheer from Mrs. Sutton announced the *fait accompli*, and the children having rushed in, the mistress of the house, with tears in her eyes, embraced the "engineer in chief," who swallowed with intense rapidity and ill-subdued emotion a glass of gin that had been poured out for her. It will hardly be believed that this astonishing woman went through the day's wash as if nothing had happened.

Our Library Table.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

WE have had a letter bringing down the doings of the Learned Pig to the 26th, when the sagacious animal was at a small village in the North, and was visited by all but the *Cognoscenti*, who studiously and enviously kept away from him. The sagacious animal had been spelling Dover, but his faculties are said to be on the wane, for he now wants much more kicking and pushing up to the letters than he did heretofore. The learned animal is still famous for his quickness in pointing out the north, for it is only necessary to pull his tail vigorously to the south, and he becomes as sharp as the needle in running towards the Polar regions.

SHAKSPEARE!

MR. PUNCH,—I am a great admirer of Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT's *Pictorial Shakspeare*. I acknowledge the taste, the learning, the industry, the rein made manifest. In order to make the work voluminously complete, I perceive that he intends to print a set of disputed dramas, to be called *The Doubtful Plays of Shakspeare*. Now, sir, that there may be nothing wanting to such a national work, will you allow me through your columns to offer to Mr. KNIGHT a score of MSS. in my possession, to be printed under the following title—*Plays upon which there can be no doubt whatever!*

I remain,
Your obedient Servant and Admirer,

Red-fire Cottage.

EDWARD FITZBALL.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of *PUNCH*, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER V.—PATTY BUTLER FINISHES HER WORK.—A WORD ON LONDON GARRETS.—A RUFFIAN.—PATTY IN THE WATCH-HOUSE.

PATTY's loss of her mother was quickly known; and as quickly was the chamber of death filled with poor neighbours—the needy, suffering, squalid, ay, and even vicious denizens of that miserable, fetid alley. Touched by sympathy, in the very fulness of heart, utter destitution proffered service and assistance to the motherless girl—when its only aid was a comforting look; its only means, the starting tear: nature, forgetful of its worldly destitution, spoke only from the abundance of its pity. Old, care-lined faces—with the ugliness of habitual want sharpening and deforming them—looked kind and gentle, for the time refined and humanised by the awakened spirit of human love. These pressed about the sufferer, and with trite words of comfort—with old and common phrases of compassion—(the best rhetoric the talkers had to offer), tried to soothe the stricken girl “God help her!” cried an old crone, with melting looks, though with the features of a sybil. “God will help her!” cried a young creature, sobbing, whilst the tears ran down her cheeks, washing from them the branding rouge that set apart the speaker. So earnest was the voice that Patty raised her head from her hands, and her eyes meeting the eyes of her girl neighbour—of the poor, reckless thing, often so heedless and laughing in her very despair; of her, who a hundred times when passing in the lane, by venom words and brassy looks, had taunted and out-stared the simple, gentle feather-dresser—Patty felt a communion of heart in the deep sincerity of that assurance of God's help, and through her tears smiled dimly, yet thankfully, affectionately on her comforter. The blighted girl, thus recognised, was about to seize Patty to her arms with the folding of a sister: she then shrunk back as at a ghost, and, as though poison had suddenly shot through all her veins, trembled from head to foot, whilst the paleness of death rose beneath the paint, in ghastly contrast of mortality and shame. With a half-suppressed moan, the girl darted down stairs, and rushed to her only place of refuge—the horrid street.

Happily, the kindness of Mr. Lintly, the apothecary, rendered the assistance of the neighbours—could they have offered any beyond the kindness of mere words—needless. Lintly was doomed to, perhaps, the most penal condition of poverty; that is, to an outside show of comfort, with that gnawing, snapping fox, penury, eating to the bowels within; was one of the thousand grown-up Spartans who, with aching hearts and over-jaded faculties, turn a sliding outside look on London streets. Nevertheless, Lintly determined that Patty's mother should not go to the earth in workhouse deals; for though his philosophy smiled at the vanities of the undertaker, it had still, in its very elevation, the better part of philosophy, a benign and charitable consideration for the weakness, the prejudice, yea, for the folly of others. Thus, all things necessary for that last scene of life—in which the man, though dead, still plays a part—were duly ordered at the charge of Mr. Lintly, and—how few the hours!—Patty sat and worked beside her confined mother.

“Now, child—do come down stairs—do, now; you'll be comfortable there,” urged an old woman, a lodger, to Patty, seeking to win her from the place of death.

“Thank you, I am better here—happier—indeed I am,” said Patty, with sweetest meekness.

“Well, but it's getting late and dark,” said the woman, “and ain't you afraid?”

“Afraid! Of what should I be afraid?” asked the girl.

“Well, to be sure, for a young thing you've a bold heart; but when I was a girl, I could have no more staid alone with anybody dead—”

“Not if you loved them?” interrupted Patty.

“Why, love's something, to be sure; but still death, my dear, you know—”

“Takes fear from love, and as I feel it, makes love stronger. I loved her when she was here, and must I not love her—still more love her—now she is an angel! I tell you, it comforts me to be alone—it does indeed,” said Patty.

“Well, to be sure! if ever! who could have thought!” and the old woman would have proceeded in her exclamations.

“But if you'll be kind enough to stay here till I come back from Mr. Flamingo—”

“To be sure; Mrs. Shroudly and me will stay,” said the woman.

“You will so serve me! In half-an-hour I shall have finished my work; I shall soon be back.”

“And you'll sleep here alone in this room to-night?” asked the querist.

For a moment Patty could not speak: then, with a torrent of tears, and a voice of anguish, she answered—“It is the last, it is the last.”

The well-meaning neighbour left the room, and by the last light of a golden August evening, Patty completed her task. Her work was done; and the room darkened, darkened about her. She sat fearless, self-sustained in the gloom; her thoughts made solemn and strengthened by the atmosphere of death which fell upon her spirit. She felt as in a holy presence. That poor, weak, ignorant creature—in the exaltation of her soul, communed with her mother in the skies; talked, wept, prayed to her, and was comforted. And for that which lay apart—for that mute, dull semblance of the thing that was—it was for a time forgotten in the rapturous grief that sorrowed at its loss. Thus passed the girl an hour of darkness, made bright by spiritual dreams; and then, calmed and sustained, she prepared to venture into the roaring street, to take home her work completed.



Unseen, unknown, are the divinities that—descending from garrets—tread the loud, foul, sordid, crowding highways of London! Spiritual presences, suffering all things, and in the injustice—most hard to turn to right—of our social purpose, living and smiling, daily martyrs to their creed of good. Young children, widowed age, and withered singleness—the ardent student, flushed and fed with little else but hope—the disappointed, yet brave, good old man, a long, long loser in the worldly fight, who has retired apart, to bleed unseen, and uncomplaining die—the poor and stern man, only stern in truth—sour of speech, with heart of honied sweetness—all of these, in all their thousand shades of character and spirit—the “army of martyrs” to fortune, and the social iniquities that, drest and spangled for truths, man passes off on man—all of this bright band have, and do, and will consecrate the garrets of London, and make a holy thing of poverty by the sacrificial spirit with which they glorify her. Many of these are to be known—but more escape the searching eyes of the quickest mortal vision. There is a something—a “look of service” in the aspect of some; a depression that elevates, a dogged air of courage that speaks the fighting man in poverty's battalions—an honourable, undisguised threadbareness that marks the old campaigner! Are not his darts more beautiful than best work of Sidonian needles—is there a patch about him that is not, morally assayed, true cloth of gold? And has not such Poverty its genii, its attending spirits? Oh, yes! A bloodless glory is its body-guard, and its tatter-bearer an angel.

And does not some such presence walk with Patty Butler down the Strand, on to the house of Peter Flamingo, feather-merchant to the Court? Stay: who is it, that now addresses her?

There is a tall creature hanging about her steps—now, shifting to the right side, now the left; now behind and now before. And now he inclines himself, and says something to the ear of Patty, who—with her thoughts in that room of misery and desolation—cannot heed him, but with her tears in her throat, walks quicker and quicker, silent and choking.

“If you haven't a tongue, I'll see if you've lips!”—exclaimed, not the

good angel of Patty Butler,—and the speaker threw his arms about the girl, who shrieked with misery and terror. Ere, however, the sound had died upon his ear, the ruffian had measured his length upon King George the Third's highway.

Luke Knuckle, Mr. Flamingo's porter, had been sent to Patty to hurry her with her work. Arriving at the house but two or three minutes after her departure, he had followed closely on her steps, and was thus in a most advantageous situation for the proper application of his fist, at a most dramatic point of time.

"Watch! watch!" roared the fellow, still upon his back; for with evidently a quick sense of the magnanimity of Britons, he felt that the only means of escaping a second blow was to use nothing but his lungs.

"What's the matter?" asked a watchman, who miraculously happened to be near the spot.

"I'm robbed," was the answer.

"Robbed!" and the watchman sprang his rattle.

"Robbed!" was the lie repeated; "and I desire you take to the watch-house that pickpocket"—and the speaker pointed to Knuckle—"and that —" but the word was lost in the noise of a newly-sprung rattle.

The watchmen gathered together, and Patty Butler with her honest champion was taken to the watch-house of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

EQUESTRIAN GLACIARUM.

Horslydown, Feb. 3, 1843.

SIR,—This is perhaps the first instance of one of my species appearing as the correspondent of a Journalist; but, Sir, I know not why the sentiments of a "noble" race should be concealed. We have been many years before the public; the comforts and luxuries of society depend much upon our exertions. I beg, with your permission, to thank the City authorities for their kindness in laying down for me and my brethren a *Glaciarum*, or *Wood pavement*, in the Poultry, where we may be seen practising daily from morning to night the elegant art of skating.

I am sure the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals never contemplated such a provision for our pleasure and amusement, nor did we ever expect to have such an opportunity of displaying the superiority of four legs over two in the graceful accomplishment alluded to.

Your most obedient servant,



AN OLD STAGER.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SHAKSPERE.

BY OTWAX.

PERHAPS the most important question connected with this great man's career is how he used to spell his name, and we have therefore made it the study of a long literary life to look into this nice autographical point; a task in which we have been kept in countenance by the labours of some of the most famous commentators.

Somebody in the last century found a piece of paper somewhere, with something written upon it, that had some resemblance to Shakespere's signature, and upon this very powerful evidence the *a* in *speare* was knocked out, and an additional *e* after the syllable *Shak* was knocked in; but the literary and antiquarian world never felt completely satisfied, and black letter authorities have ever since continued to be rummaged, for the purpose of finding out whether the bard of Avon wrote his name with AA's or with EE's, or with both or neither.

From the rascally scrawl which is handed down as the veritable signature of the Swan—as some people affectedly call the author of *Othello*, it is to be regretted that there were no Carstairs' in those days to give the Swan a little instruction in handling the goose-quill. The play scene in *Hamlet*, might have been framed and glazed by Mr. Carstairs' supposing the Swan to have taken the trouble of going over his work twice, as a specimen of Shakespere's writing "before and after" the well known guinea's worth.

We now leave Shakespere for the present. We have left his name and the mode of spelling it exactly where we found it, which is more than most critics can say, for they generally contrive to throw additional darkness over what was already sufficiently mysterious.

Punch's "Court Circular."



MAIDS OF HONOUR.

ON Wednesday last the play-going public were doomed to be disappointed. The state visits of Her Majesty to the two theatres have of late been so regular—her gracious determination to patronize the pure English drama has been so strongly, so significantly manifested, that a weekly visit on the part of the Queen to either Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden is now an occurrence looked for by the town—a holiday set apart for a rejoicing people. To read that Her Majesty and Prince Albert paid a state-visit to Drury-Lane last night, is no more than to learn that "Her Majesty and Prince Albert walked in the vicinity of the Castle this morning. Her Majesty and her illustrious Consort again promenaded in the afternoon." It may be said to be a standing paragraph in the Court Circular.

Last Wednesday, however (Her Majesty and Consort were to have attended Drury-Lane), there was no royal visit. From this circumstance, however, let not the public imagine that Her Majesty does not feel the same intense interest for the pure drama and its lofty inspirations that she always did; but the fact is, state matters of the gravest moment (they could be nothing less), denied her the gratification which she has hitherto so constantly enjoyed. There was to have been a new one-act comedy produced on the occasion, called *Angels' Visits*; its representation was, however, under the circumstances, deferred until honoured by the next royal "command."

The late visit of the King of Prussia to England has been productive of the greatest social advantages to his own country. By a letter ("from our own correspondent") from Berlin, we learn that his Majesty, instructed by what he saw at the Court of England, has followed the goodly example set him by her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria; hence, the royal table of Prussia is as frequently graced by men "illustrious by deeds" as by those only "illustrious by courtesy." Following the English custom, his Majesty invites to his banquets authors, astronomers, sculptors, painters, geologists, and others—"princes of the realm of thought"—who take their places with the highest titles of the land. For this, the men of genius of Prussia have to thank the lesson taught their King by his experience at Buckingham Palace and Windsor.

The movements of the Court for the past week have been of their ordinary character. Prince Albert has shot, walked, and driven—driven, walked, and shot. Several sittings have also been awarded to royal portrait-painters.

On Thursday, covers were laid for forty. Among the ladies present were the Duchess of Norfolk and Mrs. Somerville—the Dowager Lady Lytton and Miss Joanna Baillie—the Duke of Buccleuch and Mr. Sheridan Knowles—the Duke of Beaufort and Professor Airey—the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Faraday had also the honour of a "command" to the royal table. Besides these the list included the Earl of Haddington and Mr. Edwin Landseer—the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Barry, architect of the houses of parliament. Many other visitors distinguished by their rank in the peerage and their station in the literature, arts and science of the country, were entertained at the hospitable board of Windsor.

FINE ARTS.

(VERY IMPORTANT.)

WINDSOR, Friday.—Yesterday, Mr. F. G. MOON, the distinguished print-seller of Threadneedle-street, City, again arrived to submit to the inspection of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, another royal gift received by him at his shop within the past week. The present was, on this occasion, a very handsome green parrot, in a wooden cage, sent to Mr. Moon by King Tantararara (reigning monarch of Otaheite) in acknowledgment of Mr. Moon's own magnificent print, *The Death of Cock Robin*, painted by JENKINS POUNDBRUSH, Esq., R.A. The bird was a very handsome specimen of an undiscovered species; and it will be gratifying to those interested in the civilization of the Sandwich Islands, to learn that such is the appreciation of English lyrics by the natives, such the refined spirit of compliment animating the breast of King Tantararara—that the parrot, ere it departed from its island-home, had been perfectly instructed in BARNETT's beautiful air of, *Rise Gentle Moon!*—which air it immediately struck up on being deposited upon Mr. M.'s counter. On the present occasion Her Majesty and Prince Albert condescended to hear the parrot sing *Rise Gentle Moon!* (this time with variations,) and to graciously express their satisfaction at the same. The bird's cage, made by Otaheitan artists, was also much admired. Mr. Moon and the Green Parrot left for town by an early train.

THE SIDE-SCENES OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER VI.—A DINNER PARTY AT THE LACQUERS'.

HAVING introduced our readers to the Spangle Lacquers, and some of their connections, we will now reunite them at a dinner party given by this superior family. Or rather we will attempt to do so; for it is difficult to write through music, and an attendant demon of annoyance is beneath our window playing "*O nume benefico*" very slowly, on a piano organ, and chirping an accompaniment to it on a bird-whistle, more or less in a different key. So—he is gone to worry the neighbours at last, and we may now proceed.

Those accustomed to mix in society upon whose opinion we can rely, have decided that dinner parties originated in remote ages from a desire on the part of the giver to collect around him those friends in whose society he felt the greatest pleasure. But time effects singular changes, and the Spangle Lacquers, at the present day, in company with many others, appear only anxious to invite those with whom they are constantly sparring for position in the vast arena of fiddle-faddle gentility; entirely forgetting also, that the social observances of the real aristocracy, however proper when confined to the class amongst whom they arose, become pitifully ludicrous in the imitations of second or third rate establishments.

A grand dinner party at the Lacquer's is a dreary festival of ostentation; and yet the guests must think it pleasant and entertaining, or they would not come. We must confess that our own ideas of sociability are somewhat different; but it does not follow that they are right, nor would we have them considered the standard of general opinion in consequence.

As we are in the habit of seeing only one phase of life, and that an inferior one, we dined at the Lacquers' a short time ago, having first studied the *Hints upon Etiquette* for some days previously, that we might not commit ourselves by any unpolished action. Half-past six for seven was the appointed feeding-time; and at the latter hour we presented ourselves at the house, and were ushered, with due solemnity, into the drawing-room. Nobody had yet assembled beyond the family, who were all sitting, *en grande tenue*, upon the embroidered sofas and ottomans, divested for that day of their chintz skins. The majority of the guests, however, arrived within twenty minutes of the time: and then we heard from each what singular weather it was for the time of year, and how rapidly town was filling. Mrs. Lacquer kept casting such anxious glances at the spidery hands of a large ormolu timepiece, that we saw the whole of the party had not come to their time; and, at about a quarter to eight, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmoses were ushered into the room, and Mrs. Spangle Lacquer told them how very happy she was to see them—which I believe, at the moment, was the case. We were much amused to hear young Lacquer tell his sister "that the Fitzmoses were not in a position to keep people waiting so long, although they always did it." By this we learnt a custom of which we were before ignorant—that the higher the station people acquire in life, the later they may come to a dinner-party. We have no doubt, allowing an hour to every degree, that after twenty-four ascending ranks, supposing it brings us to a duke, his invitation is always meant to imply the same hour on the day after that for which it is given. Mr. Fitzmoses also brought his hat up into the drawing-room; and as soon as we saw this was the custom of the leading guest, although we did not exactly see its import, we regretted we had not brought up our own thirteen-and-six-penny *chapeau de soie*, to produce a like effect.

After much manœuvring on the part of Mrs. Lacquer to get the most eligible persons together, with proper regard to their precedence, we went down stairs in very grave procession, and finally settled into our respective places. The brilliancy of the table so dazzled us, that we have not a distinct recollection of the first ten minutes, expect convulsively swallowing some white soup, which one of the servants appeared to insist upon our tasting. But when the fish was served, we began to see the triumph of form over comfort. The plates were costly, and the devices heraldic, but we could get no lobster sauce; the forks were heavy and richly chased, but the cayenne was detained at the bottom of the room by the apparent combination of the footmen. So we ate our two inches of turbot *au naturel*, and made up with bread, pretending that we liked it best in that fashion; indeed, as a dead silence reigned over the table during the entire course, we picked our little French roll entirely to pieces, for the express purpose to appear to be doing something and not feeling uncomfortable. But with all our endeavours to appear civilised, we sadly committed ourselves in asking for some beer—a liquid prepared from a preparation of barley, formerly drunk at dinner, during the savage

state of English society. We had seen nothing about its impropriety in the *Hints upon Etiquette*, and had, therefore, ventured to ask for it—the more so, because when we once took luncheon with the Lacquers, we saw them all drink a very fair quantity of the outlawed beverage. But when we witnessed the haggard look of the butler upon asking him for it—when we saw Mrs. Lacquer nearly fainting, and the young ladies glancing at us as if we had been the Chinese Ambassador, we perceived that we had sunk beyond redemption in their esteem; and for the time, determined never to go into high society again, but enjoy our diurnal pint of stout, or half-and-half, as the case might be, at home. For there are still certain spots in London where the discarded liquid may be obtained; but these are in very low neighbourhoods, which the Lacquers never heard of.

The pageant went on in the ordinary routine of dinner-party solemnity; in which cutlets of grave expression, and patties of aristocratic demeanour, made their appearance, and vanished—these being in company, with the generality of side-dishes, things that nobody ever thinks of taking, and which might be just as well made, for show alone, out of *papier mâché*. Then, we should have liked a little wine; but no one asked us to take any, and we knew no one near us to ask; besides which we had a blue glass, and an amethyst-coloured glass, and a broad shallow glass, and a tall glass, and a tumbler; all which varieties exceedingly perplexed us: and we heard afterwards that taking wine with people "had gone out of fashion," but that the servant came round and filled for you. "Out of fashion," pah! away with such twaddle. Taking wine with another person was not a very imposing ceremony, we admit; but it evinced the desire to pay attention to the party challenged, and the wish to exhibit a friendly feeling. It was simply hospitable, and so it is "out of fashion!"

When the pasty made its appearance upon table, there was a little tart, of which Mrs. Lacquer did not know the contents—of course not, how should she! But we smiled involuntarily, as we called to mind an anecdote, which we will recount for the edification of our readers, as well as a warning.

A certain lady—one of the Lacquer class, who will not always bear dropping down upon to dinner unexpectedly—was one day much alarmed by the sudden arrival of some hungry visitors from the country. Knowing that the *carte du jour* of her kitchen was not very extensive, she despatched her servant to the nearest confectioner's for some large tarts (which, by the way, the Lacquers call *tourtes*). The articles in question appeared at dinner, and made a very passable dish; and all would have gone off very well but for a sudden attempt on the part of the mistress at conventional show-off. Wishing to exhibit her ignorance of their contents, she pointed to them, and turning round to the footman with an air of great dignity, exclaimed "John—what are these tarts?" Whereat John, in the innocence of his heart, looking at the tarts in a commercial, rather than a culinary point of view, briskly replied, "Fourpence a piece, ma'am!"



LAURIE'S CUTS ON WOOD.

It is understood that Sir Peter Laurie's objection to wood pavements arises from his aversion to being seen *walking on his head*, in the public thoroughfares.

After the opposition offered by Sir Peter Laurie to the election of a certain alderman to the dignity of Lord Mayor, it is rather strange that the cynic Solon should have such an antipathy to seeing Wood put down and trampled on.

THE "POPE'S MEDAL."

WE make this confession to a temperate public—we have recently enjoyed a laugh at his Holiness the Pope. However, let us not be misunderstood. With all proper Lutheranism in our veins, we have nevertheless too much respect for an old gentleman in the abstract, to laugh violently, rudely in his face, because it may be surmounted by a tiara. No; our merriment was seemly, decent, just arising to a philosophic snigger. We laughed—(we say it with a very proper feeling of modesty)—we laughed as Socrates would have laughed; gently, benignly—yea, contemplatively. "Ask, ye Boeotian shades, the reason why!" We will discover it.

A day or two since there was a lymphatic meeting at Exeter Hall. A new body of water-drinkers—may we say "body?"—flowed down the Strand, and being upon what is called "high service," mounted the first story of the edifice, dedicated to, and made notorious by all the congregating virtues. Here the hose of eloquence was speedily laid on, and speeches were rapidly and copiously played upon burning alcohol by the many moral engines, brought with a rattling noise together.

It was a meeting of Kelpies and Naiads—a sort of Water Parliament, returned by the various constituencies that, under a thousand denominations, haunt the rivers, streams, rills and fountains of Victoria's United Kingdom. Nay, the more domestic household water-butt had its fitting representative; even the drops of fluid which, by Polytechnic art, discover animalculæ combating with all the fierceness and vastitude of mortal rhinoceros and elephant—even they found their "sweet voices" in the words of one Mr. Macdonald, who—like a real temperance-man—having found truth in a well, benevolently dashed a bucketful of the fertilizing fluid in the faces of his congregation.

Mr. Macdonald expressed his belief that the debates of Members of Parliament would have more of reason and less of rhetoric "if wine were banished from the neighbourhood of the House!" We now see (taught by the wisdom of Mr. Macdonald) the origin of the Poor Law. Like the fiend, Asmodeus, it came out of a bottle. Nay, it is a wild-boar, that having gorged itself in a vineyard, in its very drunkenness, now desolates the homesteads of poverty. How can it be otherwise! Here are men warm, simmering from Bellamy's—men, with burgundy burning scarlet in their faces—the very "night-lamps" of legislation—here are they called upon to sympathize with the water-drinking poor! Here is Chateau-Morgaux petitioned to feel for Way-side Stream—Lafitte entreated to give ear to Parish Pump—Lachrymæ Christi supplicated to by Stagnant Ditch! And Wine, in its mounting, gorgeous arrogance, turns from the petitioners, and cries "Aye" to the Poor Law.

Mr. Macdonald—without thinking of the depth he had fallen into—so far bubbled up a truth. He is doubtless, however, not aware that we owe as much of our national debt, as of our glory, to the vintner; for Macnish, in his *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, says—"Mr. Pitt would retire in the midst of a warm debate, and enliven his faculties with a couple of bottles of port. Pitt's constitution enabled him to do this with impunity. He was afflicted with what he called a *coldness of stomach*." That this disease has spread in the House of Commons is but too evident in the existence of the present Poor Laws. In our opinion, however, Pitt's malady was lessened and his policy strengthened by the port; and we leave it to be discussed by Mr. Macdonald, and other pump-handle philosophers, whether, had the Minister drunk water instead of grape-juice, a brother of Bonaparte would not at this moment have lodged in Buckingham Palace, and wooden shoes been worn in Saint James's!

But all this time we have forgotten his Holiness the Pope!

The meeting, or confluence of audible streams, in Exeter Hall, was noisy in its very exultation. Some very charming Naiads, disguised for the occasion in Quakeress costume, had their pretty faces dimpled with smiles when they were assured that they had caught the Pope—that they had his Holiness fast among them:

"The Water Nymphs that in the water played,
Held up their pearly wrists, and took him in!"

From that moment, the Pope was a tee-totaller. In *Harlequin Mother Goose*, Harlequin jumps into the water to find the golden egg—his Holiness takes a dive, and rises dripping with a—Temperance Medal!

Yes, a Mr. Spencer assured the aqueous assembly that "it was quite true that the Pope wore a *tee-total medal*, which had been sent to him by Father Mathew, and that his Holiness *approved of the principle*, THOUGH HE WAS NOT A TEE-TOTALLER HIMSELF."

Is not this "virtue made easy" to the meanest capacity? And yet this virtue is met with songs and hosannahs by the sweet simplicity of Exeter Hall! We have not the slightest doubt that Jonathan Wild "approved of the principle" of honesty in other people, albeit, he did not refrain from picking their pockets himself. Thus, it seems, Silenus might be an honorary member of a temperance society; might wear a tee-total medal "nearest his heart;" might hiccup forth his "approval of the principle," though attendant Satyrs carried the bloated drunkenness to his cavern every night.

How very suggestive is the Pope's temperance medal *thus* worn! How many a Member of Parliament, badged from his constituents, "approves of the principle" of consistency, though Saint Margaret's weathercock shall be no less wavering than he! How many a charity-monger "approves of the principle" of giving to the poor, yet always passes the churchwardens' plate! Thus considered, the Pope's medal is here, among us, plentiful as four-penny pieces. What very respectable people—political and social—bear upon their breasts the glittering lie, "approving" of the legend stamped upon it, but by no means practically illustrating it themselves! What an elegant hypocrisy—what an effulgent falsehood!

And it is by such tricks, such paltry evasions, that Temperance hopes to advance its righteous cause! By such dissimulation—only saved from being mischievous by its absurdity! What a drunken man may be a rigid tee-totaller—what hopeless intemperance may beset the bigotted water-drinker! Is there no such thing as *delirium tremens* of the mind! The liver may be burnt to a cinder by gin—but, preaching in its mute terrors from the bottle of the surgeon, is it less disgusting than the withered, shrivelled spirit of intolerance preached upon and discoursing from the *pia mater* of a thorough Exeter Hall tee-totaller?

There is an Italian proverb that says—every medal has its reverse. The Pope's medal must be an exception to the rule: for worn as an "approval of principle," with a negative of practice, it is complete in its falsehood. Yea, the Pope's medal has a lie on *both* sides.

Q.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

THE SONG OF THE GILLIFLOWER.

I'm a silly Gilliflower,
And I drink the falling dew,
But when there comes a shower
I drink the rain-drops too.
When the air is clear and light,
And all around is stilly,
No flower is half so bright
As the little silly gilly.

They tell me I am cheap,
I know that I am small;
Of such as me they buy a heap
For almost naught at all.
Let other flowers grow
In countries wild and hilly,
But the land that's flat and low
Suits best the silly gilly.

CLERICAL CON.—Who is the pew-opener at the principal metropolitan churches?—ONE BOB.

Fashionable Intelligence.

MRS. SNOOKS gave a sprat *soirée* on Tuesday last; the invitations included Mr. Buggins, Mrs. John Buggins, and family.

Baron Nathan has issued cards for his weekly assemblies at Kennington. The prices are fixed at a shilling, and include a ham sandwich.

Mr. Brown threw open his rooms on Wednesday last to an official party from the sheriff. The furniture had been previously removed, with the exception of a small portion, which seemed to strike the visitors so forcibly, that they proceeded to take notes of it.

The coming of age of Mr. Jones, junior, will be celebrated in the course of the ensuing week. The whole of his father's tenantry, consisting of the first floor and attic lodgers, will be regaled with beef and beer on the auspicious occasion.



THE FIRST TOOTH.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

At an early hour on the 1st of February, the Lord Chancellor took the Great Seal out of the inkstand—(of pantomimic dimensions)—in which it is usually kept, and the Mace, which had been given out over-night to the butler to be rubbed up with whitening and leather, was put at his Lordship's door—with his boots—(into one of which it was carefully thrust)—and the shaving water. The Archbishop of Canterbury's lawn sleeves had been clearstarched, ironed out, and neatly got up by one of the prelate's female domestics; and the State mitre having been taken out of the silver paper which usually envelopes it, was dusted with a tender hand under the immediate inspection of one of the family. Black Rod personally got up at six, in order to fill in with ink the places where the black had become rather rubbed by wear from the wand of office, and that active functionary was employed for a quarter of an hour in polishing with the inside of an old kid-glove the bit of metal at the top of the rod alluded to.

These state preparations having been made on all hands, the dignitaries forming the Commission for opening Parliament drove in their own carriages to the House, while Black Rod left his lodgings in the suburbs, with his wand of office under his mackintosh, and having popped into a cab, when he got into the more public thoroughfares, he drove up in becoming style to the door of the Commons. Having bargained about and paid the fare at the stand where the cab was taken, he was enabled to walk smack into the House, without stopping to squabble and settle with the driver—a proceeding which would have materially interfered with that dignity which it is the aim of Black Rod on all occasions to be careful of. The preparations within the Houses of Parliament had been on the most extensive scale. Soap, both yellow and mottled, had been given out with a profusion that might be fairly called reckless, and several yards of house flannel had been for the last week placed in the hands of an efficient corps of cleaners and charwomen. The final dusting and the last round of the Turk's-head broom into the corners of the ceiling had scarcely been accomplished when the carriages of the members began to set down, and the Lords Commissioners having soon afterwards arrived, all was excitement to hear the Speech of Her Majesty. The Chancellor in the ante-room gave a final shake to take out the creases in his robes, the Archbishop of Canterbury pulled out his lawn sleeves, from which the damp had unfortunately taken out the starch; and having inflated his mitre, by blowing into it, to make it stick well up, the whole party entered the House of Lords; and the Chancellor having taken his seat on the wool mattress, the other Commissioners fell into the rear, at the foot of the throne. We had forgotten to state that the Duke of Buccleugh, as privy seal, wore only an ordinary *breequet*, which looked less like privy seal than privy watch-key.

During the interval which occurred while Rod was gone to whip up the Commons, the Chancellor wiped his glasses, cleared his throat, and pulled his wig a little to the back of his head; for, somehow or other, it had worked its way rather too far down on his forehead.

The Commons having rushed in pell-mell, with a clattering of feet, amongst which we could distinctly trace the heavy tread of Mr. Hume's highlows, the Lord Chancellor read nearly as follows. We prefer throwing the Speech into verse, being determined to give it the benefit of a little rhyme, to make up in some degree for the usual absence of reason that generally distinguishes similar documents.

"'Here we are,' Lords and Gents, as the clowns always say,
In the Pantomimes which I have seen at the play.
Her Majesty says, that though England ne'er minces
She likes to remain on good terms with all Princes,
And therefore appreciates quite at its proper rate,
Their assurance of wishing with her to co-operate.
She's glad to announce, too, that after much bother,
Of one saying one thing, and one quite another,
Although England's envoy behaved like a very cur,
We've settled in some way our tiff with America:
In addition to this, no plan could be finer
Than the terms we have made with celestial China.
We've gained a possession, they call it Hong Hong,
Which is three acres broad, and a mile or so long.
The standard of Britain, however, is planted there,
For civilization was very much wanted there,
And to you it is utterly needless to say
For civilization the natives must pay;
And therefore, we charge twenty millions of dollars
For the very first lesson we give to our scholars.

The people of England will learn with delight
We've made all our matters with Syria right;
And the fact will of course be a great consolation
To the suffering millions all over the nation.
The governments, Turkish and Persian, have long
Been declaring each other excessively wrong,
But England and Russia have both interfered,
In a way by which every dispute has been cleared;
A piece of intelligence which, you must own,
Will cause satisfaction wherever 'tis known.
Afghanistan, you know, has but recently been
Of valour exclusively British the scene:
But for further description of things of this nature,
See the dramas they do at the Surrey Theatre,
Where the famed T. P. Cooke, as a true British seaman,
Dances hornpipes while fighting a combat with three men.
Now Gents of the Commons—'tis time to implore you
To do the thing handsomely when we before you
Of expenses the usual estimates lay,
'Tis your glorious privilege always to pay.
My lords and good gentlemen 'tis a sad bore
To admit that the revenue's worse than before,
And it certainly needs no particular gumption
To find out the cause in diminished consumption;
But still it's consoling to think that e'en yet,
Of the tax upon Incomes we've plenty to get;
So when on the public we've had a good pull,
Our purse will we hope be sufficiently full.
Her Majesty wishes her thanks to pour forth,
For the splendid reception she got in the North;
The provost she thinks it may safely be said,
Of a city of cakes is the properest head.
Her Majesty also regrets that last year,
Disturbances did in some districts appear;
The law was however at once put in force,
Hungry folks ought to keep very quiet of course.
We are by Her Majesty ordered to say,
We purpose amendment in something—some day;
Begin your debates then, and may you succeed,
In doing for England, what England may need;
Whatever you do for the people, oh let it
Prove good"—and, PUNCH wishes the people may get it!

THE CITY ARTICLE.

In consequence of the late rain, umbrellas rose, and pattens were in demand. Consols were done at 90; and so was our reporter, at the White Horse Cellar, by a Jew who sold pencils. We don't know much about India stocks, but we have been induced to invest a little capital in India handkerchiefs. We lately had an interview with a broker about a week's rent in arrear, and found him a regular "Bear." Tartans look lively, and broad cloth is flat, so is small beer. Feathers are buoyant, and tallow is low, especially at evening parties. We offered to make a purchase of sugar, but, tinbeing scarce, our offer was declined. This changeable weather, and the pressure of leather, affects our corn to some extent. The only time-bargain we have lately made was with a cabman, and he had the best of it.

MR. SPEC'S REMONSTRANCE.

From the Door Steps.

SIR,—Until my Cartoons are exhibited, I am in an exceedingly uncomfortable state. I shall then have about fourteen hundred pounds (the amount of the seven first prizes), and but a poor reward for the pains and care which I have bestowed on my pieces.

Meanwhile, how am I to exist?—how, I say, is an historical painter to live? I despise humour and buffoonery, as unworthy the aim of a great artist. But I am hungry, Sir,—HUNGRY! Since Thursday, the 13th instant, butcher's-meat has not passed these lips, and then 'twas but the flap of a shoulder of mutton, which I ate cold—cold, and without pickles,—icy cold, for 'twas grudging by the niggard boor at whose table I condescended to sit down.

That man was my own cousin—Samuel Spec, the eminent publisher of Ivy Lane; and by him, and by all the world I have been treated with unheard-of contumely. List but to a single instance of his ingratitude!

I need not ask if you know my work, "Illustrations of Aldgate Pump." All the world knows it. It is published, in elephant folio, price seventy guineas, by Samuel Spec before-mentioned; and many thousands of copies were subscribed for by the British and Foreign nobility.

Nobility!—why do I say Nobility?—KINGS, Sir, have set their august signatures to the subscription-list. Bavaria's Sovereign has

placed it in the Pinakothek. The Grecian Otho (though I am bound to say he did not pay up) has hung it in the Parthenon—in the *Parthenon*! It may be seen in the walls of the Vatican, in the worthy company of Buonarrotti and Urbino, and figures in the gilded saloons of the Tuileries, the delight of Delaroche and Delacroix.

From all these Potentates, save the last, little has been received in return for their presentation-copies, but unsubstantial praise. It is true the King of Bavaria wrote a sonnet in acknowledgment of the Illustrations; but I do not understand German, Sir, and am given to understand by those who do, that the composition is but a poor one. His Holiness the Pope gave his blessing, and admitted the publisher to the honour of kissing his great toe. But I had rather have a beef-steak to my lips any day of the week; and "Fine words," as the poet says, "butter no parsneps." Parsneps!—I have not even parsneps to butter.

His Majesty Louis-Philippe, however, formed a noble exception to this rule of kingly indifference. Lord Cowley, our ambassador, presented my cousin Spec to him with a copy of my work. The Royal Frenchman received Samuel Spec with open arms in the midst of his Court, and next day, through our ambassador, offered the author of the "Illustrations" the choice of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour or a snuff-box set with diamonds. I need not say the latter was preferred.

Nor did the monarch's gracious bounty end here. Going to his writing-table, he handed over to the officier d'ordonnance who was to take the snuff-box, a purely artistic memento of his royal good will. "Go, Count," said he, "to Mr. Spec, in my name, offer him the snuff-box—'tis of trifling value; and at the same time beg him to accept, as a testimony of the respect of one artist for another, my own identical piece of INDIA-RUBBER.

When Sam came back, I hastened to his house in Ivy-lane. I found him, Sir, as I have said—I found him eating cold mutton; and so I requested him (for my necessities were pressing) to hand me over the diamond-box, and returning to my humble home greedily opened the packet he had given me.

Sir, he kept the box and gave me the India-rubber! 'Tis no falsehood—I have left it at your office, where all the world may see it. I have left it at your office, and with it this letter. I hear the sound of revelry from within—the clink of wine-cups, the merry song and chorus. I am waiting outside, and a guinea would be the saving of me.

What shall I do? My genius is tragic-classic-historic—little suited to the pages of what I must call a frivolous and ridiculous publication; but my proud spirit must bend. Did not the MAJESTY OF FRANCE give lessons on Richmond-hill!



I send you a couple of designs—they are not humorous, but simple representations of common life—a lovely child—a young and modest girl, and your unhappy servant, are here depicted. They were done

in happier times, and in St. James's-park. The other is the boy—



MASTER ROB ROY MACGREGOR JONES,

I paid for the beer which she is drinking in a tavern (or "clachan," as I called it in compliment to the Highland garb of the little smiling cherub, who burnt his fingers with a cheroot which I was smoking) near Pimlico. 'Twas a balmy summer eve, and I had beer, and money. But the money is gone, and the summer is gone, and the beer is gone—when, when will they return!

Heaven bless you! Send me out something, and succour the unhappy,

ALONZO SPEC,
HISTORICAL PAINTER.

FRAGMENT OF A CITY DRAMA.

SCENE.—*The Poultry. Wooden Pavement. INSPECTOR TEAGUE discovered, with a pencil and note-book. As the curtain rises, a horse in a cab goes upon his knees—and a donkey in a cart falls upon the pavement. Both events are booked (to hurried music) by the INSPECTOR. The cab horse rises, the ass crawls off, and enter (to slow music) SIR PETER LAURIE.*

Sir Peter. Teague!

Teague. Sir Peter!

Sir Peter. Are the city fire-engines in good order, Teague?

Teague. Good order, Sir Peter!

Sir Peter. Heaven knows how soon they'll be wanted.

Teague. You don't mean it, Sir Peter!

Sir Peter. That diabolical wooden pavement. There'll be another great fire of London—it can't be otherwise, Inspector; I can philosophically and physically demonstrate it (*the INSPECTOR looks serious.*) Consider it thus. Since you have wooden pavement above, and gas below—how, how is it possible some day to prevent a conflagration?

[*Here SIR PETER's feelings being too much for him, he beckons a Paddington cab. Enters omnibus, and is moved on; TEAGUE at this moment booking the slip of another donkey.*]

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

MONEY.

MONEY is a part of capital, but only a small part, though Sir E. L. Bulwer's *Money* was said to be capital by some, while others considered it little better than waste paper. If you get change for a sovereign, you may probably have a bad shilling among the lot; and, as it is admitted that what is true of a part must be true of the whole, the whole of the change will be bad—a position, which the political economists have got themselves into, and which we leave them to get out of.

OF FIXED AND CIRCULATING CAPITAL.

On this head we have little to say. There is an example of fixed capital in the capital fixed at the top of the Duke of York's column, which, by the bye, is the only capital that the Duke ever was able to keep for any time about him. Of circulating capital we can give no better idea than *Punch* which everybody allows to be capital, and which circulated amazingly.

OF INDUSTRY.

Industry is human exertion of any kind employed for the creation of value; but when Sir Peter Laurie exerts himself to the utmost nothing valuable results from it.

Some sort of industry is used to make property, while other sorts of industry have the effect of destroying property. Of the latter kind is the industry of lawyers, which is employed in the destruction of property to a very large extent.

Tools and machines are instruments for the production of value; and political tools are of various kinds, being invested with a greater or less degree of sharpness.

Wind is a stationery agent, and in turning a mill it is of great value. Wind is also an agent for the umbrella and hat makers, giving an impetus to trade by the destruction of value—blowing umbrellas to tatters, and carrying hats off the heads sometimes into the river. The value which political economists attribute to wind may perhaps account for the zeal they sometimes display in attempting to raise it.

A CANDID CONFESSION.

OUR clever neighbours, the French, have discovered, in spite of our dissimulation and hypocrisy, that the late insurrection at Barcelona, and consequent atrocities, are all chargeable upon us. By us, we mean us English, not us "PUNCH."

Now we, taking quite a cosmopolite view of things, and soaring above the prejudices of patriotism, are quite free to confess that we believe this discovery of theirs to be by no manner of means a mare's nest, and that England has really and truly, for reasons best known to herself, been guilty of fermenting the disturbance in question;—in concert, we strongly suspect, with the unprincipled Man in the Moon.

But this is not all. What we are about to say, we fear, will materially injure our circulation; but our grand object is Truth; threepences are a minor consideration: besides, we feel it our duty to warn, even at the risk of offending, our countrymen. We have, therefore, no hesitation in declaring that, between ourselves and the French, we doubt not that every calamity which has befallen the world since its creation has been occasioned, either directly or indirectly, by the agency of John Bull—next to that of the devil.

English rapine, violence, and impiety, occasioned the Universal Deluge; at least, they would have done so had England in those days been a nation.

The erection of the Tower of Babel (previously to which French was the universal language) was unquestionably a building speculation, set on foot by English avarice.

The Punic War, which led to the destruction of Carthage, was brought about by the instrumentality of England, jealous of the rising power in Africa; as she still is: witness her paltry envy of the late successes of France in that quarter.

It is well known that the burning of Rome in the reign of Nero was attributed to the early Christians. There is now no doubt that the fire was kindled by the emissaries of Britain, and it is equally certain that afterwards the Goths and Vandals were hounded upon the Eternal City by the machinations of the London Cabinet. Alaric himself was an English adventurer—or at least a Scotchman—which comes to the same thing.

The Danes, who so extensively ravaged and depopulated Europe, mostly became Englishmen.

In the year 1580, an eminent English rogue, Sir Francis Drake, first achieved what had always before been, and has been ever since, the object of his knavish countrymen—he circumvented the world. The same Drake and certain confederates, inclusive of a storm, destroyed the Spanish Armada, which with the most benevolent intentions was coming to visit our shores.

The discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, on which we are wont to pique ourselves, redounds, in fact, but little to our credit; for, in the first place, it was previously known to Servetus, who, there are divers reasons for believing, was a Frenchman; and, in the second, the English physician, in order to test its truth, dissected several French captives alive.

The earthquake which in 1755 destroyed the city of Lisbon, cannot, it is true, be directly connected with English malevolence; but our Government was more than suspected of conniving at it.

The horrors of the French Revolution, which are unjustly ascribed to the mild and gentle populace of Paris, were really perpetrated, for the most part, by a mob of English in disguise, whose crimes had obliged them to leave their own country in order to escape from justice.

Indeed England has always evinced a peculiar hostility to France, a country whose inhabitants are, and always have been, the most quiet inoffensive people on the face of the earth. We must say that we behaved most rudely to our Gallic neighbours at Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt; also at Blenheim, Ramilies, and Dettingen. But our incivility during the late war transcended all our previous enormities. In the first place, the war itself was dictated by that overbearing, tyrannical spirit which has ever pervaded English councils. A noble generous love of glory bade France go forth and conquer, diffusing far and wide over the grateful nations the blessings of her bayonets, bullets, institutions, and supremacy. Of these we, nevertheless, deprived mankind. "*En avant!*" cried her national voice—

"En avant, dansons,
Contre leurs canons;
Dansons à la gloire!"—

and we, with brute force and arms, broke through this pretty

quadrille, upon the frivolous pretence that it was danced in blood on the trampled form of Liberty.

Within the last few weeks we have offered an insult, which must have been dictated by the most studied malice, to the nation of France. We had engaged in a doubtful and hazardous war with the Affghans and Chinese; and the difficulties into which we had plunged ourselves appeared interminable. Everybody, of course, naturally concluded that we were on the high road to ruin; when, lo! on a sudden, we inflict on both of our foes a most signal drubbing, as if on very purpose to disappoint the expectations of France and Frenchmen. This was too bad of us.

The French journalists, stung by our daily repeated provocations, declaim, with natural indignation, against us and our deeds. We, with the intolerable pride of an aristocrat, who, lolling back in his carriage, receives, with supercilious equanimity, the abuse of an exasperated cabman, listen to their bitterest invectives in scornful silence. Do we flatter ourselves that they will stand this much longer? Not they; before long they will do something terrible, depend upon that.

We did hope that the "TIMES," which certainly next to "PUNCH" is the first paper in the world, would have undertaken to make the *amende honorable* to France for our national misbehaviour towards her and society at large. That journal, however, having neglected the performance of this duty, we felt ourselves bound to discharge it; and have accordingly made the foregoing unaffected "confession," in the hope that it may disarm the resentment which the offences of our country have provoked. We hope that our acknowledgment of our demerits and misdeeds will be taken by those to whom it is addressed in good part, and that no imprudent periodical will nullify this apologetical article, and throw all Paris into a frenzy, by an injudicious sneer, or an ill-judged sarcasm, against that high-minded nation which we have therein endeavoured to conciliate.

NOTICES OF MOTIONS.



RIISING TO PROPOSE A MOTION.

COLONEL SIETHORPE has given notice of a motion for a return of all the different kinds of scales that were ever made in England, with the view of seeing whether any thing better than a sliding-scale can be found for the purpose of applying it to corn.

Mr. Hume has moved for a return of the identical slate on which the Chancellor of the Exchequer drew up the first figures from which he worked out the last year's estimates.

Lord Normanby moved for a return of all the unsold copies of his novel of *Matilda*, with a view to a motion on the subject of (waste) paper currency; showing also the evils of a non-circulating medium.

Mr. T. Duncombe has given notice of his intention to move heaven and earth to upset the present ministry.

Mr. P. Borthwick intends moving for a copy of all writs now in the hands of the officers of the sheriffs, and will perhaps make it the subject of a question of privilege.

Mr. P. Borthwick will also move, without notice, from his last place of abode, just before the rising of Parliament.

STREET NEWS.

We have nothing particular to communicate under this head. St. Martin's Court is very dirty; and we guess, from the re-appearance of straw-bonnets in the windows, that spring is approaching. We are authorized to announce, that the "Court," which is stated to be soon going to Brighton, is not Cowper's Court, but Victoria's. Lord William Lennox has contracted with Gunter and the *Morning Post* for a few puffs to support "The Tuft-hunter." Several confiding Tradesmen have had interviews with Lord Huntingtower, who looks very well after his whitewashing. Foreign intelligence is exceedingly scarce, most of the foreigners we know being remarkably stupid.

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"THE METROPOLITAN."

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REVIEWS. ("Eva," "Zanoni," "The last of the Barons," &c. &c.)

BUNS.

AMONG the numerous productions of London may be reckoned a species of vegetable, called Buns; they partake also of a *mineral* nature, as fragments of stone, called "grit," are frequently found in them.

Naturalists having occasionally (very rarely) observed a sort of ossification resembling a currant upon the surface of the bun, were led to undertake a mining speculation, for the discovery of any of these curiosities which might by chance be concealed in the bowels; but after a deal of trouble and great outlay of capital, the specimens were found so rare and so inferior in quality, that they did not reward the trouble of searching for them, and the enterprise was relinquished.

In the centre of these buns is described a circle, and the outer surface is divided into a number of mathematical sections, forming together a mathematical problem, which it would puzzle Euclid to solve.

Buns are commonly divided into three classes, viz. Bath or twopenny, penny, and halfpenny stale, which are principally used by the children of the poorer population of the City, or by oppressed and poorly-paid mechanics, who procure them while on their way to their morning labour.

It has been asserted that they derive some sustenance from them, but this is much doubted by geologists, and it is generally believed that they are only of service in sharpening their teeth for the almost equally dry morsel of bread which constitutes their breakfast, owing to the grinding parsimony of their employers.

To these three classes may be added a kind known by the name of "Chelsea," this species having, it is said, been first discovered in that locality. These are in the form of a "many-folded" serpent, with its tail in its mouth, and are sometimes used as the emblem of eternity, which simile is not inapt, as it takes a prodigious time to *get through* them.

A PROPOSITION FOR INCREASING THE REVENUE.

DEAR PUNCH.—I am that ingenious financier alluded to by Sir Robert Peel in the last session of Parliament, who had proposed to him a plan for increasing the national revenue by a tax upon umbrellas and pianofortes. The income tax, however, was preferred to mine, and in consequence the country has been reduced to a state of utter ruin.

I still wish to serve my native land, and with that view I have been searching into the financial system of ancient days. In the early records of the Exchequer, I find that one Ralph Fitzroger was amerced for "saying a thing which he afterwards contradicted;" Stephen de Mireflet, for "a silly answer;" Henry, the Dean, and many others, for "a silly speech;" Gilbert de Henley, for "telling a lie."

What think you, Mr. Punch, of a revival of these americiaments, which will enable us to attain the double object of replenishing the Exchequer and enforcing morality!—Let us commence with the members of the House of Commons in the present session. How few of the honourable

gentlemen could open their mouths without contributing something to the national resources! If Peel, Stanley, and Graham were to be fined for every contradiction they are now giving to all their former assertions, what a glorious fund would be collected from these three members only! Then do see, Mr. Punch, what a golden harvest might be reaped from the *silly answers and silly speeches* delivered in the House. Again, Mr. Punch, as to the "lie,"—"One who had been a courtier," tells us that a "lie" has seven distinct parts, viz.—1st, The retort courteous; 2nd, The quip modest; 3rd, The reply churlish; 4th, The reproof valiant; 5th, The countercheck quarrelsome; 6th, The lie circumstantial; and 7th, The lie direct. A very slight review of the proceedings in Parliament, and of the conduct of members there, would be sufficient to show what an enormous revenue might be derived from these sources.

I am, Mr. Punch, your humble servant,

ABEL HANDY.

Matrimonial Market and Courting Intelligence.

(NOT FROM THE TIMES.)

BUT little business has been doing since our last, and terms may be considered a trifle easier; for really good and useful descriptions there has been some demand; which demand, though far from great, has exceeded the supply, so that these cannot be quoted at lower prices.

Ready-furnished houses, with or without small annuities, have been freely offered, and in some instances accepted; but cash terms seem generally preferred, as it prevents many mistakes and much disappointment. Papas, bachelor uncles, and maiden aunts, not always cutting up as expected.

In ordinary descriptions there is nothing doing, and prices nominal. All are eagerly looking forward to the results of the Christmas flirtations, when, unless things assume a livelier appearance, thousands of our fellow-creatures will have to sigh away their lives in perpetual celibacy.

In the Foreign Market, although things are dull at present, owing to the Colonial Market being overdone and the Australian in bad repute, yet it is confidently expected that a reaction will shortly take place, in consequence of our late successes in the East. Chinamen (to whom Providence allows two, a privilege of which they seldom avail themselves) will no doubt gladly avail themselves of our superfluity; whilst Afghanistan offers an unlimited market, numbers being no object—provided the ladies are approved of. There has been a proposal for



EXPLORING THE POLAR REGIONS.

Dramatic News.

We sent a reporter to see Van Amburgh & Co. at his own expense, but he cannot recollect what "Aslar and Ozines" is about; somebody said it was about the most incomprehensible affair he ever saw. We have purchased and perused one of the play-bills, which is very interesting. Miss Pittifer enacts "a Roman maiden attendant on the princesses with Songs." Mr. S. Weeny sings two popular melodies in the style of Rubini, accompanying himself on a frying-pan. M. Aymor throws "back somersaults from feet to feet." Mlle. Camille Leroux appears as "The Star or Floating Scarf;" and Mr. L. J. North, "the Star Rider of America," appears in his Flight of Fancy, which "Flight of Fancy" consists of the bodily act of balancing himself on his nose, whilst his horse is at full speed.]

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER VI.—PATTY BUTLER IN THE WATCH-HOUSE—THE CHARGE—HER RELEASE.

"WHAT'S the charge?" asked Mr. Naplightly, night-constable of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

"Picking pockets," replied one of the watchmen, trippingly.

"Ha! I see—yes, an old friend, eh, watchman?" said Naplightly, looking with brazen significance at the little feather-dresser, pale, trembling, and dumbfounded by the suddenness of the event that had placed her in the foul, dim dungeon, where justice, for a time laying aside a half-smoked tobacco-pipe, was to decide upon the accusation.

"You know this young lady, of course?" asked the constable.

"Bless your heart, sir,—know her! Do I know my own rattle? The most troublesome and abusingest girl on my beat," answered the watchman.

"That's plain enough—plain with half an eye. Now, sir, if you please"—and the night-constable looked towards the tall man, the assailant of Patty. "Now, sir, everything according to business. What's your name?"

"Julius Curlwell," answered the ruffian, looking loftily around him, as though very proud of his name, and pulling up his manifold white neckcloth, as if still prouder of the cambric.

"And where do you live, and what are you?" asked the functionary.

"I at present reside," answered Mr. Curlwell, with monosyllabic majesty, "with my friend, my lord Huntingtopper."

The face of the night-constable—before, arched with dignity—relaxed into a courteous smirk, and he felt his voice grow mellow in his throat: the watchmen too drew themselves up, glancing respectfully at Lord Huntingtopper's friend, who, doubtless unconscious of the impression he had made, jerked with languid, lackadaisical air his heavy gold chain and seals between his right thumb and finger.

"And you charge this young girl, Mr. Curlwell, with picking your pocket?—you?"

Here the constable was interrupted, as he called it, by Patty; for she fell in a heap upon the watch-house floor, as though stabbed to the heart. In an instant, Knuckle raised her in his arms, and removing her bonnet, the yellow light of a flaring lamp fell upon her death-pale, innocent face; and a tear rolled down her white cheek on the rough hand of Luke, who, as though molten lead had dropt upon his flesh, started round, and with a look of pain and passion glared now at the constable, and now at Mr. Julius Curlwell. "You stony-hearted vipers," cried Luke at last,—"will you let the poor girl die—will none of you get some water?"

"Yes, it's all right," muttered one watchman, leering and laughing, "when the evidence is strong, they always tries a faint."

Worn out, exhausted by the anguish of the previous days,—oppressed with that feeling of desolation which makes the world far worse than valueless,—terrified, astounded by her situation—Patty had remained in a half-stupor—her mind and senses numbed by the apathy of misery. The words of the constable for a moment called her back to consciousness, and then she sank beneath the torture.

"There—she'll do, with a little water," jested one of the watchmen, as Luke sprinkled Patty's face—"and if she won't I'm sorry for her; seeing as the parish finds no hartshorn. I told you she'd do," repeated the fellow, as Patty unclosed her eyes, and breathing heavily, looked mournfully about her.

"Oh, Luke!" she exclaimed at length, bursting into tears, as the implied accusation of the constable flashed upon her. "Oh, Luke!"

"Silence!" cried the night-officer, knitting his brows; and then turning to the injured man—Lord Huntingtopper's friend—he broke into a grim smile, saying, "Now, sir, if you please! Come to the robbery." Again Patty moaned, and again the night-constable roared "Silence!"

"I—I—I can't precisely make a—a what you call—a criminal charge against that young woman in particular—no, understand me, not in particular—certainly not—nevertheless, I have been robbed—a very handsome family snuff-box—robbed and knocked down—or knocked down and robbed; for understand me, I wish to be exact; a very handsome, gold-mounted, tortoise-shell box—couldn't go without fingers—with family crest—dolphin with tail in his mouth, Latin under it, and everything proper." Such was what Mr. Julius Curlwell evidently considered to be his charge.

The night-constable indulged in a heavy shake of the head, and glancing at Patty, observed, "If things of this sort isn't put down by the strong hand, there's an end of respectability. I think there's evidence enough to lock the girl up till the morning."

"Oh, for the love of mercy!" shrieked Patty; and then, con-

vulsed and heart-stricken, she could speak no more; but held forth her clasped hands to the night-constable.

"Stop—stop!" cried the officer, as Luke was about to speak; "let us do everything in order; first search the girl; the property may be about her." Patty looked entreatingly at the constable, who waved his hand as though his public virtue were proof against looks. She then turned with streaming eyes to Mr. Curlwell, who, with a slight cough, and averting his face from the glance of the accused, somewhat hurriedly drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and with considerable energy, blew his nose.

"But to begin with—Watchman, what's that?" asked the constable, pointing to the case,* where reposed myself and companions: "what's that?"

"My work, sir—it is, indeed; I was going to take it home," said Patty, "when that gentleman"—her voice faltered—"when that gentleman—Oh, God help me!"—she could say no more.

"Ha!" and the night-constable breathed hard, sucked his underlip, and then said, speaking as an oracle—"The thing looks very black agin her. Watchman," and he raised his voice, "what's in that case?"

Immediately the watchman drew me from my companions, and with a look of admiration that ought to have pleased me, cried, "Well! what a bit o' snow!"

"Young woman," said the night-constable—he also smitten with my beauty; "young woman, I do hope these things are honestly come by; I say, I do, as a father, hope it," he repeated, with a manner that proved he had no hope whatever on the subject.

"Honestly come by—to be sure they are—as I'd show you in five minutes if I was only out of this dog-hole," cried Luke.

"By the bye," said the night-constable, at length really awakened to the presence of Knuckle—"What is the charge against this man? What is your charge, sir?"

I cannot exactly say what it was that prompted the answer to Mr. Julius Curlwell, but that person having placed his hand in his coat side-pocket, raised his eyelids with a slight motion of astonishment, and replied in the softest voice—"Charge! none, whatever."

"I thought you were knocked down, sir, and"—

"Unquestionably; but I wish to be particular, and—no, I wouldn't make a mistake for the world—and I—that is, against the man—I have no charge whatever."

"You may go," said the night-constable, adding, with a leer, "and you may thank this noble gentleman for his good-nature."

Luke evidently deemed such politeness unnecessary, for taking no notice of Curlwell, and saying in a hurried whisper to Patty, "Just you wait a minute," he impatiently made his way from the watch-house.

"Upon second thoughts," said Mr. Curlwell, "I do think, Mr. Night-Constable, you had better let the girl go too; she may amend—she may reform—and for my part, I pardon her—I do, indeed; so, you'd better let her go."

Mr. Naplightly, the constable, certainly felt desirous to entertain the humane idea suggested by Mr. Julius Curlwell, but as that philanthropist did not back his arguments by other reasons, very current in the good old days or nights of the good old roundhouse, Mr. Naplightly relapsed into official virtue, and said he should certainly lock the girl up till the morrow morning.

Here Patty entreated the constable to wait the return of Luke; he would be back immediately. Mr. Curlwell also joined in the request, adding that as the night was very hot, and the watchhouse not particularly well-ventilated, he would wait outside until he saw better reason either to forego or press his charge. Here Mr. Curlwell slipped a crown into the hand of a watchman, and the lock of the door was turned, Mr. Curlwell sagaciously observing, as he stepped into the moonlight, that "there was nothing so sweet as fresh air."

And yet there was another sweetness which Mr. Curlwell lost no time ere he enjoyed; for he drew from his side-pocket the tortoise-shell gold-mounted snuff-box—the box, bearing the dolphin with its tail in its mouth, the Latin under it, and everything proper—the box which he had deemed lost in the mob that had gathered round him on his prostration; but which happily he had found whilst in the watchhouse, though being on certain occasions what is called a close man, he did not then make known the discovery.

To return to Patty in the watch-house. She is not thrust into the den in which half-a-dozen wretched creatures have been screaming and shouting, but is permitted a seat among the watchmen, who, leaving his Majesty's subjects to the influence of their own impulses, good or bad, sit at the hearth and drink porter, the while they admire myself and fellows.

* The reader may ask, "How is it, good Master Feather, that whilst in darkness, whilst shut up in a portfolio, you are enabled to speak thus circumstantially to the outward appearances of things about you?" And the Feather answers—"You shall know this and more at the end."

"I say, Barney," cries an old guardian, sticking me in his greasy hatband, and straddling about the floor; "here's a thing to go a courtin' in!"



The shout excited by this magic touch of humour was checked by violent knocking at the watch-house door. It was no sooner opened, than Luke Knuckle, Mr. Flamingo the feather-merchant, and—though not too willingly—Mr. Curlwell entered.

Mr. Flamingo, seeing me, turned pale at the desecration, and tremblingly asked the watchman how he dared to pollute his property!

The night-constable was now satisfied—Patty's story was true, and if she would only ask Mr. Curlwell's pardon for having accosted him in the street, she might go about her business.

"Never!" exclaimed Patty, her face reddening to scarlet.

It so happened that Curlwell—the faithful valet of Lord Hunt-ingtontopper—had no intention to appear again in the watch-house, but had unhappily met his acquaintance, the feather-merchant, on his way thither, accompanied by Knuckle, who had compelled him to return. Being brought back, he felt he was obliged to appear the injured person.

"Bless my soul!" said Flamingo, in a half-whisper to the valet—"and that creature addressed you in the street! How Mrs. Flamingo's deceived in her! This is the last bit of work she does for us." Then turning to the night-constable, he exclaimed,—"If she won't ask the gentleman's pardon, lock her up."

Patty thought of her home—poor, stricken creature, what a home!—of the last night she was to pass beneath a roof with her dead mother; and with this thought in her face, her eyes, her voice,—she approached Curlwell, and in a tone that must have made him soul-sick, said—

"I ask your pardon, sir."

"The charge is dismissed," cries Naplightly, the night-constable.

A COMFORTABLE COUNTRY.

THE American people have, it seems, a lofty notion of the fine social uses of homicide. They evidently think, with sugar bakers, that there is nothing like blood for the refinement. The last batch of transatlantic journals brings new evidence of this. One General, M'Dougald, by means of an anonymous letter, is positively assured that another General, Hepburn, intends to shoot him. General Hepburn calls on General M'Dougald, and putting his hand into his pocket, is about to draw forth a letter, when General M'Dougald shoots him to the heart. The social commentary is to come. A Coroner's inquest return a verdict of—*Justifiable Homicide!*

With these things going on—these shootings and slashings—had not the Americans better change their flag. Suppose for the thirteen stripes, they take thirteen Bowie knives—and for the like number of stars as many bullets. For a variety, too, they might sport a flag in the shape of a—"protested" bill.

THE WIDDECOMB PAPERS.

THE name of Widdecomb is certainly one of the most venerable in Theatrical annals, and since there seems to be a rage for the Memoirs of eminent men connected with the drama, we think we cannot do better than select the individual whose name stands at the head of this article. It is a constitutional fiction that the "King never dies," but this beautiful theory has been realised in the person of Widdecomb. We have often heard allusions made to the memory of the oldest inhabitant; but though that individual may possibly be enabled to carry his recollections a tolerably long way back into the vista of years, we defy him to remember the advertisement announcing the birth of Widdecomb. So remote must be the period, that if we were to find an antediluvian journal containing among its births the announcement, "On Tuesday last Chaos of Sun and Air," we should look on it as an old black-letter method of spelling Son and Heir—the son and heir in question being no other than Widdecomb. If Chaos should ever come again (as Shakspeare, through the mouth of Othello hints that it may,) we are certain that Chaos would recognise an old friend in Widdecomb. The name of Widdecomb is evidently Saxon, and is a corruption of *Why do you come?* which was a question the Saxons very naturally put to the Normans, when the latter arrived with the Conqueror. There is no doubt that William with his army in the rear, sent the enemy before him in his van—and if the van required a driver, it is possible that Widdecomb may have sent in his adherence to the new dynasty. The antiquity which is usually attributed to the Hills, is of recent date, compared to the venerable halo which is thrown over the origin of the hero of these papers. It is known that the common law of England is based on customs "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;" but it is generally understood that the "man" here alluded to is Widdecomb, and that any custom is good in law, "whereof the memory of Widdecomb runneth not to the contrary." We are sure that Widdecomb will excuse us for grubbing into the mud of the dark ages to find the stock of his family tree; since it is the fashion with great folks to go so far back in tracing their ancestors, that the scion of a noble house is often found forgetting himself in the great exertion his memory undergoes in recollecting those he is descended from.

The Widdecomb papers, which we have the pleasure of laying before our readers, were picked up at the flood which last year inundated the cellars along Milbank, and formed a natural bay, for twenty-four hours, at the corner of Pratt-street. The precious treasure is supposed to have been cast away off Astley's Amphitheatre; and having been carried by a southern breeze towards the venerable Abbey, it is presumed that they found their way to the banks of the river, when, entering the common sewer at 95 degrees of longitude from the Observatory at Elliott's Brewery, they were swept in an overland direction towards the Penitentiary, where the present editor had the honour of raking them out of a ditch with the crooked end of his fourpenny walking-stick. The literary prize was unfolded leaf by leaf, with all the tenderness displayed in unrolling a mummy; but there are still some very obscure passages in the manuscript. We shall, however, on a future occasion lay before our readers a few of the most intelligible extracts.

Advertisement.

THE WRITERS OF PUNCH beg to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that they have opened an establishment for the manufacture of Songs—Comic, Sentimental, Naval, and Bacchanalian—all of the best quality, and on reasonable terms. Poetry of every description done on the shortest notice, by experienced hands—a large assortment constantly on sale. For testimony as to their abilities in this line, the Writers of Punch are permitted to refer to the Beadle of St. Clement's Danes, whose last Christmas Carol (sung at all public dinners with unbounded applause,) was composed by them expressly for the occasion; as was also that celebrated "Address to the Moon" in the Keepsake, commencing with "Oh thou!"

Love Letters and Declarations of Attachment perused and settled by an experienced Attorney, so as to avoid the danger of an action for Breach of Promise. Valentines penned and safely delivered.

"Tales founded on fact," Sonnets, Reminiscences, and "Oriental Romances," accurately prepared at a low rate of charges.

N.B. Superior and new jokes charged extra.

Riddles invented. Those like "When is a door not a door!" very reasonable, and an allowance made on taking a quantity. Authors supplied with "powerful writing" and "deep pathos." Skeletons of Farces and Melodramas in great variety, and made to measure. Critics taught how to Review a Book, without the trouble of reading it. Moonlight and Storms, Moral Remarks, and Affecting Incidents, furnished to the public, and warranted of the best materials. Epitaphs executed, and the departed endowed with the choicest virtues, at extraordinarily low prices. Mangling and Descriptions done after the manner of Harrison Ainsworth and Geo. Robins. Classical Quotations carefully selected from the Eton Latin Grammar, and a Translation furnished for the benefit of those using them. Gentlemen's own materials made up. No credit allowed or taken.

THE WRONGS OF PUNCH.

HIS EXPULSION FROM FRANCE—LETTER THEREON TO KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

PACKET BOAT INN, DOVER, Feb. 11.

CITIZEN KING,—For once, indignation has been too much for sea-sickness. I have this moment, in a half-tempest, arrived from Boulogne—thrust from the port by the point of the sword. Yes; it is true—*Punch* is no longer to be admitted into France. *Punch*, who—but I have swallowed another *goutte* of brandy, and will subdue my feelings.

And is it thus, Louis,—is it thus you use an old friend! You, whom I have counted upon as almost my idolater; you, whose wariness—whose ingenuity—whose fine sense of self-preservation made you seem to the eyes of all men the first disciple of the school of *Punch*—do you now use your old master as whilom Plato maltreated Socrates?

It is barely two days since, and with what a jocund heart did I leave my wife (I am proud to say with a complimentary mist in her eyes) at the wharf of London bridge! How did that heart sink as the boat boiled past the Reculvers—how very ill, indeed, was I off the North Foreland—how more than puppy-sick ere I reached the port of Boulogne! “Never mind,” thought I, as I quitted the *Magnet*; “here, at least, is Balm of Gilead at two francs a bottle!” and with the thought the violet hue of my nose subsided, my blood quickened, and I stept out airily towards the Custom-house.

“What is your name?” says the clerk, with a suspicious look—a look significantly answered by a corps of *douaniers*—“What is your name?”

You know the graceful bend of my back—the smile that ordinarily puckers up my mouth. With that bend and that smile then, I answered—“*Punch*!”

“*C’est bien*—it is henceforth not permitted that your blood shall circulate in France. *Otez ce coquin*—take the vagabond away!” Thus spoke the man in authority; and in a trice, I was escorted to the *Water Witch*, then starting for Dover, and was in two hours and a half seated in an English inn, where—

[I beg your pardon, but I am interrupted. A man (a Dover waterman) has followed me to my hotel to beg—that is, enforce—“sixpence” for the accommodation of a plank from the wharf to the boat, the steam company, the mayor and magistrates of Dover smiling blandly on the extortion.]

I sank back in my chair, and endeavoured to review my past doings. How—how, thought I, can I have stirred the philosophic bile of my good friend, Louis Philippe? For what can he have thus turned me out of Boulogne—wherefore stop my travels in France!

Whilst in this exceedingly brown study, a Frenchman entered the room. He threw a piercing look at me, lifted his hat with a mixture of scorn and forced politeness, and said—“*Mille pardons—mais—n’est-ce pas—Ponch ?*”

“Then you know me, monsieur!” said I.

“*Oui, monsieur*—I have read your things in Boulogne—in Paris”—and still the Frenchman scowled, then laughed, as I thought, vindictively.

“Sir, I am happy at this meeting. You may, perhaps, resolve a doubt that just now eats up my brain. In the first place, I have—yes—*Punch* has been turned out of France.”

“*C’est bien—c’est fort bien*,” said the Frenchman, with open delight.

“Bless me!” I exclaimed—“Why, what have I done?”

“What have you not done?” roared the Frenchman.

With subdued voice, I begged of him to enumerate my written offences. It seemed to him a labour of love, for he drew his chair close to the table, squared his elbows upon it, and his eyes flashing, and his moustache twisting and working like a young eel, thus began.

“In the first place,—Did you not call LOUIS-PHILIPPE hard names about the Spanish business? When Orca, Leon, and others were tricked to be shot by CHRISTINA, did you not accuse LOUIS-PHILIPPE of having his finger in the bloodshed?”

“I did.”

“Secondly,—Did you not place the Great Napoleon on a monument of froth, spouting from a bottle of imperial pop?”

“It can’t be denied.”

“Thirdly,—Did you not sneer at our colonies? Did you not more than doubt the justice of our cutting Arab throats, and extracting

true glory from bloodshed? Did you not laugh at the Trappists, and fling hard names upon General BUGEAUD?”

“All quite true.”

“Fourthly,—Did you not desecrate—yes, desecrate—the eloquence of Mons. DUMAS, when he turned a funeral oration on poor ORLEANS into a drama for the Porte St-Martin?”

“I confess it.”

“And do you not, almost every week, preach up what you insolently call the mischief of glory, and question the born right of every Frenchman to carry fire and bloodshed into every country he can get into—and more, do you not laugh at and denounce, what is as dear to every Frenchman as the recollection of his mother’s milk, a hatred, an undying hatred, to England and all that’s English?”

“I own to every word of it.”

“And more—do you not . . . ?”

“I beg your pardon, monsieur,” said a stage-coachman, at this point entering the room, “if you are the gentleman as is going to Canterbury, time’s up.”

The Frenchman did not finish his sentence, but rising, and again lifting his hat, he with a grim smile and flashing eyes, stalked away.

And now, my quondam friend LOUIS-PHILIPPE, I have put the above colloquy to paper, that I may herewith ask you, if your subject and fellow-citizen is right as to the causes which (under your orders) have shut me out of France? If they be not, you will drop me a line. If they be, I will take your silence (and smuggle accordingly) for affirmation.

Yours,

“As thou usest me,”

PUNCH.

LAURELS AND LOLLIPOPS.

It is at least consolatory to the humane mind to know that Mars himself has his hours of sweetness: that though War and Homicide, when in active service, are terrible miscreants, they are nevertheless—the mischief they had to do being fully accomplished—mild and amiable, and innocently sportive, as the Siamese twins engaged at battledore-and-shuttlecock. BYRON gives an appalling picture of War, but the Earl of ELLENBOROUGH makes a field of glory sweet and luscious as a twelfth-cake: let us first quote the poet, and then turn to the Governor-general:—

“Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep’ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorseth all it glares upon:
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done!”

Is not the giant War, as hinted above, a terrible Hurlo-Thrumbo? All praise, then, be to the Earl of ELLENBOROUGH, who weans the monster from his naughty deeds, and making him sit down on some green knoll, to there serenely—sucks a sugar-stick! *The Englishman* (Indian journal) affords us proof of this:—

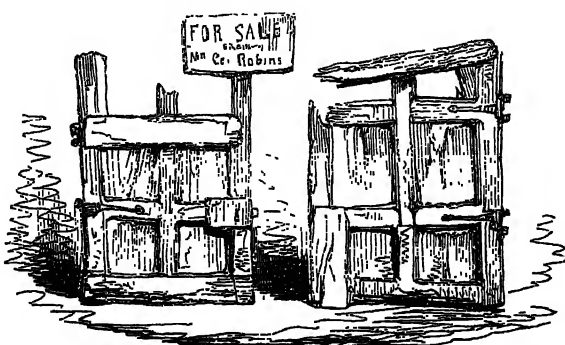
“Letters from Ferozepore afford the gratifying intelligence that Lord Ellenborough has ordered twenty-seven thousand seers of *sweetmeats* to be got ready for the Native troops. The ‘sweetie’ is to be distributed at the rate of a seer a man, upon the return of the victorious army.”

Here War drops the “death-shot” from his “fiery hands,” and delights in caraway-comfits; peppermint-drops sweetly repay the toil and peril of ball-cartridge, and rockets are forgotten in the delicious lusciousness of barley-sugar. Henceforth, the cry of the Native troops will be—“India—our homes—and hard-bake!” We are, moreover, happy to inform our readers, on the authority of our “own correspondent,” that in addition to the sugary “seer,” set apart for each native warrior, every man who has greatly distinguished himself will be rewarded, from the hands of the Governor-general himself, with a roll and treacle.

Lord Ellenborough, by his “doux système,” realises the dream of the *Pays de Cooagne*, where (according to De Beranger) all things are in sugar:—

“Bon Dieu! que j’aime
Ce doux système!
Les canons même
De sucre sont faits;
Belles sculptures,
Riches peintures
En confitures
Ornent les buffets!”

His Lordship makes blood a nice saccharine fluid, and candies the laurels gathered from carnage. We are further informed, that the noble Governor-general purposes to establish a military order (in sugar) for our Native troops, to be called—*Knights Companions of the Lollipop*; the Governor himself (and who so fit!) being the head of the Chapter.



"THE GATES OF SOMNAUTH."

MR. GEORGE ROBINS feels that he has very often been honoured, but has never, until the present occasion, been perfectly and unreservedly sublimated. He, however, would be MORE OR LESS THAN MAN could he feel otherwise on the present occasion, being entrusted by

THE MOST NOBLE THE EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH,

Governor-General of India,

to sell (there being found no other use for it) that startling trophy of the Victories of



"THE BROTHERS AND FRIENDS"

of the aforesaid Earl—

THE GATES OF SOMNAUTH!

They are manufactured of the very finest SANDAL-WOOD; for Mr. ROBINS feels that he should descend from the pinnacle upon which public approbation has placed him, did he for a moment dwell upon the insidious slander, which, like a caterpillar, would

FEED UPON THE LAURELS OF THE INVINCIBLE SEPOYS!

by averring that the said sandal-wood is no more than "worm-eaten deal."

These unique and interesting Gates were placed by the original proprietors at the Temple of Siva. However, one of those accidents for which



Time, the Great Leveller,

is so justly celebrated, about eight hundred years ago removed them from their pristine situation. But, to use the lava words and glow-worm thoughts of the Governor-General—

"THE INSULT OF EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS IS AVENGED!"

The gates have been removed from their hinges, and carried back

ON THE WINGS OF VICTORY

to their first abiding-place. It has, however (*malheureusement*) been discovered that the temple to which the gates formed so elegant an appendage, is a ruin—that the Hindoo fane has been desecrated—and that THE GATES OF SOMNAUTH, with their VIOLATED BRAHMA LOCKS—have no house to shelter them.

Under these peculiar circumstances, the Governor-General has resolved to bring the property to the hammer; the proceeds of the sale to be expended in sweetmeats for the victorious native army of the Golden Ganges.

Here MR. ROBINS feels it necessary to allude to the ancient history and peculiar uses of the gates he shall have the honour to knock down. in order that



KNOCKING DOWN A LOT.

The Nobility, Gentry, and Giant Capitalist,

may know the glory that awaits upon the purchase. These Gates, eight hundred years ago, guarded the portals of

THE TEMPLE OF SIVA;

a fabric in a measure similar to Her Majesty's Theatre, it being dedicated to singing and dancing.

Two Thousand Hindoo Maidens,

as Mr. ROBINS is credibly informed by the Oriental historian, were wont to worship the idol on the light fantastic toe; maidens,

With gazelle eyes, and cheeks "crimson as cleft pomegranates,"

congregated every morn, ere the sun flung abroad his vicegerent rays, to perform their peculiar devotions, evidently so dear to the Christian sympathies of the present Governor-General. Thus

The Historic and Social Associations

of these Gates must endear them to any Nobleman who, like THE

LATE LAMENTED MARQUIS OF HERTFORD,

or the present distinguished

LORD FRANKFORT,

has a taste for the cheerful and the beautiful; and thus they would form a most appropriate pair of

PARK GATES,

with (could such another faithful servant be discovered)



NICHOLAS SUISSE,

for Lodge-keeper—to an old and happy Family Mansion! As, however, in these days of utility, when the spirits of

L. s. d.,

like the Witches on the "Blasted Heath," bind the souls of men to a sordid, mercenary purpose—as it may be possible that the Aristocracy may fail to bid for this most valuable relic of Brahma, Mr. ROBINS confidently appeals

To the Trading Interests of Great Britain,

and more especially to

THE TURNERS AND TOYMAKERS THEREOF,

feeling that

A Handsome Fortune may be realized

by manufacturing the Sandal-wood of Brahma into

PEG-TOPS, BOOTJACKS, WOODEN SPOONS, AND TOOTHPICKS.

Mr. ROBINS feels that to do this would be to commit little less than desecration; nevertheless, as the Governor-General wishes to get the Gates off his hands, at any price, the sale will unreservedly take place on the 1st of April next. Lithographic Prints (price £10 each) of the Gates to be had at Mr. ROBINS's Office, Piazza, Covent Garden.





PUNCH TURNED OUT OF FRANCE!

"I have this moment, in a half-tempest, arrived from Boulogne—thrust from the port by the point of the sword. Yes; it is true—*Punch* is no longer to be admitted into France."—*Vide page 75.*

THE SIDE-SCENES OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER VII.—A DINNER PARTY AT THE LACQUERS'.

As the Lacquers are fond of crowding as many expensive things upon the table as possible, in the display of which they think society consists; and as they look more for the dash of equipage than the brilliancy of intellect in their acquaintances, we readily anticipated what the after-dinner part of the entertainments would resemble. Everything was in the extreme of dreary splendour. The orange chips were from Gunter's—the preserves from Fortnum and Mason's, whilst the dessert service was a blaze of enamelled gold, all which being arranged in solemn state, Mrs. Lacquer thought that the great end of giving a dinner party was obtained. There was that public profusion which, amongst the Lacquer species, always accompanies private economy—that ostentatious extravagance never inseparable from domestic parsimony. We never see this show-off style of living, but we imagine that the servants must fare indifferently. And indeed it has been whispered to us that Mrs. Lacquer weighs out half a pound of butter every week to each of the domestics for their seven days' allowance; that the store-room is a perfect bastille of imprisoned grocery; and that the Misses Lacquer, who, with all their wonderful notions, take the housekeeping by turns, "give out" the small quantities of pepper, nutmeg, and other humble condiments required for the culinary purposes of the family. But this is all very proper, inasmuch as it keeps up that proper line of distinction between superiors and attendants—far more commendable than the habits of some grovelling and mean-spirited people, who allow their servants actually to feed upon the same joints as they themselves are in the habit of dining from—and even without marking off the kitchen allowance.

The ladies did not stay long at table after the dessert had been arranged. Few of them took any wine, and fewer still said a word worth attending to—nearly the whole of their conversation being confined to fiddle-faddle remarks of the most inane description. Several times, indeed, there was a dead silence—one of those miserable pauses which are always prolonged by the wish to think of some common-place observation that might break it, and which never comes to your relief when it is most wanted. But, pause or not, Mrs. Lacquer still sat in all the pride of pomp at the head of the table, thinking that she had done quite enough towards honouring her guests, by putting on her emerald velvet dress and point lace, and covering the table with a costly dessert. At last, after a longer pause than ordinary, she collected all the glances of the ladies' eyes into one focus, which was herself; and then, by some peculiar freemasonry, they all rose at once, and sailed out of the room—an active young gentleman in a white cravat opening the door for them; and the two last young ladies who went out putting their arms round one another's waists in an impulse of girlish affection, most refreshing and delightful to behold—they could neither of them ever expect to see thirty again.

Mr. Lacquer now moved to the head of the table, and directed his guests to draw up nearer to him, which they did, apparently for the purpose of hearing him relate the history of every separate bottle of wine that came to table, each of which, by his account, was a kind not to be met with every day, but especially procured for him by his friend Logwood, at a great price, with the assurance that he was the only man who could have obtained it. Then the young gentleman, who opened the door, addressed a remark to us concerning some *fraocs* in the Jockey Club; but finding we knew nothing about it, passed us over with a glance of contempt, and directly turned his attention to young Lacquer, who, mixing in better society than ourselves, was quite up to all the chicanery of the turf. And next young Lacquer told him, in confidence, of a sweet mare that he tried the other day; and only differed with the owner about a five pound note, or he should have purchased her. And then they finally agreed to drive a break along the Edgeware Road the next day, along with some man who knew Count D'Orsay, and had got one of Cerito's gloves, which she had given to him herself. Two or three other guests were hard at work upon Sir Robert Peel and Lord Ellenborough: and one sharp-faced old gentleman was regarding everybody as they spoke with an air of smiling acquiescence and intent interest, that convinced us he was an humble acquaintance, asked at three quarters past the eleventh hour, to fill up a vacancy and balance the order of the table. And we were the more certain of this, because at dinner, whenever he was asked which particular portion of any dish he had a fancy to, he always replied, "Any part, any part, thank you; I have no preference—whichever you please." Whenever the conversation came to a stand-still, Mr. Lacquer leant

back in his chair, jingled his gold in his breeches pocket, danced his heavy watch-seals in his hand, and asked if any of his friends knew of an eligible investment for fourteen thousand pounds, which he had to spare at present. And if no one responded to this inquiry, and the silence continued, he told somebody to take a clean glass and try the claret, which he could recommend as something rather out of the common way; or asked if Burgundy would be preferable, because he had some in his cellar, and would send for it if required.

And in this manner two or three tedious hours wore away, until we were summoned, for the third time, to coffee; when we gladly walked up stairs, even with the slight promise of entertainment which the drawing-room afforded; contrasting, in our own mind, the dismal sociality we had just witnessed, in spite of the pine-apple and crystallized apricots, with the kind-heartedness and sparkling conversation which are never to be met with higher than a couple of plain decanters with port and sherry, and some simple English walnuts (or a few filberts—we especially cling to filberts), and some crisp, toothsome biscuits. We are an author, and consequently—it is almost superfluous to add—beyond the pale of the income-tax. We do not sneer at wealth, or the institutions of society—very far from it; but should we ever have the fortune to become rich, we fear we shall sadly commit ourselves in only asking those whom we like to join our circle, instead of the tinselled automata—the brilliant wet blankets—who form what the *parvenus* world at present calls "stylish connexions." We mean those coteries, who in their particular "sets," will be found either struggling to outdo each other, or all giving in to the whims of one particular individual; like so many geese, following one pertinacious old gander to a pond, where they do not like the water, but think they must go because he leads.



A little formal amusement took place when we had finished our coffee. The Misses Lacquer played a piece of four-and-twenty pages in length, for the piano and harp, which threw everybody into ecstasies except ourselves, and afterwards sang *Giorno d'Orrore*, from *Semiramide*, to prove their versatility of talent. The rest of the company sat still and admired, or looked at albums and picturesque annuals—those harbours of refuge for the unamused—which they had seen an hundred times before, until their carriages were ordered, when they disappeared as quietly and imperceptibly as a gradual thaw, with about the same degree of coldness, being but a few degrees above freezing.

As this appeared to be the general style of entertainment which they provided for each other, we were not surprised to hear one or two of the guests express their obligations to Mrs. Lacquer for their very pleasant party: but as our own feelings were quite different, we said no such thing, making our escape with much joy, and inwardly resolving to "regret that a previous engagement prevented us from accepting Mrs. Spangle Lacquer's polite invitation," should that lady again honour us with one.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

We are informed that in consequence of the order from the Horse Guards to the regiments who have served in the late war to wear the word "China," in their caps, the Peninsular veterans have applied for permission to place "Hardware," in the front of theirs.

On Wednesday last Lord John Russell presided at the anniversary dinner of the Society for the Recovery of Persons Apparently Drowned. The usual procession of the resuscitated took place after dinner, but we understood that none of his party were amongst the number.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER VI.—CONCERNING CERES.

CERES was peculiarly the goddess of corn; but her empire included beans: in fact it was co-extensive with the dirty acres, and corresponded to the vegetable kingdom. It likewise comprehended all things thereunto pertaining; cultivator and produce, clod and clod-hopper, cart-horse, plough and pitch-fork, with their like.

But though Ceres presided over corn—chaff, as the learned agree, was under the dominion of Momus. And albeit rustics were the subjects of Ceres, Momus was the prince of clowns.

Ceres was the guardian of granaries; and she has at present a large quantity of bonded corn to guard, which the sliding scale will not let in. Now, with regard to the corn-law question, it is difficult to guess at her opinion. As defender of the agricultural interest, that is, the agricultural interest of this country, she would side, of course, with the Duke of Buckingham; as patroness of foreign husbandry, with Mr. Cobden. But probably, as long as she gets her sacrifices, she does not care twopence about the matter; though certainly the cheap loaf would considerably extend her worship;—provided that no diminution took place in wages.

The ancient Romans took the liberty—whether poetical or impudent let the divinity herself decide—to call every kind of food made of corn, Ceres. Macaroni, muffins, and crumpets, would all, in their day, have been termed, indifferently, Ceres. Thus would they have ennobled the “twopenny buster;” thus would they have dignified the “twist.” Perhaps they would have extended the same honour to all farinaceous provisions; and Ceres and soojie would have been convertible terms. But the vital potion was unknown to the mother of the Gracchi. If the Roman matrons gave their children pap, no doubt they called that Ceres. Virgil mentions “Cererem corruptam undis;”—sopped meal or biscuit;—which is much the same thing with pap. *

In the line of Virgil just alluded to, the phrase “Cerealiaque arma,”—and baking instruments—likewise occurs. Ceres, therefore, was the goddess of things used in baking; except, perhaps, alum and bone-dust.

What Ceres was, having been explained, it will now be asked, *who* was she? She bore the same relation, or rather relations, to Jupiter with Juno. And what she was, and who she was, having been stated, probably some one will next inquire what she had a year? That is a rather impertinent question; but no matter. She had an annual harvest in most countries, and a yearly sacrifice or two in Sicily; one of which, as it occurred about harvest time, may have been a species of harvest home. Hereat several swine were immolated,

much bacon devoured, and divers hymns sung to her praise and glory, whereof one, there is reason to conjecture, began with

“Here’s a health to our mistress, the founder of our feast.”

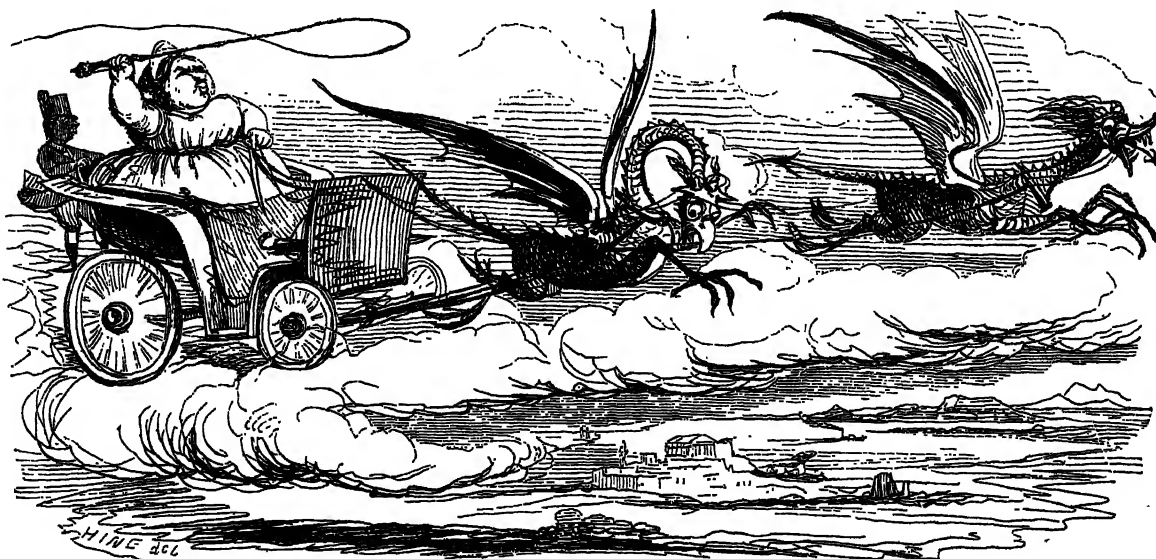
This, most likely, was the original of the ditty which is sung at the present day, or at least which was sung the other day, at similar festivals in Hampshire and elsewhere. There, however, “mistress” is pronounced “misturuss,” and “feast,” “veeast.”

A grand gala and commemoration was also held, at some places every fourth, and at others every fifth year, in honour of our “Farmers’ friend.” This was the celebration of the Eleusian Mysteries, whereat the initiated were first frightened out of their wits by various pantomimic horrors, and while in that state induced to run about with torches (they had no squibs), shout, yell, dance, sing, and beat pots and kettles, with a devotion that was truly edifying. Mythologists do not mention the circumstance, but there is no doubt that their pockets in the meanwhile were turned inside out by the Hierophant and his assistants. These mysteries were held in high veneration; and he who, not being a freemason, ventured to take a sight at them, was instantly put to death. Socrates was accused of having disparagingly spoken of them as *deuotory*; for which irreverent revelation he was very properly poisoned. What business have philosophers to go letting out truth; why cannot they lie still?

At present the only sacrifices made to Ceres consist of cash. They are paid to her priests the bakers, who, like her more ancient ministers, are enormous rogues, and exact a great deal more than their due; moreover, in dispensing her good things, they mix up much rubbish with them of their own. Should heathenism ever become the professed creed of this country, Ceres, no doubt, will have a grand temple in Baker Street. Tithes will continue to be exacted; but they will be taken as far as may be practicable, in kind.

The severe domestic calamity which befel Ceres is known in most circles except the civic. Like the Turk in the celebrated old English ballad of Lord Bateman, she had an only daughter, Proserpine; who anticipated the “beauteous Emma,” by flourishing fair beneath her mother’s eye to a degree insufferably bewitching. Pluto, King of the Netherlands, or Infernal Regions, beheld her one unlucky day as he was lurking on the look-out behind a bush, and she was gathering flowers on the plains of Enna. She was fond of flowers, poor thing! but not of flowers of brimstone; it may be imagined, therefore, with what feelings she would be likely to regard Pluto. His sulphureous majesty, however, instantly fell in love with her, and as instantly made her his own, which feat he accomplished by the summary process of bursting from his hiding-place and seizing her, amid the screams of her attendant nymphs, by the waist. He then smote the ground with his trident, Earth yawned at his command, and down he went with his victim after the manner of Mr. O. Smith.

Ceres, immediately on hearing of this outrage, had two swift dragons harnessed to her chariot, and went post to Jupiter, to make



her complaint to his majesty. Jupiter at first tried to reconcile her to the thing; but finding it useless to take that line, he guaranteed the restoration of her daughter, provided she had taken no refreshment

in the subterranean world. Whether Jupiter meant, by making the condition, to show, figuratively, how improper it is to dine with inferiors, and that the exclusiveness of Olympus was to be inflexibly

maintained; or whether he intended to humbug his petitioner, may be questioned; his design may have been moral, but it was more probably insidious. He must have known that as soon as the poor little soul had done crying, she would eat; what other resource was there open to her? As it might have been expected, so it fell out; she saw a pomegranate in the Elysian Fields; it reminded her of her childhood's home, and also of her not having dined; and she very naturally ate it up. "You've done it!" cried the Furies from the abyss, and the gloomy rocks and caverns around re-echoed in thunder, "You've done it!" She *had* done it; "her flint," as a transatlantic mythologist has expressed it, "was fixed for ever;" and much against her mamma's consent and her own, she was forced to become Pluto's queen.

To commemorate this sad event, and do the people out of their goods, the above-mentioned mysteries were instituted.

Ceres did one very eccentric thing. She changed herself into a mare, and thus transformed, gave birth to the colt Arion, who was subsequently winner of the Nemman sweepstakes (ridden by owner, Adrastus of Argos). She was by no means proud of this prodigy, and so annoyed was she at the birth of it, that she was actually on the point of going into a nunnery; but Jupiter sent the Fates to condole with her on her misfortune. They represented to her that what was to be would be, and that it was no use to cry at what could not be helped. With which philosophical suggestions she allowed herself at last to be comforted.

To atone for a single foolish act, Ceres made several acts that were wise. These were legislative acts, for the benefit of the natives of Sicily. In return, she was serenaded for a long time with Sicilian Vespers.

Ceres was variously portrayed. Sometimes she was figured veiled, in allusion, probably, to having so nearly taken the veil. At others she was represented with a head-dress of corn, flowers, and blades of wheat, according to the Celestial Female Fashions for August. Instead of a parasol, however, she had a poppy in one hand; and a torch in place of a fan in the other. There were other images of her on sale at the statuaries' shops; among which, if there was not one in the shape of an old woman leaning on a staff (in reference to bread, the staff of life), there ought to have been.

To this goddess were offered beef and mutton, as well as pork; but which she preferred has not been satisfactorily ascertained. We may be sure, however, that, whatever meat she had, the priests took care it should be tender.

Theatre Royal, Hong Kong.

INTENDED FOR "THE OBSERVER."

FROM our active contemporary, *The Times*, we take the following from the latest "Indian News":—

"The last division of the fleet, having left the Yang-Tze-Kiang river, had on the 17th of October reached Chusan, where a portion of the troops was to be stationed for a time, other portions were stationed at Amoy and Hong Kong; this latter colony is governed by Lord Saltoun. It was thriving, and a proposal had been made for erecting a theatre there."

We have made every inquiry into the subject, and finding the report to be perfectly true, we are inclined to believe that there can be scarcely any doubt of its correctness. To be sure, if the intelligence should turn out to be a mere flam, it would cause some suspicion of the veracity of an excellent contemporary. Nevertheless, we are enabled to favour our readers with certain intelligence, which, we think, removes the possibility of any doubt upon the matter, and can, therefore, positively state that Mr. JOHN COOPER, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, is engaged by Lord Saltoun as Stage-manager to the Theatre Royal Hong Kong. Mr. COOPER will take with him a complete outfit, and the regret of the profession. An escort from Covent Garden will, it is supposed, accompany him to Gravesend. Handsome terms have been offered to Mr. CHARLES KEAN to play three nights; but that gentleman having stipulated for three hundred, his Lordship does not, under present circumstances, think it advisable that such an experiment should be tried upon our conquered enemies.

A NOTICE OF MOTION.

Col. Sibthorpe has given notice of a motion for a return of all the "school-masters abroad," and the amount of Income Tax paid by them.

A certain tragedian, whose performance of *Hamlet* some thirty years ago was so successful that it was repeated fifteen years afterwards, and may probably be looked for once every ten years till further notice, boasts of his godlike figure, but is candid enough to admit that "his paddings have cost him a little fortune." It may be said of him, that if his nose is not finely *chiselled*, his legs are, at all events, splendidly *calved*.

SONGS OF THE SESSIONS.

THE COUNSEL'S CANZONET.

HERE I am, here I am!—from the first of the morning,
And here I remain till the close of the day;
No brief—but a dummy—my bag is adorning,
And *that* I take precious good care to display.
Around me in eloquence boldly expanding,
More fortunate barristers bawl themselves hoarse;
But I am contented with silently handing
To the proper Official my motion of course.
But is eloquence only in language? Oh, never
So false an assertion as that I'll allow,
A lengthy address I admit may be clever,
But grace can be met with in nought but a bow.
There's something, I'm certain, extremely beguiling
In my manner, when motions of course I hand in;
For the proper Official salutes me with smiling,
And I his politeness return by a grin.
Then talk not of triumph by long-winded speeches,—
Compare them with acts, and their merits are small;
And Shakspeare himself in his Plays somewhere teaches
The most *they* express who say nothing at all.
There's poetry, perhaps, in the orator's notion
When language he uses with passionate force;
But who has not heard of the poetry of motion?
And that's to be found in the motion of course.

The Bar and the Press.

A good deal has been said in the papers lately about the comparative importance of the Bar and the Press; but PUNCH is of opinion that they—the Bar and the Press—are "much of a muchness." That the dignity of the Bar is represented by a horse-hair wig and a stuff gown, is undeniable; but the moral influence of the press—including its advertising invitations to try Coles's Patent Rheumatic Bands, or to Save your Income Tax at Doudney's, is not to be for an instant questioned. The Press, which carries the praises of Cockle's Anti-bilious Pills to the remotest corners of the earth, certainly does more for civilization than the Bar, though a barrister asking for judgment against the casual ejector is certainly a noble piece of nature's handiwork. There is something very dignified in criticising the measures of Government, which it is the duty of the press to do; but there is more real power exercised by the counsel, who, by merely signing his name to a piece of paper, enables the sheriff to compute; and thus the bar wields an enormous engine, acting—through the sheriff—on the mass of the community.

The Bar has the glorious privilege of defending the pickpocket, while the Press can only chronicle his actions; and the barrister's entry into a crowded court is accompanied by a cry from the usher of—"Way for the Bar," while the gentleman of the Press is obliged to elbow his way as he can through the populace. This seems to give the preponderance in the way of importance to the Bar; but altogether we think that the penny-a-liner and the briefless one are about upon a par, and we therefore recommend that the contest between the two should be considered as a drawn battle.

OPINIONS OF SIR ROBERT PEELE.

OUT OF PARLIAMENT AND IN PRIVATE.

LORD STANLEY is a very ambitious fellow, extremely hot-headed, and very desirous of cutting me out as leader in the House of Commons. I must keep him down.—*From Sir R. Peel's thoughts while shaving on the 22nd of May 1842.*

Graham is a humbug: that's my opinion.—*Private conversation with Lady Peel at the breakfast-table, June 24, 1842.*

The Queen don't like me just yet, but I'm a smooth tongued fellow, and I think I can work my way.—*Cogitation in the carriage when going down to Windsor.*

There's nobody like me.—*Sir R. Peel's opinion of himself; passim.*

A Bulletin.

In answer to our last inquiries in Trafalgar Square, we were informed that the following bulletin had just been issued:—"The Nelson Monument is getting on as well as can be expected. It has passed some very quiet days lately—but from the present symptoms we cannot venture to say that the patient will be in a condition to hold up its head before the Spring."

(Signed)

ANDREW WYNCH, *Mason*.
PATRICK O'MORTAHERTY, *Labourer*, his X mark.
JOHN DOTT, *Mason's boy*.

FINE ARTS.

(LATEST FROM WINDSOR.)

Friday.—OUR town has been kept in a state of agreeable excitement the whole of the day, it having been rumoured last night that Mr. F. G. MOON, the distinguished print-seller of Threadneedle-street, would (to further the interests of English art) make another visit to the Castle, for the purpose of exhibiting another present (received by him from a foreign potentate) to her Majesty and Prince Albert.



THE FULL MOON—A REFLECTED LIGHT.

Mr. MOON, like a man of business, arrived by an early train at Slough, and made the best of his way to the Castle, where he had the honour of submitting to the notice of the Queen and the Prince a pint-bottle of real Schiedam, and half-a-dozen herrings, sent to Mr. M. by the King of Holland, in acknowledgment of Mr. Moon's magnificent work of *Mynheer Van Dunk*, painted by — (name unknown). The Prince having for a moment inhaled the Schiedam, pronounced it excellent; whilst her Majesty the Queen thought the herrings worthy of Mr. Moon himself, being "perfect bloaters."

Mr. Moon returned at four o'clock to Threadneedle-street, where he entertained a party of his "dear and honoured friends," the artists—the Schiedam and herrings acting very prominent characters on the occasion.

THE HOP MARKET.

NATHAN'S Kennington Hops are at present the favourites; and the pockets being only slightly affected, the demand is general. Inferior hops are quoted very low, and pockets are freely picked—so that the transactions, though small, are extremely numerous.

THE DRUG MARKET.

THE legitimate drama went off heavily at five shillings the box, and has failed in the hands of one or two companies.

The *Morning Post*—one of the oldest drugs in the market—is now never quoted. Where sleep is difficult of being procured it is still taken in—medicinally—by a few families.

THE MEAT MARKET.

LEGS were freely walked off, and there was a pressure on ribs owing to the rush of beggars; but knuckles came down, while calves' heads were looking-up steadily. At Smithfield, there was a rush of bulls, but the transactions were of such a hazardous nature, as to appear more like a toss-up, than firm business. Any kind of security was resorted to, and the bulls having driven a well-known speculator into a corner, he was glad to get out as he could, though an attempt was made to pin him to his position.

Pigs went on much at the old rates; and briskness could not be obtained, though the coupons were freely offered.

The weather having been favourable to slaughtering, calves have not been brought to the pen,—but there is something doing in beef, for the "last of the Barons" is advertised.

A WOODEN COV.—Why is the wood-pavement in the Poultry opposed to free-trade?—Because it is formed on a sliding-scale.

The Gazette.

DIVIDENDS DECLARED.

THE Marquis of Normanby's novels have just declared a dividend of twopence halfpenny a pound, which is being paid at all the butter-shops.

PROOF OF DEBTS.

UNDER the estate of John Bull, the Whigs have proved for the deficiency in the revenue, which is universally admitted to be owing to them exclusively.

LITERARY BANKRUPT.

PETER FITZSCRAWL, Esq., Melo-dramatic writer, and agent for Zamie's red and blue fire. To surrender at the Victoria Theatre, in the New Cut, on the 1st of April. His last bill, which was drawn in favour of the Adelphi, was returned with the following noting—No EFFECTS.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.

Blow on, blow on—thou wintry wind,
I care not for thy power,
Thou art not nearly so unkind
As the long pelting shower.
For Oh, the rain doth wet my clothes,
And causes me to wring 'em,
As through my *parapluie* it flows,
My shabby tattered gingham.
Beneath the shadow of a lamp,
That gave a flickering light—
I bought it of a cheating scamp
One dull and rainy night—
I may forgive—I can't forget
That vile delusive fellow,
It never does keep out the wet—
My gingham—torn—umbrella.

Theatrical Intelligence.

BY THE OBSERVER'S OWN CORRESPONDENT.

WE have it on very good authority, which has never deceived us, at least willingly—that is to say as far as we know, though people's motives are difficult to judge of—that the difference of opinion between the lessee of a certain theatre, and the representative of a well-known Egyptian in a recently-acted Opera, is on the eve of being amicably settled. We are glad of this for the sake of all parties; not that we have any particular reason to be pleased at a matter which does not concern us, but, as we have often said before, and we repeat it again, we wish well to the whole profession. We know we have our enemies—and who has not?—but we do not see that we ought to be disliked by any one, nor do we think we are, though we seldom find ourselves right in our conjectures.

The production of *Der Freischutz* at Drury Lane has created a good deal of conversation in the theatre, and some people have been going about saying one thing, while some have stood still and said another. The owl in the incantation scene may or may not be the owl that appeared when the opera was first brought out, but if it should be it is nothing to us, while if it should not be it is nothing to any one.

Foreign Intelligence.

THE overland cab from Hounslow has arrived since our last, bringing letters up to the latest dates, and a passenger up to Piccadilly. The turn-pike at Hammersmith was in possession of the British, who were selling to every one who passed in vehicles a letter of safe-conduct. There was a dreadful variance between some of the district clocks, and on a show of hands being taken, the result was fearfully contradictory.

At Brompton there seems a desire on the part of the inhabitants to cultivate friendly relations, for the people are flocking to the pawnbrokers, whom they address by the endearing title of uncle. The treaty between Chelsea and Battersea only waits for the signature of the beadle, who is taking six lessons of Mr. Carstairs. By the terms of the Convention, Chelsea gives up nothing, and Battersea takes all that is thus ceded. It will thus be partly a dead letter, and when drawn up, it will probably be consigned to the dead letter office accordingly.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsman, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER VII.—PATTY RETURNS HOME—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

"WHEN Mr. Flamingo had fairly crossed the threshold of the round-house, he paused, and throwing as much solemnity as lay in his power into his figure, voice and manner, asked of Patty, "What she thought would become of her?"

Poor girl! that thought was then busy at her heart—that thought then bewildered her: she answered not a word—but sobbed bitterly.

"See what it is to have fallen into the hands of a Christian," continued the feather-merchant. "If Mr. Curlwell had only pressed his charge,—that worthy person being too modest to listen to his praises, had walked quickly on—"what, what could have saved you from oakum and Bridewell? If you're not quite lost to shame and virtue, you'll pray for that good man."

"Pray for him!" cried Knuckle. "Well, master, if you don't make the flesh shake upon one's bones—I tell you, as I've told you before, it was the old fellow himself who insulted the child—it was"—

"Silence, sir—silence! That shocking habit you have of speaking against your betters will some day take you to Tyburn. Don't I know the gentleman well? A man with money in the Bank! A man in the confidence of one of my best customers! A man with such a fatherly look!—wears powder, and everything respectable! Is it likely, eh?" asked the feather-merchant, with an invincible air. "As for you"—and Flamingo turned to Patty—"as a Christian, I hope you'll not want bread; but—no!—I owe it to Mrs. Flamingo—I owe it to the virtuous young people about me—you never eat another crumb of mine."

"I did nothing, sir—I said nothing—indeed, sir—I—oh, sir—I—you don't know what I've suffered."—Patty could stammer out no more.

"Suffered! And what have I suffered? Is it nothing to have one's property flaunted about in a round-house? Gracious me! if the world knew what had happened to these feathers, where would be my reputation—and more, where would be my connexion? The feathers now," said Flamingo, "ar'n't worth a groat."

"Well, if they have been tumbled a little," urged Knuckle, "can't Patty put 'em all to rights again?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," cried Patty, earnestly—"indeed I will—I'll not sleep first."

"Humph!" said Flamingo, "and how do I now know that the property will be safe?" Patty spoke not a word; but she looked in the face of Flamingo—in his hard, swollen, prosperous face—and the look made his eye blink, and his lip work; he violently rubbed his chin, and said hurriedly, "Well, well, I hope after all, that you are honest; and so, under the circumstances—I've no doubt I'm setting a bad example—still, under the circumstances," (it was thus delicately Flamingo touched upon the death of Patty's mother,) "I'll bring myself to trust you. Now, go home; say your prayers, be a good girl, and particularly mind that I have the feathers to-morrow.—Luke, I want you—quick."

Saying this, Mr. Flamingo walked towards his westward habitation. Now, the feather-merchant was, when all is said, not really so coarse and selfish as his words and manner seemingly proclaimed him. He did not credit all the story told, or rather cunningly hinted, by Curlwell, of Patty; nevertheless, he would not trust himself to disbelieve Lord Huntingtopper's valet: he was so respectable, so well-placed, and more, he was in the establishment of a nobleman, whose lady had such a laudable love of feathers! Therefore, Flamingo suffered his belief to be nicely balanced between the valet and the girl; both might be right—both might be wrong. Flamingo was, however, one of those politic folks, who think the surest way to make people, that is, people depending upon them, better than they are, is to treat them as if they were infinitely worse. A workman had only to commit some heinous fault, and so entirely forfeit the confidence of his master, to learn for the first time what an estimable person the feather-merchant had once thought him. A man had only to turn thief, to make Flamingo earnestly declare that "he would have trusted that man with untold gold." Such trust, however, it had never really been his weakness to put in the human animal.

Knuckle, having said a few hurried words of comfort to Patty, followed his master. Patty, then, with quickened steps, turned towards her home. Yes, with lightened heart, she almost ran along the street, gliding and shrinking from every passer-by, as though dreading some new impediment, some terrible delay, to keep her from a hearth, where death alone remained to greet her. So happy, so

strangely happy was she at her escape from the den she had quitted, so relieved from the paralysing dread that the last—last consolation would have been denied her, that, in her assurance of liberty, she seemed to lose a conviction of that irreparable misery at home: she ran once more to find her mother, hardly for the time remembering, that that mother had passed away for ever.

The bell of St. Martin's tolls two, and Patty, with swollen eyes and anxious, bloodless face, is working alone. She is sewing some piece of dress, a mourning garment, a piece of decent outside black, purchased by the sacrifice of almost all necessary apparel—of the very bed-covering, for which in the coming winter nights she may starve with winter cold; she is working, mechanically working, her face dead, blank with misery—her fingers only moving.

(What a hideous vanity may leer from out the ornamental mourning of the rich—what elaborate mockery of woe in gauze and flounce, bought over fashion's counter!—but what a misery on the misery of death—what sacrifice upon suffering in the black of the poor, bought with money lent—that is, *sold*—by the money-broker!)

The church-bell had scarcely ceased to sound, when a low, distinct knock struck on the door; again, and again, yet Patty heard it not; but continued at her work, absorbed and unconscious. The door opened, and a female, silently as a shadow, glided in.

"Patty, Patty," said the visitor.

Patty lifted up her head, was about to shriek, when, by a violent effort, she subdued her emotion, and, laying down her work and rising from her chair, she asked with trembling voice—"In the name of God, who, what are you?"

"Do you not know me, Patty?" said the woman with a slight shudder.

"Can it be Jessy?" cried Patty.

"It is that wretch; though God bless you for calling me Jessy, that's something."

"I should not have known you; what has happened, are you not well?" asked Patty, hurriedly, becoming alarmed at the unearthly aspect of her visitor.

Indeed her appearance was changed and terrible. Her face looked clay-cold, and clay-wet; white and reeking from the agony of brain and heart. Her black eyes had something awful in their wild energy, and her discoloured lips were pressed as one together, as though to master and control the passionate grief that struggled to burst from her. Thus changed, thus possessed, it was no wonder that Patty paused ere she recognised in her visitor the lost, the wretched girl, whose sympathy had awakened in her sorrowing heart a feeling of sisterly pity, of mournful gratitude. Poor creature! the look of trading misery, the reckless, flaunting air that a few hours since she deemed a fitting, necessary grace, was lost, destroyed in the intensity of mental suffering. Contrasting her past aspect with her present, she seemed a thing of vulgar vice, elevated and purified by agony; the hideous farce of wretchedness affecting mirth, heightened to the solemnity of mortal tragedy.

"What's the matter? What do you want—here?" asked Patty, timidly, and endeavouring not to shrink back from the figure which—despite of her attempted firmness—seemed to dilate and grow more terrible before her. "What do you want *here*?" repeated Patty, and she glanced at the coffin. The look, on the sudden, changed the woman to meekness; and the next moment touched her into tears.

"I would not for the world, dear Patty—oh, let me for this night call you so—I would not disturb you, and at such a time—I would not, but there's something at my heart—do let me tell it—do, or my heart will break." With gushing eyes, the poor outcast made this passionate request; and Patty, with pitying looks, offered her a chair.

"What is the matter?" asked Patty with her sweet, tender voice, made more cordial by the uncontrollable sorrow that possessed her visitor.

"I'll tell you," said the woman with an effort; and in a few moments, with dry eyes, but with a voice deep and husky with subdued emotion, she thus proceeded. "I come, Patty, first to ask your forgiveness."

"You never offended me—indeed, no," said Patty.

"I tell you, yes; many a time, I have laughed at you—sneered at you—called you foul names. And why? It was to relieve my heart—it would have burst if I had not. When I saw you so young, so innocent, so cheerful, working early and late for the dear soul that now lies there"—Patty unconsciously stretched her hands towards the coffin—"Ha!" cried Jessy, "you may look there—you may pray there! I could not dare to do it—for my mother would rise in her shroud and curse me."

"No, no—do not think so," said Patty, "it is not goodness to think so."

"But let me say," cried Jessy, "what I came to say. You did not know when I sneered and laughed at you, how much I loved you; but was it for such as I was to say so? No: and so I relieved my heart with madness and vile words, and—but that is over; I have seen that to-night"—here the woman shuddered, and her cheek quivered with terror—"soon what has changed me."

"Thank heaven for it, Jessy," cried Patty, with a look of gladness.

"You forgive me?" Patty took the speaker's hand, and pressed it between her own. "And will you, before we part for ever, let me—it will ease my heart—let me tell you my miserable story?"

"If 'twill indeed please you, yes," said Patty.

"It shall be in few words—for I am in torment while I speak; yet it is a torment, that a something, I know not what, will make me suffer. I am country-born; my childhood was one long happy holiday: I was an only child, and was to my father as his heart was to his bosom. All life to me was nothing but happy sounds and happy sights. My first trouble was the departure of a neighbour's son for the sea: but we parted with a vow of lasting love, and that vow was approved by our parents. I—I—two years passed—my heart was changed; some devil had altered my nature—I became vain, headstrong, selfish—I left my father's house a wicked, guilty thing, and for three years have tried to hide my shame here, in London. Oh! those three years! Had the sky for that time rained fire upon me, I had not suffered half so much. My story is nearly done. Two hours since I was in the street—laughing, loudly laughing, from an empty and corrupted heart. A man slowly passed me; with a laugh, I laid my hand upon his shoulder—he turned his head—oh, Christ!—it was my father!"

With these words the wretched woman sank back in the chair, and with fallen mouth, fixed eyes, and ghastly features, looked, on the sudden, death-struck. Patty was about to rise to seek assistance, when Jessy grasped her by the hand, and held her with convulsive strength.



In a few minutes she became composed, and then proceeded:—

"Patty, I am now determined. I quit this life of horror. I will pray to find something like peace—like goodness. I have done you harm—will you forgive me—forgive the wretched Magdalen—and—yes—pray for her!"

Saying this, Jessy, in a passion of grief, dropt upon her knees; Patty, starting from her chair, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed—

"I do forgive you—I pray for you—I—God in heaven bless and strengthen you!"

RULE AND EXCEPTION.

"LIKE will to like"—such is the golden rule;
Ass doats on ass, and fool delights in fool.
Sir Peter Busy makes the exception good,
And bears a vast antipathy to wood.

PUNCH'S PARLIAMENT.

THE DISTRESS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE debate on this subject was resumed.

Mr. Hume had made calculations on the distress of the country, and begged leave to refer to a slate which contained his figures. Now, he (Mr. Hume) had been accused of quoting Cocker, but he would continue to quote Cocker. Now, it was quite true that if sixteen families received forty-five loaves in a week, it gave two loaves to each and thirteen over; but what did this amount to? (*Hear, hear.*) There was a baby in the city he had the honour to represent, who had been brought up by hand, and if all the babies in all the cities of England and Ireland were thrown on the general food of the country, what would be the residue in the granaries? (*Hear.*) Let the House ask themselves that, and let them do as he did—if they wished to solve the question—let them go home and consult Cocker. (*A laugh.*) The House might laugh on both sides, but let the House take care it did not eventually laugh on the wrong side. When he (Mr. Hume) was a boy (*Cries of "Question."*) Well! and that was the question. When he was a boy (for he would repeat it), his (the honourable member's) mother used to allow him sixpence whenever he brought home a prize from school. Well, and what did the House think was the result? Why, that he (the honourable member) never got any pocket-money. (*Hear.*) Now, he (Mr. Hume) knew he was a fool then, and he had been told that he was a fool now, but he was not bound to believe it, at least, all of it. (*Cheers.*) With regard to the distress of the country, he thought it might be prevented if there was any way of stopping it. This brought him again to Cocker. (*Oh, Oh.*) Well, if the House did not like it, if they would not go through the figures with him one by one, they could lump them into a total; and thus, if his way of doing it was not liked, it could be lumped, and there was an end of it. (*Cheers.*) He should now sit down, and having made a speech on one side of the question, he should record his vote for the other. There were always two sides to every question, and the only way to do justice to both was to give a fair chance to each of them. (*Cheers.*)

Colonel Sibthorp had listened very attentively to the accounts of the public distress, but he did not believe any one of them. He (the gallant Colonel) was a public man, and if the distress had been public he, as a public man, must have been affected by it. (*Hear.*) He had been told there were several families who got no meat from one week's end to another: what of this? Let the House inquire whether there had been any falling off in the number of bullocks slaughtered during the past year? To be sure there had not. Then what had become of all the meat? Somebody had had it—ay, and eaten it too. (*A laugh.*) He (Colonel Sibthorp) had never experienced any difficulty; then what was meant by a deficiency of food? He (the gallant Colonel) did not understand it. He should vote with Sir R. Peel; but as he (Colonel Sibthorp) did not quite understand whether the motion was favourable or unfavourable to his party, he should reserve the expression of an opinion on that part of the subject until the time arrived for a division.

Mr. Peter Borthwick then rose, but the rush of Members towards the door was so great that the honourable gentleman was left alone, and was proceeding to address the House, when the speaker peremptorily counted him out of it.

Punch's "Court Circular."

HER MAJESTY, we are delighted to say, continues in the enjoyment of excellent health. So does Prince Albert—so do the dear little baby Royalties. During the past week, various banquets have been given to the nobility of the Red Book, and to the nobility of Nature; *Punch* means to distinguish members of literature, art, and science. Yesterday, covers were laid for forty. Among the guests honoured by the command of Her Majesty, were Viscountess Canning and Miss Martineau; the Duke of Buccleugh and Charles Dickens, Esq.; the Marquis of Clanricarde and Thomas Hood, Esq.; Admiral Sir Robert Otway and Daniel Maclise, Esq. R.A.; the Hon. Eleanor Stanley and Miss Mitford; Lord Lyndhurst and the Author of *Ion*; Doctor Prextorius and William Charles Macready, Esq.

This evening, Miss Edgeworth is expected at Buckingham Palace on a visit to her Majesty. Indeed, such is the patronage of literature—such the hospitality awarded to art and science (of which Continental sovereigns might take a beneficial example) by our beloved Queen, that a day or two since *Punch* heard a gentleman-in-waiting sneeringly declare that the shortest cut to Windsor Castle was through Paternoster-row.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

OF NATURAL AGENTS.

A NATURAL agent is, as its name imports, an agent of nature; and all our country agents are in the nature of natural agents, for they are naturally desirous of such a respectable agency. The wind is a natural agent, and in some cases may be said to help circulation, which it may be truly said to do when violent puffing is resorted to. Water is an agent of very great power, very often turning—a mill; and when mixed with brandy, it frequently gives a rotatory motion to every object—at least as far as the persons are concerned who have resorted to the very powerful agency alluded to. Water is a very natural agent, for all the metropolitan milkmen; and, in conformity with the truth that it always finds its level, it generally causes a very perceptible rising in all the milk-cans. Such is the power of water, that, when held in solution with ordinary chalk, a pound weight of it has been found capable of raising a penny. Humbug is also entitled to be called a natural agent; and a parliamentary agent falls under this description. Inanimate agents are better than living agents; for instance, a steam-engine is better than a lawyer—for while the former generates steam, the latter generates hot water, and is pretty sure to plunge us into it.

It is said by political economists that inanimate agents are capable of much more rapid action than those that are alive; but the political economists seem to have forgotten that no action can be so rapid as that commenced by an attorney on a bill of exchange when his object is to create value—in the shape of costs, which he runs up with a rapidity of action that is truly astonishing. The East-India Tea Company professes to be very particular in the appointment of its agents; but every tea-kettle is in some degree an agent, if the Company's teas are used in the family where the kettle is located.

Frost is an agent for the plumbers, by putting the pipes out of repair; and when one of the Syncretics publishes a tragedy, he becomes at once an agent for the butter-shops.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

MOTHER.

DAUGHTER, wherefore on thy cheek
Shines that tear, the sign of woe—
What thy cause of sorrow?—speak!
Sure a parent ought to know!
Does the retrospect of years
To thine eyes those tear-drops bring?
Bright thy childhood's May appears,
And thy Summer's like thy spring.
What! another glistening drop!
Whence the cause—can it be love?
Passion rankling spite of hope,
Then thy wayward heart reprove.
Does thy brother's last good-bye
Cause these drops, my Isabelle?
Wherefore start they in thine eye;
Tell me, dearest daughter, tell?

DAUGHTER.

Mother, well you know the reason;
Don't call me your dearest daughter!
If you had these ducks to season,
Wouldn't your old eyelids water?

MEDICAL HINTS.

WHEN troubled with the head-ache pay a visit to a Union workhouse, which will transfer the affection to your heart. Next read through the last number of *Punch*, and the ache will first be driven to your sides, and as soon as the remedy has operated, will be expelled altogether.

A large appetite is an alarming symptom; it is a precursor of consumption. Take a sheet of white paper, whereupon set down, in a column, your rent, land-tax, window-tax, poor's-rate, church-rate, water-rate, and your other rates and taxes, not forgetting your income-tax. To these add your butcher's bill, baker's bill, tailor's bill, and other bills, particularly any bill that you may have accepted, and which is on the point of coming due. Add up and contemplate the sum total, which will very probably take away your appetite.

Somnolency may be removed by involving yourself in a Chancery suit endangering your whole property. So long as your case remains undecided, you will have little disposition to sleep.

A dry skin results from obstruction in the pores. If ablution and abstersion fail to relieve you, and running a mile in a great-coat prove ineffectual, write an after-piece, and get it played for the first time on some night when the theatre is sure to be full. Go in with the public when the doors open, and wedge yourself into the middle of the pit. You will soon have no occasion to complain of a dry skin.

Legends of Inn Signs.

THE LEGEND OF THE SARACEN'S HEAD.

WHEN the Saracens maintained an unequal contest with the Crusaders, Richard the Second took up his tent, and pitched it excessively strong at Palestine. We have hunted the annals of the wars, and turned over the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, in the hope of finding materials for a legend; but not being able to meet with anything of the kind, we have rushed back to our own resources, for there, at all events, "We know a bank," as the song says, that we can always draw upon.

The legend of the Saracen's Head is an interesting one. When Richard returned from the Crusades, he was of course much fatigued, and on entering London he very naturally required some refreshment. The weary monarch, on arriving at Snow Hill, which stands in the same relation to Skinner-street as the Alps do to Italy, he called loudly for a tapster, and having drunk rather freely, "untill ye headde of ye Kinge did swimme ryghte royallie," says the historian of that era, he began laying about him right and left with a battle-axe, to the "astoundmente and dyscomfytture of ye courtierres." Upon which one of "ye Barons" said, "I wish his Majestie hadde the head of a Saracen before him just nowe, for I trowe he would play ye deuce with itte." Whereupon, the King paid all the damage, and gave permission that the house should be called the Saracen's Head, which is the name it bears even to the present day.

We have this legend from Lydgate, who got it from one of the king's own fellows, but where the fellow himself had it we are unable to give any account whatever.

MONS. JOURDAIN ON "THE RIGHT OF SEARCH."

SOME very bad language has passed between Lord Brougham and M. de Tocqueville respecting the old story of the Right of Search. Lord Brougham accuses the Frenchman of ignorance—whilst the Frenchman vindicates the comprehensiveness of his knowledge. One thing is certain in this Right of Search: if the French do not know how to vary their arguments, they have at least numberless ways of shifting the same words. They remind us in this of their own *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who would take lessons of the *Philosopher* as to the mode of saying the same sentence—"Beautiful Marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die with love"—twenty different ways. He will, however, use those words and no other: whereupon says—

"Master of Philosophy.—In the first place, you may use them as you have used them—*Beautiful Marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die with love.*"

"Or, again.—*With love to die, they make me—beautiful Marchioness—your beautiful eyes.*"

"Or, again.—*Your beautiful eyes with love make me—beautiful Marchioness—die.*"

"Or, again.—*To die, your beautiful eyes—beautiful Marchioness—make me with love.*"

"Or, again.—*They make me, your beautiful eyes, to die—beautiful Marchioness—with love!*"

On the Right of Search, the French say—

"*Perfidious Albion would destroy French commerce and dominate the seas.*"

Or, again.—"*Albion perfidious, French commerce would destroy, and the seas dominate.*"

Or, again.—"*The seas dominate and French commerce destroy, would perfidious Albion!*"

Or, again.—"*Albion would dominate the seas, and French commerce destroy—perfidious!*"

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

I AM alone—the poet is alone.

Yet fantasies are filling fast his brain,
Around him all things in confusion thrown,

Seem cast together in the vast inane,

An object gone—is quickly there again:

Surely that tree has got a double trunk,

Even the earth refuses to remain

Fix'd in its place—it rises, now has sunk.

Creation shines around—the poet's very drunk!

Where am I?—Ah! upon the poet's ear

Voices are falling indistinct but loud.

"Make way, make way—a passage quickly clear,

Keep off the populace—push through the crowd."

Thus they exclaim—what mystery doth shroud

The poet's strange and awful situation?

What means it? Let the truth be straight avowed,

I cannot bear suspense—death and tarnation!

I see it all—they drag the poet to the Station.

THE PEARLS OF PARLIAMENT.

It is the benign intention of *Punch*—during the present sitting of the Wittenagemot—to enrich his pages with the pearls that drop from Parliamentary talkers. Some of the pearls he may, certainly, after his peculiar fashion, dissolve in his own vinegar—the more valuable, however, will be set and remain for the admiration of future ages.

Members of Parliament are of course returned to the House for the gems which they are there expected to let fall from their lips. It cannot, however, be disputed that a few of them never open their mouths at all; whilst those among the frequent talkers speak anything but diamonds and rubies. There is Mr. FERRAND, for instance; like an old bewitched woman in the days of sorcery, he never opens his lips but he throws forth crooked pins, "devil's dust," bits of cotton, with now and then small lumps of brimstone: others—Dan O'Connell for one—talk brickbats and bludgeons; whilst D'Israeli speaks tapeworms (several of these are bottled, and to be seen in Long-Acre), things without any visible head or tail. Other men, however, do occasionally drop pearls; and these it will be the purpose of *Punch* to set.

In the debate on the Distress of the Country, orators of peculiar characteristics took an active part. APULIUS tells us, that when metamorphosed, he endeavoured to exclaim, "Oh, Jupiter!" but could do nothing but bray. There are several members in a certain assembly in a like predicament. We have no doubt that they would talk pearls, but when they open their mouths, we are immediately reminded of thistles. Others, though enriched with wisdom, never speak at all—the gem is within them—the pearl is there, but "mute, inglorious oysters,"—they never show it.

Our first business, however, is with the aforesaid Knights of the Thistle. Mr. GINSON observed in the course of his speech:—"Acts, little short of murder, had been imputed to those of them who belonged to the Anti-Corn Law League;" whereupon certain Members cried, "Hear, hear;"—whilst others (we subjoin their portraits)—cried,



"YAW, HAW! YAW, HAW!"

CALIGULA made a consul of his horse; Englishmen (and they are doubtless perfectly right in their device), send the above members as their fitting representatives.

Mr. PETER BORTHWICK we have always respected for his eloquence: but we little thought he would have so strong a claim upon our veneration for his experience and antiquity. Nobody, to look at him, would believe it; but he was an inhabitant of the Garden of Eden. Under what denomination he took his passage in the ark, he has not vouchsafed to discover to us; but we think we can guess. In Eden he was, however, as his recent speech testifies; for he says,

"The principle of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, was, in fact, only the principle of common sense, which had been applied to all matters of common exchange, from the time of the exchange of a rose for a lily in the Garden of Eden, between Adam and Eve, down to the exchange in modern times of a case of Sheffield cutlery for a quarter of American corn." ["Hear, hear," and a laugh].

Now, we want to inquire of Peter Borthwick who gave the rose—and who gave the lily?



The artist, it will be seen, has given a faithful sketch of the transaction taken on the spot; by Mr. Peter Borthwick (who is himself in the foreground), and who has in the handsomest manner bestowed the original sketch upon *Punch*.

To return, however, to the Rose and the Lily? Was it Eve gave the Rose? if so, was it a Blush Rose—a Cabbage Rose—or any other of the ten thousand varieties of Roses, many of which will significantly jump to

the mind of the reader. If so, had Eve the best of the exchange? Were Roses up and Lilies down at the time? Was it a Lily of the Valley—a Water-Lily—or a Tiger Lily? *Punch* expects an answer.

We cannot, however, dismiss the subject in a frivolous vein. *Punch* cannot but regret that a vile commercial spirit should have entered thus early into the world—and that man and wife should have instituted an exchange, for no other reason than to get a bargain—in a word, to over-reach one another. This is a melancholy view of human nature—a sad beginning of our race; and therefore, as typical of at once the origin and the antiquity of barter, we would suggest that the New Royal Exchange should have for its weathercock, not the Old Gresham grasshopper, but the Old Serpent; for we certainly believe that the exchange of the Lily and the Rose must have been after "the fall."

In the same debate Mr. LINDSELL (member for Durham) let fall the idea of a speculation which must have its effect upon the iron trade,—namely, "a railroad from the Earth to the planet Jupiter," by which the English manufacturer might very shortly glut the market there with woollens, hardware, cotton, &c. To this Mr. BROTHERTON opposed a calculation, which proved that, with all our machinery, we could not, up to the present time, furnish three quarters of a yard for every biped in the habitable globe. This may, or may not, be true; for as yet *Punch* is not prepared with counter-figures: but we think the notion of opening an account with the planets is, from its magnificence, quite worthy of the grandeur of the age. From all we have heard of the people in Jupiter,—(we believe the subjoined portraits may be depended upon)—they are people of most enlightened notions; and in exchange for our tin, might afford us "divine philosophy." However, the idea of planetary commerce once broached, who knows how comprehensively it may be worked out? One thing is certain—if at all practically developed, we must have Consuls in the various luminaries to protect our trade; hence, we may see STERNORR officially placed in the Dog-star, and Mr. JOSEPH HUME specially favoured by Venus: whilst, should some hirsute comet desire to open an account with this, who so fit to conduct the negotiation as our excellent friend Mr. MUNTZ?



Punch has been present at many, many debates, but never did he hear eloquence like that of Sir Charles Napier—glorious old tarpaulin!—on the Distress of the Country. Give *Punch* eloquence that goes to the very heart of a man—that makes his blood simmer—that sets off his pulses at a pleasant rate, and, indeed, "wraps him in Elysium." Hear, then, Sir CHARLES upon the iniquitous—the soul-degrading tax upon port wine:—

"It appeared to him extremely hard that the British public—persons having small properties of £200 or £300 a year—should not be able to put upon their table a glass of wine to entertain their friends with—(Hear, hear). It was perfectly abominable to think of it—(Cheers and laughter.) At present, a person of limited income was obliged to drench his stomach and that of his friends with currant and gooseberry wine, which added nothing to the Treasury, instead of drinking wholesome port, which he might easily do if the trade with Portugal were thrown open."

Punch pities the man—in a spirit of the profoundest melancholy pities the wretch—who can read the above without a moisture at the eyes! It is abominable, Sir Charles, that I—*Punch*—am compelled to put off, with a wan cheek and sickly smile, detestable currant and gooseberry, when—Silenus be my judge!—my soul yearns to give my gossips the very finest crusted port. My feelings are the feelings of tens of thousands; hence I am convinced of it, that a great portion of the discontent of the country is fermented in currant and gooseberry, when it might be beautifully "laid down" in rich, fruity port. While on the subject, too, there is another evil, as I devoutly believe, intimately connected with the misery and discontent of the country; and that is, the shameful and unprincipled variety in the size of wine-bottles. When every wine-bottle shall—by statute—be made to hold a certain measure, then may we boast of Magna Charta—but, certainly, not till then. *Punch*, however, leaves the subject to his gallant NAPIER; and if at the next Marylebone election, Bacchus, "charioted by pards," do not come to chair his noblest champion, may Bacchus himself be henceforth doomed to Brett or Booth—or both!

Considering the intimate connexion between the present Corn Laws and coffins, Sir Charles ventured a pleasant illustration, at which—we saw him—Sir Robert laughed consumedly. Sir Charles spoke of a West Indian undertaker:—

"He invented a sliding scale (laughter); he invented a sliding bottom which was put into the coffin, and he bribed all the grave-diggers, when an interment took place, to slide out the bottom, and to drop the body into the grave, so that one coffin served for a great number of persons. (Laughter.)"

Every body may make out this parable: it is simply that the same Corn Laws, (i. e. the one coffin,) serves to bury thousands.

Sir Robert Peel's reply was smooth—so smooth, you might have sucked it. There was, however, one point in it intended to reach as far as





THE CHARITY BALL.

Having purchased a ticket for a Charity Ball, you are deluded by the promise of a pretty Partner to waltz, and are victimized as above.

Paris: we hope it will do so. Speaking of France and England, Sir ROBERT said:—

"It is a remarkable thing to see two men who hold the most conspicuous offices in the Government of their respective countries,—the most distinguished in each for their military achievements and military character,—men who have learned the art and miseries of war on the fields of Toulouse and Waterloo, and who have been opposed to each other on the field of battle—

"——— Stetimus tela aspera contra,
Contulimusque manus;"

—it is a remarkable thing to see those two men exerting all their influence in each country, they being the best judges of the sacrifices which war imposes, to inculcate the lessons of peace,—it is a glorious occupation for their declining years."

This picture is, indeed, so delightful, that PUNCH—in a moment of enthusiasm—throws it upon paper:—



To the eye of PUNCH, both old gentlemen look considerably better than when bristling up at Toulouse and Waterloo. May they be the *last* of the generals! The last who wear laurels watered by the heart's blood of thousands—bedewed by the tears of the widow and the orphan! May their only field be foolscap—their only weapons goose-quill!

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER VII.—OF DIANA.

HER Serene Highness Hecate Luna Diana was a princess of the Olympic blood-royal, or, to speak more accurately, ichor-royal; for the celestial circulation is ichorous. She was one of the numerous olive-branches which adorned the throne of Jupiter, to whom she was presented one fine morning, at Delos, by Latona. Her Serene Highness, on her entrance into existence, was accompanied by the young prince, Apollo.

The title of Serene Highness has been conferred in the above paragraph on Diana, because, in her capacity of Luna, she presided over the moon. As Hecate she was the goddess of magic and enchantments; in her proper and principal character, she was the patroness of field-sports.

Diana, therefore, was not called Hecate Luna, as some ladies are named Caroline Matilda, and others Mary Anne; but the appellations which were conferred on her had reference to the offices which she fulfilled.

Our goddess, existing, so to speak, under three heads, is, with reason, represented by some sculptors accordingly. Thus, though Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, Diana, of the two, was the better off for head. By other artists, she is exhibited as a tall manly-looking young lady in buskins, or high-lows without stockings, setting off a remarkably fine development of the gastrocnemii muscles; a peculiarity which the shortness of her attire—that of an ancient huntress, (not a riding habit)—allowed to be fully apparent. In her hand she had a bent bow, at her back was a quiver of arrows—weapons for which, had the Greeks been more civilised, would have been substituted a fowling-piece and shot-belt.

To give Diana all her titles as it were in a lump, the ancients sometimes called her Triformis. And as there was supposed to be some mystical connexion between her and number three, which, however, was not fully made out till the invention of the shot of that name, her statue used to be set up where three ways met, with the title of Trivia. The thinking mind will infer that it there probably served for a finger-post, and that bills and notices were pasted upon it; at least if the ancients had such things, and did not consider it wicked to display them in that manner.

As there were no game-laws in the time of Diana, she must be considered the goddess of poaching as well as of hunting. The celebrated song, (in the agricultural dialect), "When I wur bound apprentice," was most likely derived from some hymn in her honour, a supposition which is favoured by the circumstance of its burden being—

"Oh, 'tis my delight, on a shiny night,
In the season of the year!"

for therein her divinity as Luna, the mistress of the moon, is plainly recognised; the worshipper thus, not to speak it profanely, killing two birds with one stone.

It is curious that Diana should have been the goddess of hunting and witchcraft, between which matters there seems to be about as much connexion as there is between theology and cribbage; though in *Der Freischütz*, to be sure, they have been combined. Very probably Diana inspired the composer: somebody more than human did if she did not. Who knows but that the Huntsmen's Chorus, also, is a traditional psalm, appointed formerly to be sung in her temples?

Diana seems, among other things, to have been the goddess, likewise, of old maids, though whether this idea respecting her was derived from her connexion with cross ways, may be questioned. Those, too, who are fond of quibbles, may speculate whether, from being the deity of the chase, she came to be regarded as presiding over the chaste. Certain it is, she was never married, although she had several flirtations, to wit, with Endymion, Pan, and Orion. Indulgence in this kind of amusement makes many a lady an old maid; but Diana, it is said, declared she never would marry. The comparative reader will discern a pleasing analogy between her and Queen Elizabeth, whose Endymion was the Earl of Essex.

The subject of Diana and Endymion would be an excellent one for a ballet; and it is wonderful that no French dancing-master has availed himself of it for that purpose. Endymion was a Carian shepherd, who had obtained from Jupiter two very desirable boons. One of these was sound and refreshing sleep at will, independently of narcotics or animal magnetism; the other, eternal youth.—What master would like a sleepy shepherd it is difficult to conceive; but the somnolency of Endymion procured him a mistress. Diana (she may have admired a sleepy eye) fell in love with him as he slept on Mount Latmos. He looked so interesting (for a classical shepherd did not eat bacon, nor wear a smock-frock and hob-nailed boots), that she could not refrain from showering, in the shape of moon-beams, various kisses on his brow. His dreams all this while must have been of a decidedly agreeable cast; and he must have felt himself very pleasantly situated on awaking. Night after night did Diana descend upon Latmos to enjoy the society of her beloved. For a long time they kept company together; and the goddess fondly deemed that the heart of the shepherd was her own; but, ah! he transferred it to another. He became acquainted with a young lady of the name of Chromia, whom, unmindful of his former vows, he shortly afterwards espoused. Whether he preferred her gold to Diana's silver, or whether he was overcome by her superior charms, is not satisfactorily known. Diana might have brought an action against him for breach of promise of marriage; but as she had always declared an intention to live single, she would perhaps have been



nonsuited; and besides, what atonement, or ointment, are damages for wounded feelings?

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that Diana had a famous temple at Ephesus. It was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world, for the world, in those days, had only seven wonders, instead of, as it has now, some seventy times seven thousand, exclusive of the Thames Tunnel and Punch. Hereat butcher's meat, poultry, vegetables, and other good things, were sacrificed on her altars; but the Lacedæmonians were wont yearly to offer her human victims, which, in these more civilised times, are immolated exclusively to Mars and Mammon. But Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, abolished this practice, and substituted for it the annual whipping of children, Diana being partial to the whip. We have discontinued the annual flagellation of children; but we flog them daily at the shrine of Learning, to teach them grammar and arithmetic, and make them wise and good.

Country squires, who keep packs of hounds, sacrifice much time and not a little money to Diana; sometimes, in the excess of their devotion, they break their necks, and so sacrifice themselves. A tremendous sacrifice of partridges to this goddess occurs every year on the first day of September; but, with these, in the neighbourhood of London, domestic poultry and dogs are killed in considerable numbers. The Athenians are said to have offered her white kids, whence it may by some be conjectured that she was the goddess of evening parties.

Diana, though the goddess of hunting in general, was not the goddess of all sorts of hunting; she had nothing to do with fortune-hunting; nor yet with hunting the slipper. Neither was she the goddess of truffle-hunting, nor of hunting after ideas. Some may contend that she was the goddess of rat-hunting and duck-hunting; others that she was no such thing; nor will the dispute be easy of decision.

If Diana took to hunting from blighted hopes and slighted affection, as she not improbably did, she was wiser than if she had taken to drinking. Hence all young ladies and gentlemen may see how much better it is, when jilted, to have recourse to horse exercise, than it is to drown their misery in the bowl.

THE LOST FLEECE.

PUNCH has somewhere read an anecdote of Prince Esterhazy, who, on being asked how many sheep he owned, replied with a smile, "Upon my life, I can't tell; but I believe I have about five hundred shepherds." Here is a man, you would think, hedged in from all the wants of life—one rich in thousands of flocks—the dew of heaven "on his fleece"—a very Emperor of Mutton. Alas! read but the following from the *Times* :—

"Prince Esterhazy is said to have fallen into a state of melancholy since he mislaid his insignia of the order of the *Golden Fleece*, so that it is probable he will never again be appointed to any political office."

Imagine "the noble mind o'erthrown" by such an accident! Consider the biped who was wont to sport a jacket sown with diamonds, thick as the stars of heaven—see him in a hopeless state of melancholy for the loss of *one* poor fleece, and then oh, philosophers! think what "a wonderful piece of work is man!" A myriad sheep—his own sheep—bleat from his own plains to the Prince—but the Prince is inconsolable—he has lost *one* fleece! Alas! in some shape or the other has not the highest as the lowest—the most happy to the outward eyes of the world, as the most miserable—have we not all of us, in some way or the other,—"a mislaid fleece?"

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

An unusually large number of Fellows (seven) being present, Mr. Leo Rhinoceros took the chair :—

He begged to offer to the Society some few remarks relative to the health of the animals in the Society's Gardens, in addition to the official *bulletin* suspended over the mantel-piece. They would see from that report that colds in the head were prevalent among the Monkeys, which rendered it probable that Dover's powder and pocket-handkerchiefs would form a large item in the expenditure of the current quarter.

The Elephant had suffered much during the severe weather from a chapped proboscis, but the application of half-a-pound of the best rose lip-salve, night and morning, had effected a perfect cure.

The Boa Constrictor had quite recovered from the alarming attack mentioned in the last report. The apoplectic symptoms, it was found, resulted from the over-kindness of his keeper, who gave him a turkey on Christmas-day instead of a moderate-sized fowl, which formed his usual meal. By prompt bleeding, the medical attendant succeeded in arresting the disorder, and the animal was now in perfect health.

A Fellow wished to know who had the contract for supplying the animals with winter clothing. He was led to ask this from hearing that some of the animals had suffered much from cold. He had in his hand a prospectus of a house in the Minorities, where Taglionis and Monkey Jackets are advertised at half price, and he thought the animals should be supplied with every comfort consistent with economy. As he had not any further remarks to offer, he would move an adjournment, as tea was ready.—(*Much applause, during which our reporter, who had devoured all the biscuits, made his escape from the room.*)

Extraordinary Gazette.

(FINE ARTS.)

It is with no feeling of small delight, that we copy the subjoined from the *Gazette* of last evening—delight to find a reward so justly contributed upon, perhaps, the noblest and sublimest effort of man,—that of disseminating the softening influences of the fine arts throughout the habitable globe; and that for no professed personal benefit, save that which the good and disinterested ever have, in despite of envy and of wrong. In last night's *Gazette*, then, we find the following :—

"Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant her permission to F. G. MOON, Esq., patron of the fine arts, Threadneedle-street, London, to wear the order of *The Swagger and Smirk* conferred upon him by Don Miguel, late of Lisbon, but now of Rome,—for Mr. Moon's magnificent works (painted by certain unknown R.A.'s)—of "*The Mysterious Watch*," and "*The Box of Diamonds*."

When Mr. Moon's efforts to make known to foreign potentates the claims of original painters, are duly considered, what so brief—or more, so significant of the purpose than the motto which surrounds the order :

"ARS EST celare ARTEM!"

("Art is to HIDE art." *Punch* translates this for the benefit of Mr. Moon himself.)

If we wanted new evidence of the extreme propriety of the motto, should we not find it in the subjoined billet-doux forwarded to the Editor of the *Times* by JOHN LUCAS, Esq., 3, St. John's-wood-road. The import runs as follows :—

"SIR,—Allow me to correct a mis-statement which appeared in a paragraph in your columns of yesterday relative to the portraits which Her Majesty has recently presented to the King of the French, and to inform you that the portrait of his Royal Highness as Prince Albert was painted by me, and not by Mr. Moon, that gentleman being *simply* connected with the publication of the plate now in process of engraving by Mr. Samuel Cousins, A.R.A."

We are informed that Mr. Moon (of whom *Punch*, for the present, takes farewell, believing that Mr. M. will never forget *Punch*), with the feeling of a highly honourable and sensitive mind, that rejects the reputation due to another, had himself written a letter to the *Times* to the above effect; but that through some accident (servants are so forgetful!) Mr. Moon's footman had neglected to put it in the post.

ROYAL NURSERY CIRCULAR.

THE Prince of Wales was safely delivered of a tooth one day last week, when Sir Charles Ross, the miniature-painter, received instructions for drawing it.

Prince Albert walked for some time on the Slopes; but it is not true that he has been upon the decline since his arrival at Windsor. When descending the Slopes, he is, of course, to a certain extent, going down hill, which may account for the rumour.

The Prince of Wales was rather fretful on Thursday last, and Black Rod was ordered to be in attendance. The aid of Black Rod was, however, dispensed with.

The Princess's Royal clean pinafore was taken for an airing on the horse usually occupied for similar purposes.

On the anniversary of the Queen's marriage an entertainment was given in the royal nursery. Lollipops were laid for two, and in the evening there was an exhibition of the magic lantern.

HOW TO GET UP A COLLECTION OF FAMILY PLATE.

SUBSCRIBE to several clubs, and as by the fact of becoming a member a portion of all the property of the club becomes your own, do not wait for that never-arriving day when a division will be made, but commence removing your share whenever you can lay your hands on any part of it. As chairs and tables are not particularly portable, pocket a spoon or a fork when occasion offers, and a splendid collection of family plate will be the speedy result of your industry. If you are found out before the collection is complete, it will be rather awkward; but then see if you have not a few friends to swear to your insanity—under which plea you may do any body or any thing.

THE SIDE-SCENES OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER VIII.—A FANCY-FAIR.

CHARITY, it is said, covereth a multitude of sins; and when she does so with a veil of costly manufacture, however delicate and transparent its texture, the concealment is much more effectual than if it were a tarpaulin of the coarsest sackcloth. The Lacquers are perfectly aware of this, and consequently are never backward in eleemosynary offerings, provided always that the object be a fashionable one, approved of by their set; and that their liberality be not hidden under a bushel, but placarded in great thoroughfares, and proclaimed to the world by the speaking-trumpet of ostentation.

Some little time back, in consequence of embarrassed funds, the patronesses of the "Ladies'-babies'-bib-and-tucker-general-loan association" determined upon holding a fancy fair for the benefit of the institution; and were fortunate enough not only to secure the approving countenance of the Dowager Lady Floss to the undertaking, but also to get a sermon preached in its favour by a pet parson at a fashionable church. Our acquaintances were amongst the first applied to for their support, which Mrs. Lacquer cheerfully promised, saying, "that there was no labour in the world more gratifying than that of alleviating the distresses of our fellow creatures; and that this had been her principal aim in giving her daughters the first education money could furnish." And then the patronesses of the association went away rejoicing, and proclaimed everywhere what kind and benevolent people the Lacquers were. But we ourselves had always been accustomed to look upon Mrs. Spangle Lacquer as a gaudy French clock, with very inferior works, which might be seen through the glass sides; and when we regarded the inward springs that set the motives of her life in action, we found out, that unless there had been a chance of her daughters' keeping a stall, or having their productions lauded and chronicled in the columns of a fashionable journal, the "Ladies'-babies'-bib-and-tucker-general-loan-association" might have fallen to the ground with the greatest pleasure in the world on the part of Mrs. Lacquer. But the fair was expected to be fashionably attended—fashionable families gave it their countenance—the very circumstance of young aristocratic ladies lowering themselves to trade, and playing at shop-girls, was fashionable—and very fashionable company were to be admitted the first day at half-a-crown a piece for the mere privilege of entrance. But that the noble objects of the institution might be universal, and all allowed to contribute to their furtherance, common people were allowed to pay a shilling, and come in on the last day, when some of the articles began to hang on hand, and the more select visitors had picked out what goods most captivated their fancy. What a blessed and single-hearted feeling is the charity which manifests itself so openly at fancy-fairs, and allows every one to exercise his benevolence!

The Lacquers immediately set to work and made all sorts of fancy articles; and what they did not make they bought at the bazaars, and sent in under their names, which answered the purpose just as well. First of all, as they had been taught drawing, they produced an immense quantity of fire-screens, adorned with sketches of what appeared to be aristocratic periwinkle and whelk shells, reposing on shreds of pink and blue bird's-eye tobacco, intended, in the luxuriance of their imaginations, for sea-weed; over which were hovering various unknown butterflies, with tinsel wings, most appropriately introduced—the butterfly being, as everybody is aware, a marine insect that resides at the bottom of the sea. Then their grocer was ordered to send them various grape-jars, painted green, and furnished with gilt knobs; and having bought a piece of gaudy chintz at a leading upholsterer's, they cut out all the birds and flowers imprinted thereon, and stuck them on the jars, which were subsequently varnished, and called "Macao Vases." Mrs. Lacquer was not very great in drawing or painting, but she bought bundles of short straws at her bonnet-maker's, and fixing them in circular frames of pasteboard, twisted blue ribbon in and out, making them resemble Lilliputian hurdles; and when the apparatus was complete, it was termed a spill-case, to be sold, with similar ones, at a guinea the pair. And next a quantity of trays of white wood, together with card-cases, envelope-boxes, glove-containers, and many other contrivances of the same material, were laid in from the fashionable stationer's. These were intended to be adorned with the transfer-work, and then what havoc began! Innumerable lithographs were immolated—all the table-covers in the house were varnished, more or less; and the bottles were broken, and corks left out, and contents all evaporated or dried. And the Misses Lacquer themselves, for an entire week, had such very sticky fingers, that the young men of fashion who had the *entrée* of the house,

and came to talk captivating nothings to the ladies, or hold their skeins of silk whilst they were engaged in their fancy manufactures, declared that shaking hands with them was one of the most delightful sensations which they—the young men of fashion—had experienced for some time. They were fairly detained for a minute in the thrilling and adhesive grasp of the young ladies.

The Misses Lacquer did not do a great deal in the Berlin-wool line—they pronounced it worn-out and too much followed by common people to create any more sensation. Possibly they might have thought that it was a great deal of trouble with a very little effect—but this by the way. But they performed some very curious feats of sleight of hand, with a pack of perforated cards, torturing them into sticking-plaster cases, and what-nots; and when their ingenuity could devise no fresh shape to stitch them into, they turned their attention to the perforations themselves, and pushed needles, followed by trains of coloured floss silk, through the little round holes, which they termed embroidering them.

At last their wares were completed, and sent in, to the great exultation of Mrs. Lacquer, and equal admiration of the lady-committee, who unanimously declared that the Misses Lacquers' stall would be the most attractive, and confer the greatest benefit upon the treasury of the association—whose sole end was charity. But those good Christians never gave a thought to the number of consumptive heart-broken girls who were struggling for a slender livelihood—in many cases to support others besides themselves—by manufacturing the very same kind of things offered at the fancy fair, with the exception of their being better made and much cheaper than the amateur articles. Or if they did once think about it, the only feeling was in all probability one of vanity, in being able to compete with regular manufacturers, without having been brought up to labour. And of course the Honourable Kensington Pump would sooner wear a pair of gaudy braces painted upon velvet by the fair hands of Miss Lacquer herself,



and exhibit them at water-parties, or other occasions on which he had to take off his coat in public, than a pair of the same kind ornamented by nobody knew who, and bought at a bazaar. How could any one expect it would be otherwise; although a bewitching smile of thanks was all the change he got for his five-pound note? And young Fitzmoses also, who had all the inclination and none of the ability to become a man about town, did not at all grumble at buying a guinea pen-wiper for the purposes of charity; it was such a rare chance, also, to get the opportunity of "chaffing" the refined daughters of the West End, whilst making the purchase, just as if they had been common stall-keepers at the counters of the Pantheon or Soho Bazaar. This was very pleasant and agreeable to all parties, heightened by the good they felt they were doing in a benevolent point of view. It was impossible to benefit every body, and although every article that was sold took a crust from the board of some industrious female artist, yet it swelled the treasury of the "Ladies'-babies'-bib-and-tucker-general-loan-association," and the various

young ladies who kept the stalls were so much delighted with the public exhibition of their own wares and attractions—so gratified at the compliments paid to both by the gentlemen purchasers—including even the officers who had so liberally allowed the band of their regiment to play upon the occasion; but who, however, did not buy a great many things—that they almost hoped the funds of the society would get into an embarrassed state once more, that they might again have the pleasure of assisting them.

And, finally, Mrs. Lacquer and her daughters, when all was over, and they had received the especial thanks of the committee for their exertions, agreed there were many social virtues to be exercised by all right-thinking and religious people, but that the greatest of these was Charity.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

ALTHOUGH Parliament has assembled, and the metropolis is rapidly filling, no material alteration has taken place in bonnets at any of the leading *magasins des modes*. We have seen one, however, that presented some novelty, and a considerable display of taste. It was composed of black velvet, and over the top, which was more than usually depressed, a blue cotton handkerchief was negligently thrown, in lieu of trimming, and fastened under the chin in a simple bow; the curtain, of the same material with the bonnet, stood out from the head at right angles, and the whole had a very elegant and *négligé* appearance. Mantles, capotes, and pelisses are now greatly in vogue, but we recently noticed a cape that was constructed of layers of list, falling round the



shoulders in a graceful semicircle, and gradually increasing in their sweep till they reached the waist. It was edged with a *bouillonne* of black cotton ribbon, which added very much to the richness and beauty of its appearance; the whole forming a most *recherché* promenade costume. Muffs are universally worn, but are now so small, that pet dogs, however diminutive, are compelled to walk and endure a demi-strangulation at the end of a blue or bright red cord. Rolls of music and parcels of Berlin wool are carried by the livery-servant or page, and the stately cane is left at home. From among the numerous ornaments for the head, we decidedly select the *papillotes des journaux*; these are worn occasionally at family dinners, previous to the Play, or a long meditated box at the Opera, and sometimes are seen at the breakfast-table. Pattens are entirely superseded by the four- and six-penny French clogs; these, however, are sometimes objected to by our *élégantes*, in consequence of



their making less noise, and thereby attracting no attention to a pretty angle. The decline of pattens may be attributed to the introduction of wood pavement, the iron rings rendering a passage across the road extremely dangerous in wet or frosty weather. The hat that promises to be the most fashionable this month is the *chapeau de Billicock*,—more generally known under the name of *Casquette à la wide-awake*. An ornament generally protrudes from under the band, which has the rare merit of combining the *utile et dulce*. It consists of a narrow piping, that can be taken in and out of the hat at the *volonté* of the wearer, but when not placed in the band, it is generally carried in the mouth, where it has a very rich and classical effect.



THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW Play was recently produced at Covent Garden Theatre, written, we believe, expressly for the purpose of bringing forward a new candidate for theatrical honours. It was entitled "*Off, off with the Stranger*;" and we should say, from the loud and continued shouts and plaudits which followed its conclusion, that it was perfectly successful.

The Money Market.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has done extremely well in reducing Exchequer Bills from two-pence to seven farthings, for it leaves the farthing in the hands of the Commissioners for reducing the National Debt; and as we only increase it by millions, our diminishing it by farthings can have no material effect on this great source of our national prosperity.

We have no opportunity of knowing what is going on in the Bank Parlour; but we peeped through the blinds, and saw a gentleman who looked like the Governor, with a foot on each hob, and a blazing fire before him. This looks like confidence, for if the Bank can take it easy, which must be the case if the Governor can afford to go to sleep, the "rest" must be increasing.

Money is going at the old rate, and we know a party who got rid of a good deal last week at Crockford's, where the Greek actives commanded a high rate of profit.

OLD BAILEY BALLADS.

OH! COME TO THE CLUB.

Oh, come to the Club, where, in elegance dining,
You've liveried servants upon you to wait;
Yes, come to the Club—where, on sofas reclining,
You may share for a little the ease of the great.
Then come to the Club—on the ottomans throwing
The boots you have covered with mud in your walks;
Yes, come to the Club—but oh! when you are going,
Don't pocket—and then walk away with—the forks!
Yes, come to the Club, and the paper perusing,
Oh, sit in the coffee-room each afternoon;
But oh, while the waiters are vacantly musing,
Don't cast a sheep's eye on a neighbouring spoon.
Yes, come to the Club, and, its pleasures partaking,
Indulge in the indolence fit for the mind;
But when for the door you are hastily making,
Oh, leave, I entreat you, the silver behind!

IMPUDENT ATTEMPT AT FRAUD.

ON Friday the 17th Feb, the *Morning Herald* had the gross effrontery to insert the following paragraph as an extract from our inimitable publication:—

"In consequence of the omission of Sir H. Pottinger's name from the 'votes of thanks' on Tuesday night, the Marquis of Londonderry intends to move that by way of reward he may substitute the name of Thomas for Henry, in order to illustrate his deeds by his designation. 'He will then,' the Marquis says, 'be called Sir T. Pottinger' (*Tea-pot injure*). Isn't this 'too bad?'—*Punch*."

This from *Punch*! The vermillion blisters on our nose with indignation! Where is our baton?

LOST TIMES REGAINED.

AN OLD JOKE NEATLY REPAIRED.

It has been suggested that it is impossible to bring back the time that has flown, and we cannot recal to-day the act of yesterday. We beg to say that nothing is easier; for if we would desire to bring back the *Times* of to-day, we have only to run over the *news* (!) in the *Herald* of the morrow.

SIR PETER LAURIE ON STAMMERING.

IN the congenial columns of the *Morning Post*, our own Sir Peter takes his stand as patron of one Mr. Hunt, of Regent-street, who cures all sorts of stammering, making the stutterer converse "with the most perfect fluency and ease to himself." This is, doubtless, a great scientific triumph; but oh, Mr. Hunt! how much more serviceable would be the achievement, if—when certain folks begin to speak, especially upon *wood-pavement*—you could instantaneously make them—hold their tongue.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER VIII.—A FUNERAL.—ST. JAMES'S PALACE.—THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"We give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this sister out of the miseries of this sinful world—"

Thus, in measured metallic note, spoke the curate of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—whilst the daughter Patty could have screamed in anguish at the thanksgiving. A few more words—another and another look—yet another—now the piling earth has hidden all—and the forlorn creature stands alone in the world. The last few moments have struck apart the last link that still held her to a beloved object—and now indeed she feels it is in eternity. Two or three women press about her—turn her from the grave—and, garrulously kind, preach to her deaf ears that "all is for the best," and that "to mourn is a folly."

All this I gathered from the gossips who brought back Patty to her dreary, empty home. There, after brief and common consolation, they quitted her—and there, for a time, the reader must leave the stricken, meek-hearted feather-dresser.

Early the next morning, I found myself in the hands of Mr. Flamingo. The slight disorder—in truth, more imaginary than real—I had suffered in the round-house, had, in the eyes of the tradesman, been amply remedied by Patty, and my owner turned me reverently between his thumb and finger—and gazed and gazed at me as though, for his especial profit only, I had dropt from the wing of an angel.

Great was the stir throughout the household of Flamingo—and great the cause thereof. He had received an order from the palace of St. James's: his very soul was plumed—for he should get off his feathers.

This I heard and saw, and—I confess it—with the trepidation of expectant vanity, beheld the feather-merchant make selection from his stock. At length, with melting looks, and a short, self-complacent sigh, he placed me—I was sure of it—as the crowning glory, the feather of feathers, among my kind. I was to wave my snowy purity in St. James's!

And for this, thought I, was I drest—prepared by the lean fingers of want in an unwholesome garret! Alas! I have since felt—ay, a thousand times—that if dim-eyed Vanity would but use the spectacles of truth, she would see blood on her satins—blood on her brocades—blood on her lace—on every rich and glistening thread that hangs about her—blood. She would see herself a grim idol, worshipped by the world's unjust necessities—and so beholding, would feel a quicker throb of heart, a larger compassion for her forced idolaters.

"To the palace," cried Flamingo to the hackney-coachman, summoned to bear myself and companions on our glorious mission. "To the palace," cried the feather-merchant, with new lustre in his eyes, harmony in his voice, and a delicious tingling of every nerve that filled his whole anatomy with music. "To the palace," were really the words uttered by Flamingo; yet in very truth, he believed he said—"To Paradise."

Not that St. James's was *terra incognita* to Mr. Flamingo; a Marco Polo's domain filled with golden dreams. Certainly not: Mr. Flamingo knew exactly the number of steps composing that private way to heaven—the back-staircase. He had smiled, and trembled, and bowed and wriggled, and smirked and cringed his way to the patronage of Queen Charlotte (of blessed memory). This exalting truth Mr. Flamingo had several times tested; and that in a matter peculiarly flattering to himself. For instance, a very fine cockatoo had been thrown in to the tradesman among a lot of foreign feathers: this cockatoo Mr. Flamingo submitted to the inspection of her Majesty, who was graciously pleased to say to it "Pretty Poll." On another occasion, Flamingo took a Java tom-tit to the palace; which bird was graciously permitted by the Queen to perch upon her little finger, her Majesty still further condescending to cry—"Sweetie-e-t!" These circumstances were at the time totally overlooked by the Court historian; but they are recorded, written in very fine round-hand, in the "Flamingo Papers."

I had scarcely been an hour in the Palace, ere my memory began to fail me. Yes, all the previous scenes of my existence, that an hour before lived most vividly in my recollection, began to fade and grow dim, and take the mingled extravagance and obscurity of a dream. Was it possible that I had ever been a thing of barter between a savage and a sailor for pig-tail? Could I have ever known a Jack Lipscombe? Had I crossed the seas in the dungeon of a ship? Was it possible that I could detect the odour of bilge-water? Was there

such a haunt for human kind as the Minories? And that old Jew—surely he was a spectre—a part of night-mare! His large-lipped, globe-eyed daughter, too, she—with all her plumpness—was no more substantial. And then, that dim garret in the alley—the death and enduring innocence—the heaviness and misery of human days—the suffering that made of mortal breath a wearying disease—all the worst penalty of life—had I known and witnessed it? Could it be possible? And was there really a Patty Butler looking with meek face upon a frowning world, and smiling down misfortune into pity?

I confess that—having delighted in the atmosphere of a palace for scarcely an hour—all these realities seemed waning into visions of a fevered sleep. It was only by a strong effort—by a determination to analyse my past emotions—that I could convince myself of the existence of a world of wretchedness without—of want, and suffering, and all the sad and wicked inequalities of human life. Sudden prosperity ever mingles Lethe in its nectar.

I pass by moments of tumultuous anxiety—of hope, painful in its sweet intensity—of the delirium of assured aggrandisement. It is now the remnant of my former self that speaks, and, therefore, be the utterance calm and philosophic.

It was my fate to be chosen one of the three plumes—be it remembered, the middle and the noblest one—to nod above the baby Prince of Wales, all royally slumbering in his royal cradle.

It was my destiny, in 1762, to commemorate the conquest and bloodshed of 1345—to represent an ancestral plume whereof poor John of Bohemia was plucked that he of the black mail might be nobly feathered: yes, it was my happy duty to wave above *Ich Dien* in 1762.

Ich Dien—"I serve." Such is the Prince of Wales's motto; and looking down upon the Princelet's face—upon his velvet cheek brought into the world for the world's incense—viewing the fleshly idol in its weak babyhood,—I repeated for it "I serve!" and then, in the spirit of the future, asked—What? Bacchus—Venus—or what nobler deity?



The Prince of Wales—a six weeks' youngling—sleeps, and Ceremony, with stunted breath, waits at the cradle. How glorious that young one's destiny! How moulded and marked—expressly fashioned for the high delights of earth—the chosen one of millions for millions' homage! The terrible beauty of a crown shall clasp those baby temples—that rose-bud mouth shall speak the iron law—that little pulpy hand shall hold the sceptre and the ball. But now, asleep in the sweet mystery of babyhood, the little brain already busy with the things that meet us at the vestibule of life—for even then we are not alone, but surely have about us the hum and echo of the coming world,—but now thus, and now upon a giddy throne! What grandeur—what intensity of bliss—what an almighty heritage to be born to—to be sent upon this earth, accompanied by invisible angels, to take possession of!

The baby king cooes in his sleep, whilst a thousand spirits meet upon the palace floor—sport in the palace air—hover about the cradle—and with looks divine and loving as those that watched the

bulrush ark tossed on the wave of Egypt, gaze upon the bright new-comer,—on him that shall be the Lord's anointed! What purifying blessings purge the atmosphere of all earthly taint! What a halo of moral glory beams around that baby head—that meek vicegerent of the King of kings! Wisdom will nurse him on her knees—Pity and Goodness be his play-fellows—Humility and Gentleness his close companions—and Love for all men, a monitor constant as the pulses of his heart!

And will it, indeed, be so? Poor little child—hapless creature—most unfortunate in the fortune of a prince! Are such, indeed, the influences about your cradle—will such, in very truth, be your teaching? Will you, indeed, be taught as one of earth—a thing of common wants and common affections? Will you be schooled in the open pages of humanity—or taught by rote the common cant of kings? Will you not, with the first dim glimmerings of human pride, see yourself a thing aloof from all—a piece of costly selfishness—an idol formed only for the knees of men—a superhuman creature, yea, a wingless deity? Will not this be the teaching of the court—this the lesson that shall prate pure nature from your heart, and place therein a swelling arrogance, divorcing you from all, and worshipping self in its most tyrannous desires, in its deepest abominations? Will you remain among the brotherhood of men,—or will you be set apart only to snuff their incense and to hear their prayers? Splendid solitude of state—most desolate privilege of princes!

With this thought, I felt a strange compassion for the Prince of Wales. All the glories of the palace seemed to vanish from about me, and I looked down upon the sleeping creature whom I was there to honour, with a deep pity, a sorrow for the rough and trying fortune he was born to.

The Widdecomb Papers.

THE writer of these reminiscences had on one occasion the privilege of dining with Widdecomb. The "great man" was in the habit, after rehearsal, of turning into the respectable eating-house at the foot of Westminster Bridge, where he frequently took what happened to be "in the best cut" just like an ordinary mortal. When the present writer had the honour of dining with Widdecomb, the "great creature" sat in a box facing the fire, while the humble recorder of these reminiscences occupied a place near the window. "So ho," said Widdecomb, mechanically reading an announcement on the wall, "they have an ordinary at one here, have they? Aha!" he continued, with his well-known chuckle, looking significantly at the clock, which was exactly two, "they have an ordinary at one—and now" (looking at himself in the glass) "now they've got an extra-ordinary at two." I ventured to laugh at the "great creature's wit," which led to a little conversation, terminating in an intimacy which will probably last during the life of the present writer, but as nothing sublimary is immortal, it can hardly continue to the end of the days of Widdecomb.

On another occasion the writer of these memoirs found the illustrious man at dinner, when there was a plate of underdone beef before him. "So ho" cried the "great creature," "is this the way they treat me—me, Methusalem Walter Thomas Widdecomb?" Upon this the waiter came forward respectfully to know the "great creature's" pleasure. "Roast beef," said Widdecomb, drawing himself up to his full height, and stretching out his mouth to its full width, "Roast beef, and where is the equestrian radish? I, Methusalem Walter Thomas Widdecomb, be palmed off with a bit of beef, and no horse-radish!" The waiter hurried away and instantly returned with the savoury root, which Widdecomb devoured with his usual relish. As I left the room arm-in-arm with the "great creature," the waiter maliciously called out down the pipe communicating with the kitchen, "Two of greens," as we left the premises.

A NEW TORMENT FOR SINNERS.

A NEW and improved edition of Dante's *Commedia* is about to be published, and in which the celebrated inscription over the infernal gates—

"*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate*,"—

"leave all hope, ye who enter here," will be replaced by—

"*Voi ch' entrate, legete l'Araldo Matutino*,"

which means, (we translate for the benefit of the proprietors,)—

"YE WHO ENTER HERE, MUST READ 'THE MORNING HERALD.'"

MATRIMONIAL ON DIT.—We beg to state that there is no truth whatever in the report that the noble lion of the Lyceum Theatre will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful Bengal tigress of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. We publish this contradiction, as we have been credibly informed that the noble animal in question has lately won the regards of an accomplished young lioness, who does not live twenty miles from our publishing office.

A TRAGIC OPERA.

AS DONE INTO ENGLISH FROM THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN.

SCENE.—*A Fortress.*

Chorus of Soldiers.

ALL, hail to pleasure,
Fill with wine the measure.

Fill

With wine

The measure!

Love my bosom now is filling.
While with rage my breast is thrilling,
Love his bosom

Now is filling,

While with rage

My breast is thrilling.

Yes, is thrilling—ah! now is filling,
Thrilling, yes—now—ah! is filling.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Citadel. Ladies discovered.*

Chorus of Women.

See where, like the orb of day,

Leonora comes this way.

Orb of day

Comes this way.

See—yes—where—she comes this way.

Leonora [*entering*]. For me, alas! life's early morning
Amidst the clouds of grief is dawning.

Cavatina.

My anxious soul, beyond control,
With love is fiercely burning;
The warrior blest now seeks for rest,
To her he loves returning.

Chorus of Women.

To her he loves returning.

Enter CORRADINO.

Duet.

Corradino. Art thou deck'd for the bridal?

Leonora. Art thou not my soul's idol?

Corradino. If cruel fate should tear me

Too quickly from thy side.

Leonora. To the tomb, alas! they'd bear me,

A dead but faithful bride.

Both. Yes, deck'd for the bridal,

My soul's idol! [*Exit LEONORA, followed by the Ladies.*]

Enter BASSOCORE.

Bassocore. Once more to home returning,

My soul with love is burning.

Corradino. Oh! my rival!

Bassocore. Yes, thy rival!

Duet.

CORRADINO and BASSOCORE.

Blow, blow the trumpet of glory,

Shout now with freedom's breath;

Let your bright swords be gory—

Fight for renown and death.

Traitor—I defy thee.

And so do I thee.

Bassocore.

Corradino.

Both.

Blow, blow, &c. &c.

[*Exeunt at opposite sides.*]

SCENE III.—*A Prison.*

CORRADINO in chains, and PETTIVOCE.

Corradino. Ah, my friend, too faithful—faithful e'en in woe.

Pettivoce. But wilt thou not escape, thy prison quitting?

Corradino. Oh, never.

Don't delay.

Pettivoce. 'Tis honour! yes, honour bids me stay.

Corradino.

Air.

Though to passion still my breast a slave

Would gladly burst its chain,

Yet at honour's price I must not save,

But I'd rather—yes, much rather—here remain.

Then seek not to entreat me;

I fear not death's alarms;

For Leonora's shade will meet me,

And snatch me to her arms.

[*The scene closes in with a pair of flats.*]

SCENE IV.—Leonora's Apartment.

Chorus of Women.

She comes not—and yet she's near.
Poor maiden! she is here.

Enter LEONORA distracted.

Leonora. My Corradino, what do they mean, oh?
All this long time where canst thou have been, oh?
In all my dreams thy cherish'd form is seen, oh!

Chorus. She raves—her senses leave her.
Oh would we could deceive her!

[Drums are heard without.]

Leonora. Oh, oh, it is the drum—
Come then, my Corradino, come.

Chorus. She raves, &c. &c. [Shouts are heard.]

Leonora. What means that shout?
Oh! What are they about?

Chorus. She raves, &c.

Leonora. Unto death I know they take him;
Then be still, my fever'd brain.
But my shade will ne'er forsake him,
For we both shall meet again.

Chorus. She raves, &c.

Leonora. Unto death I know they take him.

Chorus. She knows they take him.

Leonora. Be still, my fever'd brain.

Chorus. Still fever'd is her brain.

Leonora. But my shade will ne'er forsake him.

Chorus. Ah! her shade will ne'er forsake him.

Leonora. Yes, we both shall meet again.

Chorus. They both will meet again.

[LEONORA sinks exhausted among her Ladies. She is dragged to the back in their arms, and the Curtain falls.]

The Navy Estimates.

Mr. HUME objected to these estimates. (Oh!) Oh! that was always the way whenever he rose to speak. It was oh, oh! but he (Mr. Hume) was not going to be put down, by all the oh's in the universe. (Laughter and Cheers.) He thought the estimates extravagant. He had made a calculation of the number of men that were necessary for the navy. (Hear!) He had taken a 74 gun-ship, and dividing the crew by the number of officers, he found that there was a man and a half over. (Hear!) He (Mr. Hume) would ask where was the necessity for this! (Hear, and Question.) He should conclude by moving for a return of all the Coxswains now on active service; together with all the documents that had passed between the Lords of the Admiralty and the Baffin's Bay Company, distinguishing those letters which were post free from those on which the receiver had to pay the postage. (Oh!)

Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT would feel great pleasure in giving the honourable member all the information he wished—but the fact was there were no documents. (Hear!)

Mr. HUME. That is why I ask for them. (Cries of Spoke.) Here the subject dropped.

LITERARY SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

LE FEU-FOLLET, Captain Cooper, aground in the Burlington Roads. It has stuck fast upon the shelving ground, and is not expected to be got off easily.

The COURIER, which had been long lying on the Strand, is reported to have gone down suddenly some time in the last year. All hands perished, and some of the underwriters have severely suffered.

'QUESTIONS—NOT TO BE FOUND IN "MANGNALL."

Is Hyde Park a relation of Mungo Park?

Was Lord Bacon lineally descended from Ham?

Is not Ellenborough a borough that ought to be disfranchised?

Is Bob Keeley related to Tekeli?

Did George Robins marry a descendant of Lot?

What relationship is there between the Stratford Jubilee and the Giubelei of Covent Garden?

Is Mr. Emerson Tennant a weekly or quarterly tenant?

Is Ben D'Israeli a better orator than Ben Nevis?

Is the speaker of the House of Commons descended from Enfield's Speaker?

Is Burton-upon-Trent equal to Burton on Melancholy?

PAS DE DEUX.—We read that Fanny Elssler is announced both at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, to appear on the same night. We cannot make this out—unless it is, as Silthorpe tells us, that Fanny is going to dance in two pieces.

PUNCH'S PARLIAMENT.

A petition was presented from Laura Honey, praying that she might be relieved from the penalty of 5s., in which she had been cast by the Liverpool magistrates, for having, against the law, acted in an unlicensed theatre, called the Liver.—Morning Paper.

Colonel SIBTHORPE presented the petition. He was—it was well known—an advocate for vested rights. (Hear!) Nevertheless, when the great services of the fair petitioner towards the drama of the country (laughter) were duly considered, he felt assured that she ought to be permitted to break the law with every possible impunity. (Ironical cheers.) The services of that lady towards the legitimate drama were well known. (Screams of laughter.) Honourable gentlemen might laugh; but he himself had seen her in white gauze and carnation-coloured silk stockings acting *Laurine* in—if he remembered rightly—*The Spirit of the Rhine*. He had also seen her "bathing and sporting" at the Adelphi, with great pleasure; and he called upon the members, as law-makers,—nay, as men—to interpose between Laura Honey and the tyranny of the proprietors of the Royal Theatre, who, protecting their own property, as under the law guaranteed to them, had caused much uneasiness to the fascinating syren (Cries of Oh! Oh!) whose petition—(Here the gallant Member's speech was lost in the roars of the House.) There had also been penalties recovered against other actors. Mr. Buckstone (laughter) had played at the Liver; Mrs. Fitzwilliam had also played there. Both of these distinguished artists had been fined! (Cries of "Serre 'em right.") The gallant Colonel concluded by asking if such a course of things was to continue!

Sir ROBERT PEEL said he could not silently suffer the presentation of any such petition. It was only in the *Times* of that morning that he had read a police report, in which one *Laura Lightly* had been committed by a magistrate for illegally pawning a pair of silver tea-tongs from her lodgings. Now, if the petition of Laura Honey—who had been punished for acting against the law—were to be entertained, why not also the petition of her namesake? In the eye of the law there was no difference between illegal acting and illegal pawning. (Hear.)

Viscount MANNON protested against any such law; nevertheless, whilst it did exist, it must be respected. (Hear.) The Patent Theatre paid a large rent for an exclusive privilege; throw the privilege open (hear), and that rent must of course come down. It would be in the recollection of the House that he had last Session agitated this subject. (Hear.) He was happy to say that he had prepared a bill upon the matter—a bill that had occupied his undivided attention during the whole period of the recess—a bill for which he should claim the advocacy of the Right Hon. Baronet at the head of the Home Department.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM expressed himself as only too happy to assist the noble Viscount in any manner that could tend to the elevation of the stage. He trusted that the House would give her Majesty's Ministers credit for the deepest and strongest feelings towards the true glory of the theatre: feelings that were shared by Royalty itself; as was evident in the frequent state visits of her Majesty (laughter) to the temples of the Drama. As a further illustration of the anxiety with which Ministers contemplated the progress of a glorious art, and considered the claims of its most distinguished professors, he could not abstain from informing the house, that the Right Hon. Baronet at the head of the Government had that very day placed the name of Mr. Sheridan Knowles on the civil list, for a pension of 200l. per annum. (Loud and continued cheers greeted this announcement. In the tumult, Laura Honey's petition was received and ordered to lie under the table.)

PREVAILING FASHIONS.

THE white cravat, now so extensively worn at evening parties, imparts a serious aspect to the circles of *ton*; and confers quite a clerical character on the quadrille. The wearers of this article seem all to be connected with the cloth, but whether with the cloth of the Church Establishment, or with that of the establishment of Messrs. Swan and Edgar, may in some instances be a question.

"DEATH OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT IN LONDON."—We have just read the above announcement, and in our anxiety to learn the truth, have despatched an express to bring us the full particulars of this melancholy and irretrievable event.

Second Edition.—OUR BOY has just returned. Thank Heaven, our worst fears are not realised. MR. WIDDICOMB IS NOT DEAD. Our boy has just left him mending a broken whip.

Punch's Provincial Intelligence



"PUNCH," with his usual liberality, has engaged a gentleman of undoubted veracity to collect the COUNTRY NEWS exclusively for this Publication, which may be always confidently depended on for the accuracy of its recorded facts.

The gentleman who has undertaken this department will be constantly travelling from place to place; and, indeed, such arrangements have been entered into, that the reporter will never *lie* in the same town two consecutive nights.

Wherever a paragraph has been copied from the provincial press, it will be immediately and candidly acknowledged, and the name of the paper subjoined.

As country editors are prone to select jokes, &c. from "PUNCH," it is suggested that this will prove a fair mode of balancing the account. The annexed motto will precede

PUNCH'S PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

"This is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of the reckoning."—SHAKESPEARE.

And, moreover, to prevent fraud, or the possibility of deception, the articles will invariably be signed **VERAX.**

Spalding.

For the last ten years there has been a gradual increase of an epidemic disorder among the fen geese, which is conjectured by an eminent naturalist of this town to be occasioned by some material alteration in the habits of the geese; for since the extensive use of steel pens, which have almost superseded the employment of quills, it has not been deemed necessary to pluck the geese twice during the year.

The geese, unaccustomed to this treatment, are therefore pining away for the want of their customary half-yearly excitement.—*Lincoln Mercury.*



Liverpool.

ARRIVED.—The George IV., from New Orleans, having made the passage in eight days.

This is the shortest period that has ever occurred in a voyage from America; perhaps it is to be attributed to the ship being laden with a very light cargo—viz., Stock of the American funds, feathers, and soda-water.

Leamington.

A very curious hydraulic machine has been lately constructed here, from the design and under the direction of Mr. Manby, Civil Engineer. It is of the nature of a pump; but it is so ingeniously contrived, that any one, at any hour of the day or night, can help himself to a glass of mixed brandy and water, either cold or hot.

The machine is considered a great convenience in Leamington, which is now no longer merely a "Watering-Place," but a "Brandy-and-Watering" Place. We have no doubt that this rare novelty will attract numerous visitors.—*Birmingham Herald.*



Newmarket.

The Race-course, which has been the resort of the sporting world for so many years, has been purchased by the celebrated Mr. Gully, who purposes laying it

out as a model farm. Several hundred acres have been recently planted with Mangle Wurzel; a great part of the late course is covered with self-sown wild oats, and a sufficient portion is reserved for hemp-seed.—*Cambridge Intelligencer.*

Colchester.

From the operation of the new Tariff, we are happy to state that the produce of the oyster-beds on the river Colne has been increased nearly ten-fold. At Pyfleet alone, several millions of these marine edible bivalves have been recently discovered. We take this opportunity to congratulate our readers on the decided efficacy of the admirable measures of Sir Robert Peel.—*East Essex Advertiser.*



Brighton.

From the prevalence of the late severe westerly gales, the Chain-Pier has been removed to about a quarter of a mile below Kemp-Town. This remarkable occurrence has for the present delayed the prosecution of the plan for boring the Artesian well under the bottom of the sea, and forming the much-desired *jet d'eau* at the end of the Pier.—*Brighton Herald.*

Salisbury Plain.

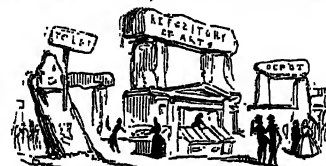
The new town is progressing with great rapidity on Salisbury Plain; the Church, dedicated to St. Peter, is nearly completed. Kennet-street, branching from the Parade, is half a mile in length, and has, in its various orders of architecture, very much the appearance of Regent-street, London.

From the top of Chippenham-street a very imposing view is obtained of Stonehenge, which is now converted into a bazaar, and is the fashionable promenade.

The houses have generally been let as soon as finished; but there are several commodious family residences to be disposed of in Druid-square.

The Zoological Gardens are laid out with great taste.

The newly-erected Baptist Chapel will be opened on Thursday evening, with a discourse by the Rev. Edward Hooper, of Bath.—*Wills Chronicle.*



Hertford.

THE WEATHER.—The late mild and congenial weather has had a remarkable effect on the vegetation in this neighbourhood. Moss roses are in full bloom in the garden of Mr. Lupino; pelargoniums have blossomed in the open air; and on Tuesday last green peas of excellent quality were gathered in the grounds of Mr. T. Smith, whose great American Aloe has flowered for the first time these hundred years.



VERAX.

PEARLS OF PARLIAMENT.

OUR representatives—for surely *Punch* has always had a voice in Parliament—have not let fall many jewels since our last. Well, even the girl who was especially made to drop rubies and diamonds did, we doubt not, at times talk glass beads instead; and therefore, let us now and then be charitable towards the wisdom of Parliament.

Two or three matters have come to the knowledge of *Punch*—matters which will delight the reader. In the first place, Sir ROBERT PEELE has ordered a complete suit of chain armour, which he will wear under his super-Saxony on those nights when the Minister expects to be addressed by Mr. CORDEN. This precaution will, no doubt, conduce to the tranquillity of the Minister, by making him bullet-proof. As for Mr. CORDEN, there is a private order that Black-Rod shall every night search his toothpick-case, lest pistols should be secreted there.

Mr. ROEBUCK—who, in a political sense, may be considered as Lord BROUGHAM's seven-months' baby—has, since our last, delivered nothing "private and confidential" to the Commons. This is the more handsome of him, as we know that once, "in the Library of the House," JOSEPH HUME, being short of silver, borrowed "confidentially" sixteen-pence to pay his cab-hire to Bryanstone-square; yet, up to the present time, this fact Mr. ROEBUCK has magnanimously kept from the knowledge of Parliament.





THE "CHRISTIAN" BAYADERE WORSHIPPING THE
IDOL "SIVA."

"It implied no countenance shown to Hindooism by the Governor-General, than whom a more pious Christian did not exist."

Lord Brougham in the House of Peers.

There was a trifle doing in the Lords on the question of thanks to Lord ELLENBOROUGH and the Indian Army. His Lordship spoke of the vipers of the press, who had endeavoured to kill the fair fame of the Governor-General—of “superannuated vipers, that had the bag of venom, but not the perforated tooth through which to squirt it.” This is a subject upon which no pen can dispute with his Lordship: in the matter of “vipers” and “venom” BROUGHAM may be bowed to as a Professor. His Lordship, however, went further. As to the proclamation touching the Gates of Somnauth:—

“It implied no countenance shown to Hindooism by the Governor-General, than whom a more pious Christian did not exist. He never dreamt of showing a preference to Hindooism above Mahometanism, or to Mahometanism. . . . He (Lord Brougham) would undertake to demonstrate, to the satisfaction of every charitable and calm disposition, that the words did not bear the construction which had been put upon them.”

Did *Punch* ever doubt his own BROUGHAM in any such matter? Knows he not well that his own dear Harry would, for the nonce, not only prove ELLENBOROUGH the most pious of Christians, but in the true philosophy of the bar “for a consideration” show him to be either Hindoo or Mussulman—Methodist or Mormonite—Quaker or Shaker? We believe, however, it was by the significant recommendation of this “most pious Christian,” that 15,000 souls were driven from the city of Istalif to perish in the snow—the city being consumed to ashes. It was also a touch of this Christian’s piety, that—when victory was achieved, and the people had surrendered—made the city of Jellalabad “only the abode of jackalls.” But never mind that: as the Poet sings—“it was a famous victory.”

However, to leave the horrors of war for the discomfort of English peers. Their Lordships are very uneasy in their present berth, and have begun to ask “When will our new lodging be finished? What is Mr. BARRY about?” Lord DUNCANNOX said—

“Eight years had now elapsed since the two houses were consumed, and their Lordships were still without proper accommodation. In a very short time *all light would be cut off* from the place in which they assemble at present by the buildings that were rapidly surrounding it. In his opinion, a committee ought to be appointed to inquire into the subject.”

“All light cut off!” How terrible to think that, even for once, the House of Lords should legislate in the dark! Why do not their Lordships rent Covent Garden Theatre, and make the house really a place of national amusement?

The motion of blunt, out-speaking THOMAS DUNCOMBE for inquiry into Lord ABINGER’s conduct on the special commissions of Lancaster and Chester, has only proved the near affinity of Whigs and Tories—the common cause they make together when the rights and privileges of the people are really at issue. His Lordship, it is well known, is troubled with charta-phobia; and on the judgment-seat gave terrible evidence of his rabid condition; “shaking his fist,” says Mr. DUNCOMBE, “at the prisoners,” having previously grafted a political homily upon his charge to the jury. Some of these men, confined in

Knutsford Gaol, were sent upon the wheel three days a-week.

“They were taken out to the treadmill on Wednesday afternoon, and on the following morning, contrary to custom, they were again brought out to tread the wheel for the amusement of several ladies and gentlemen who were anxious to see the sport. (Hear.)



Mr. DUNCOMBE’s motion was vigorously opposed by Whigs and Tories. Lord JOHN RUSSELL explained away any seeming asperities on the part of the benevolent Lord ABINGER; whilst Mr. THESIGER deposed to the softness of the Judge “when the awful duty devolved upon him of passing the last sentence of the law.” And then his “private life” was so good—his “disposition” so “affectionate,” that it was impossible he could be swayed by political motives! We never knew a political tyrant, who—when his feet were on his own hearth-rug—had not a heart of butter and words of milk. It matters not what he does in his public life, if—when returning home—he chuckshis wife under the chin, and feeds her parrot with toast and butter.

Mr. WALLACE sprinkled a little farce in the debate.

“He would tell the house that since Lord ABINGER’s appearance on that commission special commissions were held in detestation and contempt. He had endeavoured to show to some Scotch friends that the conduct of Lord ABINGER was the exception and not the rule. . . . Nothing showed greater abuse than the Scotch criminal courts; the prisoners were all ready ‘cut and dried’ for condemnation (laughter). There were not more than two or three lawyers in a court, and these were mere ‘spoons,’ (loud laughter).”

We are bound to believe Mr. Wallace in the matter of “spoons;”

but if *Punch* may touch upon his own experience, he must say that he has generally found lawyers not “spoons,” but—tweezers.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM—bold-faced turncoat as he is—spoke out for turncoat SCARLETT. Sir JAMES drew a touching picture of the public and private virtues of the Judge—of his venerable age, his wisdom, his elevated position, &c. &c. &c. Whereupon, TOM DUNCOMBE took back Sir JAMES to Cockermouth, where—

“In 1831, after the first Reform Bill, addressing the electors of Cumberland, Sir JAMES had said—‘I have asked who represented this town. Nobody but the returning officer could inform me.’ (A laugh.) [A voice in the crowd, ‘Scarlett!’] ‘I regret to hear him named in that way, for he was once my friend.’ I am glad (added the hon. member) that the Right Hon. Baronet has recovered his friendship.’ (Laughter, and ironical cheers.) ‘The ex-Attorney-General, a recreant Whig,’ (loud laughter, and cries of ‘Fear, hear!’) ‘the follower of Fox, the nominee of Earl Fitzwilliam, honoured and respected till he waged war with the press, he has been obliged to fly from the indignation of the people to take refuge in Cockermouth (laughter), under the wing of Lord Lonsdale, creeping into the House of Commons through a postern gate, of which a Rev. gentleman now on the hustings holds the key. (Loud laughter.) He has skulked from the offended majesty of the people.’ (Renewed laughter.) [A voice in the crowd, ‘How do you like that, my Lord?’—laughter.] ‘And (exclaimed TOM DUNCOMBE, addressing himself to Sir J. GRAHAM,)—and I say, ‘how do you like that?’ (Hours of laughter.)”

Yes, turncoat GRAHAM, *Punch* asks you—“How do you like that?”



METROPOLIS IMPROVEMENTS.

A BODY of gentlemen meet now and then to discuss this delightful subject; and at one of the recent *réunions*, a Mr. Martin got positively pathetic about having devoted a long and arduous life to the sewers and cesspools of his native city. Fourteen long years had he laboured to enlarge the subterranean ways and watercourses of the modern Babylon; and it is evident that he will not die happy until the filth of London is floating—at twopence a ton—over the heath of Bagshot. Mr. Martin was affected almost to tears when he talked of his exertions to carry the manure of the metropolis to the suburbs; and his ambitious desire to construct a terrace all along the banks of the Thames is a beautiful illustration of the force of the imagination, which, in the pursuit of a cherished object, forgets the existence of the wharf, the necessity for selling coals from a barge, the propriety of allowing commerce still to exist, and the vested interests of the ordinary coal-heaver.

Mr. Martin would have the banks of the Thames a series of terraces, the houses palaces, and the sewers laboratories for the practice of chemistry. This is all very well in theory, but to our own eye (saying nothing of Martin) it seems rather difficult to be put in practice. “The rose by any other name would smell as sweet;” and however fine the appellation we might give to it, we fear that it will require an extraordinary zeal for science to find charms in sewers and cesspools. If Mr. Martin can only die happy on condition of carrying out his ideas about the Thames and its contents, we must of necessity predict what we should very sincerely regret—a miserable termination to his existence!

THE SIDE-SCENES OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER IX.—MRS. SPANGLE LACQUER’S COUNTRY CONNEXION.

A SISTER of Mrs. Lacquer’s married a gentleman of property, and resides in the country. Her name is Mrs. Champignon Stiffback, which betrays the foreign origin of her husband, although he is himself an Englishman. They are tolerable specimens of high rural gentility, and, in company with their London relatives, partake largely of the nature of mushrooms,—inasmuch as they have not only sprung up with great rapidity to their present elevation, but have also risen from mould of questionable delicacy. But now they have no more to do with their former position than has the white button in the pottle of the West-End fruiterer with the impure soil from which it drew its vitality.

The Stiffbacks reside in a village about two or three miles from a country town, which they make their metropolis. They visit London occasionally during the season, when they usually stay with the Lacquers, and pick up a few fresh notions to astonish the rustics. But beyond this they are not very fond of town. They perceive they are not there of sufficient importance, and they prefer being the storks amongst an assembly of rural frogs, to the unheeded nobodies



of a great city. Not, however, that they are always perfectly at their ease in the country; for their position is somewhat uncomfortably poised between the real county aristocracy and the petty agricultural gentilities, belonging to neither, and occasionally looked shy at by both. And since they are in perpetual fear of losing *caste* in the frigid respectability of these districts, by an unlucky acquaintance or an unfortunate slight, their existence is a continuous scene of anxious manœuvring and *finesse*; making strict search into the origin and position of all people taking houses in their vicinity, whom they hang off from calling upon, until they have ascertained who and what their new neighbours are. And in country visiting, it is absolutely necessary to find out all those ladies and gentlemen who do not meet each other, either from natural antipathy, touchy disposition, or fancied difference of rank; by means of which knowledge alone rural dinner-parties can be satisfactorily arranged, to the equal comfort of the host or hostess and their visitors, who would otherwise be obliged to sit looking at each other, like fighting cats, across the table. And this cautious manner of proceeding gives an impetus to country visiting, instead of restraining it. For example, the A.'s have a party, and ask the B.'s and C.'s. The B.'s next invite the other two families, and then the C.'s ask the A.'s and D.'s in company with the D.'s. And finally, the last-named persons return the hospitality of the C.'s, excluding, of course, the others; but asking the E.'s and F.'s in their places, to show that they can command quite as good a circle of society.

As with their relatives in town, the Stiffbacks make religion the principal medium for exhibiting their gentility to the eyes of the world. But it is obliged to be managed in a different manner, since in a country village there is no fashionable church wherein to blazon forth plumes and cachmeres to a patrician audience—for audience in this case a far more natural word than congregation. The humble fane receives alike the peasant and the aristocrat; and the preacher must make his discourse equally intelligible to both, instead of seeking by theatrical declamation and high-flown language to secure the affections of the higher class alone—the chief object of the London Pet Parson. And so, as distinction is not to be obtained by attending church, the Stiffbacks belong to what is termed a "District Society," for visiting the poor at their own houses. This is not for the purpose of distributing beef and blankets to the hungry and naked, but for the far more laudable design of consoling the sick and starving with a tract



which they are requested to read, keep clean, and then return. And conjoined to this society Mrs. Stiffback, in company with some other ladies, has established a private Sunday-school, wherein some fifteen or twenty fidgety children study "Reading made Uneasy" in a hot, ill-ventilated room on fine summer afternoons, and sing hymns that would drive even Hullah mad—in which they evince their gratitude

to their benefactors by frequent yawns and shuffles, and longing glances at the waving trees and green pastures about the school-house. The ladies take it in turns to become governesses, and all appear to find great delight in the occupation, except Mrs. Heartly, who was profane enough one afternoon to give all the children tea and cake, instead of affording the usual hebdomadal aliment to their minds—a proceeding which drew down upon her the indignation of every pious and well-regulated individual in the village, including of course Mrs. Stiffback at the head of them, until she found that Mrs. Heartly was on visiting terms in London with Mrs. Spangle Lacquer—of whom the Stiffbacks think a great deal—when she immediately pronounced it a very charitable and thoughtful benefaction.

Indeed, it was at Mrs. Heartly's instance alone that Mrs. Stiffback refrained from paying a visit to Widow Hopkins, whither she intended to go and lecture the poor woman upon the impropriety of her allowing her children to have the measles, and actually staying away from church one Sunday to attend upon them, when the infant was also taken ill. Not, however, that Mrs. Stiffback felt much affection for Mrs. Heartly in reality, nor did any of her friends; for whilst they themselves were in the habit of dressing more expensively than others in the village—in fact, visited London almost expressly for the purpose of bringing down the newest fashions—still the Heartlys were upon most intimate terms with many of the county families, who only received Mrs. Stiffback and her party with the formality of cold politeness. And this was the more remarkable, because although the Heartlys were really well-born, yet their income was somewhat limited; and both mother and daughters went about in common whittles and straw-bonnets, which Mrs. Stiffback would scarcely have allowed her nursery-maid to wear—certainly not her governess. But after all, the Heartlys were very peculiar in their habits.

Mr. Stiffback may be briefly described as one of that large body of *parens* who have lost the civility of the tradesman, without acquiring the manners of the gentleman. He walks about the village as if every pebble and blade of grass was under subjection to him, and is courteous to no one—being pompous even to his equals, and taking no notice of his superiors—possibly for the simple reason that they are not particularly attentive to him. He makes the village coach take him round to his own door—why, it is difficult to determine, for he pays no more than anybody else; but he thinks this gives him consequence, and so he enforces it.

Independent of those in that sphere of visiting which they are pleased to term their own, the Stiffbacks court the professional society of the village. The clergyman of course comes first; and he is at all times most polite to his entertainers, because they always head the coal and missionary subscriptions, and are indefatigable in collecting penny-pieces for the conversion of anonymous savages living in unknown islands. Besides, Mr. Stiffback had the weathercock of the church re-gilt at his own expense. Then comes the medical man, and then the lawyer. This last gentleman believes himself to be the link between the upper and lower orders in the neighbourhood; but as his clients contain some of either class, he is necessarily obliged to be polite to both, and give occasional dinners; but these dinners are always in sets of graduated distinction. And although he sometimes appears to slight his less important connexions, yet they do not take much notice of it; for they are aware that he goes into better society than they do—that if they offended him the others would still receive him; and so, for the sake of scratching together a little important society, they pocket all sorts of affronts, which would be revenged upon an equal or inferior with unmitigated severity.

THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

THIS excellent society, directly the frost set in, went to work with their usual activity to provide for the public safety. The first measure was to set the society's men to work, breaking the ice all round the sides of the various pieces of water, so that any one relying on the strength of the ice would probably get a ducking at the outset, and thus give to the society the merit of having "saved" such individuals as may have fallen in, under the very humane arrangements of the excellent body alluded to.

Among the other "admirable arrangements" is the throwing of lines all across the ice for skaters and others to tumble over them, to say nothing of the splendid idea of making a large hole, and sticking up a pole in the middle of it, surmounted with the word "Dangerous." There is no doubt that the society means uncommonly well; but when the board next meets we should like to suggest that the humane character of the association might be just as well preserved by confining its objects to assisting those who have got into the water, instead of extending its benevolence to breaking the ice for the mere love of aiding in cases of accident.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER VIII.—PARTICULARLY RESPECTING JUNO.

THE name of Juno has been borne by several individuals, of whom, however, only one was a goddess; the rest were principally pointers. Why a dog should be called Juno, let the sponsors of the animal inform us; perhaps the reason is that Juno is a good name,—a matter of vital consequence to a dog.

The early history of Juno, like most early histories, is little known; but what little of it is known, like what little is known of early histories in general, is a good deal to swallow.

Juno, it is said, was devoured by her father, Saturn, at one of those family meals in which he would occasionally indulge. Providentially, he had not had her scoloped or otherwise cooked, but had gulped her down *au naturel*, with nothing but a little vinegar and pepper. The divinity of her nature preserved her so long in his interior that she at last began to disagree with him; and gave him, in short, such a fit of indigestion, that he was forced to seek medical advice. He was recommended to take one pound of powder of ipecacuanha (the average dose for a god) in a pint of warm water, and to read as much as might be necessary of the last fashionable novel. The prescription was effective; and Juno, arising from her living tomb, was restored to the embrace of Ops. This is a good enough story to tell; but it is doubtful whether Juno was ever really eaten up, except with pride and jealousy.

Some say that Juno was a native of Samos, others that she was by birth an Argive; but, according to the most learned, she was as probably born at Jericho. It has been stated that she was intrusted, during her infancy, to the care of the Seasons. This, however, is possibly a mistake; the Juno who was intrusted to the care of the Seasons may have been Juno a celebrated filly, turned out, in her younger days, to grass. The Seasons teach vegetation, not the young idea, to shoot; though Spring gives lessons in the art of self-defence. The mythologists, nevertheless, do not say that he taught Pollux.

Juno, before her marriage with Jupiter, seems to have led a quiet life; but afterwards she led, or at all events led her husband, anything but that. Jupiter, to be sure, was orthodox in respect of his drink; but his domestic arrangements, as we have seen, were decidedly Mahometan. Now, Juno had two strong reasons for disapproving of them: one was a natural desire of having a heart to herself, the other a conviction that she comprised in her own person all that was lovely and amiable. Will any young lady say that such feelings were otherwise than natural? Slighted affection and wounded pride are apt to ruffle the temper (when unphilosophical); no wonder then that Juno, on special provocation, would allow herself to get rather warm, and sometimes to forget herself as a goddess. Ladies who have brutes of husbands should treat them with the scorn they deserve, and smother their own passions, which, if indulged, often bring unpleasantness on themselves. Of this truth we have an example in Juno. Jupiter had a favourite wife named Alcmena. Of course Juno persecuted her with all her might; but not content with that, she endeavoured to be revenged upon her offspring. Alcmena had an infant, a fine strong little fellow, about eight months old; his name was Hercules: he grew up afterwards to be the greatest hero that ever lived,—next to Jack the Giant Killer. This flower of chivalry, being in his nursery, Juno tried to nip in the bud. In this attempt she failed, and then, by all the means in her power, she strove to cut him off in his bloom. At last she so exasperated Jupiter, that one day, in a fit of passion, he exclaimed, "Hang her!"

and Strength and Force, the ministers of his vengeance, did hang her. They suspended her from a hook (some say, *with one*) by a golden chain, with a couple of hundred-weights at her heels. Perhaps Jupiter wanted to try whether, in spite of her divinity, he could not kill her; and yet for that purpose a good rope would have been better than a gold chain, which could only be fit to hang a watch by. But his intention may have been to hang her by the neck till she was better, not till she was dead. Whichever it was, it was frustrated by Vulcan, who went and cut his mother down before either the vital spark or fire of disposition was extinct. For this, Vulcan, in the phraseology of the schools, "caught it." Jupiter had threatened that whosoever should interfere between himself and his Queen, should experience his divine toe, and he was as good as his word, for he kicked Vulcan out of heaven. He sent him flying, like a football, with one kick, to the no small amusement of the other gods; but the joke was no joke to Vulcan, who was nine days in falling to the earth, and broke his leg when he came down.

But why, if Juno was so unhappy with her husband, did she not



leave him? She did once; his polygamous principles had so disgusted her, that she packed up her things and ran away. But then Jupiter, either discovering what a treasure he had lost, or missing his accustomed exercise with the rope's end, would needs have her back again. So he went to the original of Madame Tussaud's exhibition, whence he borrowed the prototype of Mary, Queen of Scots; and placing the dummy by his side in his chariot, he drove through the air to Eubœa, where he understood that his wife had taken lodgings. He had previously sent on Fame by the flying-post, to noise and trumpet abroad that he was going to marry once more; his intended being a beautiful and accomplished young lady, named Platœa, with whom he would shortly arrive. This appeared to Juno to be adding insult to injury; she flew to meet the chariot, and springing into it with a bound, went at the eyes and face of her supposed rival like a tigress. Finding that she had dug her nails into nothing but wax, she could not help bursting out laughing, and Jupiter having thus entrapped her into a good humour, persuaded her to return home. He was a shocking humbug—that Jupiter!

Juno, after her husband had tried to hang her, (whether his object was to kill or to cure her, no matter), might, had he been a subject, have had him bound over to keep the peace. But as monarchs cannot be compelled to keep the peace when they think fit to break it, she endeavoured to dethrone and lock him up. However, he soon quelled the insurrection which she had raised against him. He

summoned Briareus, a tremendous giant with a hundred arms, to his aid, and the monster frightened the insurgents by a mere show of hands; though perhaps, to ensure success, he also grinned and roared a little.

Juno, much as she had to put up with in other respects, was yet treated liberally by Jupiter. He gave her a state carriage, more elegant and considerably lighter than our gracious sovereign's. It appeared like the work of some cunning glass-blower; its colours were the prismatic, and its wheels flashed and sparkled as if with young ladies' eyes, so that they were more luminous than Catherine-wheels. This turn-out, which was something more than tidy, was *horsed*, as an ornament of Trinity College (Dublin) has expressed it, with peacocks. Peacocks were Juno's favourite birds; though some believe that she preferred snipes. Jupiter also made her a present of a remarkably handsome throne; it looked as if of gold, wrought with flowers and foliage, and enamelled and inlaid with gems. It had air cushions, was mounted upon azure and vermilion clouds, and went on mother-o'-pearl-like castors. Altogether it was a splendid property. The goddess only used it on state occasions. She then appeared in a reclining posture, arrayed in the first style of fashion; her diadem blazing with jewels on her brow, and her sceptre reposing on her left arm, with a cuckoo perched on the top of it. Her other pets, the peacocks, displayed beside her their magnificent tails, and behind her stood her attendant, the beautiful Iris, canopied by the rainbow, with wings and a dress to match. (Had this Number of *Punch* but been published earlier, what a picture we might look forward to at the approaching exhibition!)

The beauty of Juno was heavenly, of course; its earthly parallel might be found in a Sultana, or perhaps in another great eastern lady—a Lady Mayoress. In character it partook of the imperious; the nostrils were perpetually elevated, and the lips in a continual pout. She was called "cow-eyed;" either because her eyes were large and prominent like a cow's, or to distinguish her from Venus, who was celebrated for sheep's eyes. The Greeks gave her a Grecian nose, the Romans a Roman nose; but both attributed to her a good nose—for incense. She was, or might have been, sometimes represented with a double chin.

In stature Juno stood high; as she also stood in her own opinion. No doubt, she had a large bump of self-esteem; besides various other bumps which she received at the hands of Jupiter.

It is customary in some parts of the country, when married folks quarrel, to serenade them with rough music. This would have been an appropriate kind of worship for their Majesties of Olympus; but we are nowhere informed that they received it. With respect to their disagreements, they were both, to a certain extent, in the wrong, but Jupiter the most; and he who would lift his hand against a defenceless female is unworthy the name of a British sailor, much less that of a god.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN AFFLICTION.

NATURE, I love thee! Thou hast been to me
The first, the fondest, and the firmest friend.
When all the world beside was cold, to thee
I could with hopefulness my prayers extend;
For thou did'st give when none beside would lend.
I've known myself to stand on Ruin's brink,
With not a prop on which I could depend,
When mother Nature of her son would think,
And proffer unto me, through Aldgate pump, a drink.

Nature, I love thee—for to thee I owe
Each earthly item that I here possess.
Man wants but little (so they say) below,
But than that little I have done with less.
But what I have, to thee I here confess,
From thee I have inherited—ah! no—
I libel thee to say thou gav'st this dress;
I bought it somewhere down in Hemmings'-row,
Of an old man whose days are pass'd in calling—CLO'!

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer begs to acknowledge the receipt of twopence, forwarded anonymously as conscience-money by a party who gave a receipt not on a stamp in the year 1824, and thus defrauded the revenue to the amount stated.

LEGENDS OF INN SIGNS.

THE BELLE SAUVAGE.



HERE is scarcely an inn about London or the vicinity that has not a legend attached to it; for where facts will not come to the aid of the old chroniclers, they draw upon the only bank where they were ever known to keep a deposit—the bank of fiction. Stowe was the first who tried to pin a legend on to the *Belle Sauvage*; and Camden has since followed closely on his heels, so as regularly to tread down his literary ankle-jacks by having "come it" so much stronger than the first-named antiquarian. Being desirous of deciding between the two old chroniclers, we visited the spot, in person, and were received

by the proprietor with that winning courtesy for which he is so felicitously distinguished. We requested to be enlightened as to the antiquities of the place, and were politely referred to the pump, which is a very old structure—indeed so old, that after working

away for some time, we found nothing was to be drawn from it.

There is no doubt that the *Belle Sauvage* was formerly a French house, and that William the Conqueror stopped there in the course of his march against the Metropolis. The learned writers of the last century either did not know this, or they forgot to mention it. Thomas-a-Kempis is the only one who seems to give us a glimmering of the fact; but the passage in his works is too vague to have any reliance placed upon it. He says, "Some be savages at Inns, and the Norman knew it well," which has been supposed by an anonymous commentator to allude to the *Belle Sauvage*; but as the anonymous commentator has not even complied with the usual editorial request, "to furnish his name and address," we reject him at once as an impertinent impostor.

The legends of the *Belle Sauvage* are so numerous that the literary epicure may find some "nice pickings" off two or three of them. It is related in an odd volume of a rare work, to which there are no corners and not a scrap of title-page, that in London there are many *innes and outtes*; but it does not say whether the *Belle Sauvage* was one of the *innes* alluded to.

The following are among the most probable hypotheses as to the *history* of the *Belle Sauvage*; and though there is nothing but secondary evidence to prove it, yet as evidence is in antiquarian matters quite a secondary thing, it must be of very little consequence. It would appear from Bretton, in his *Notes on Nothyngs*, which is so scarce as to have been never seen, that on the site where the *Belle Sauvage* now stands, there once "dwelt an ouldall *Merrrechhaunttee*." This old merchant, (and we spell his name in the modern fashion to save ink) had a "lovelie daughterter"—who was so lovelie that "the apprentissess and other gayye folkke" used to crowd round the dorre of the ouldale merchant (hang the additional rr's and tt's and ee's) to get a peeppe at her. This used to make the old man very sore; and the "gayye folkke" getting to hear of this did ring his bell in the night and run away. This caused the old man to fume, which does not mean in the literal sense to smoke, though Camden says it does, and I have hints that his pipe was put verrie muchhe outte by the gay folkke's conduct. The ringing of the Bell, at all events, made the merchant savage, and in the course of time the merchant and his belle got so confounded, that one came to be talked of when the other was meant, and when an inn was built the name of the *Savage Bell* was given to it. Some years afterwards, a waggoner having put up at the spot for one night, was so exceedingly fuddled on going away that he put the cart before the horse, and the landlord, who was a merrillie conceitedde yeomanne, immediately changed the name of the house to the *Belle Sauvage*, "in remembrance," says Stone, "of the cartmanne who had putte ye cartte before ye horsee in manner yere mentionnedde."

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRINCE OF WALES EXHIBITED—THE COUNTESS BLUSHROSE—DREADFUL ACCIDENT TO MR. FLAMINGO.

I soon discovered that their Majesties George the Third and Queen Charlotte had benevolently consented that their baby should be exhibited to the men and women of England. These tidings had rung like a merry peal of bells throughout London, and on the very morning after my exaltation to the Prince of Wales's coronet, crowds were clustering at the gates of the palace.

Here, however, I must fain confess to a disappointment. Being in the very temple of royalty, I at first indulged in the most extravagant expectations of the moral dignity—the uttered wisdom of the high and fortunate people about me. I watched the king's mouth, as a bride gazes on her wedding casket, rapt with an assurance of its contained richness. I followed the motions of the Queen, as though, for a time, she had taken leave of the skies, to dazzle and to dignify a benighted planet. Such were my first emotions: but let me be frank; they were of brief endurance. I very soon discovered his dread majesty to be a mere man who loved mutton for dinner—and the queen from Paradise, a quiet little woman, with a humility so marked that it disdained not decimal fractions.

And then there were the Lords in Waiting—the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber—the women of the like Elysium—and those doomed, fragile dolls and victims of state—God help them!—the Maids of Honour. In the simplicity of my inexperience, I believed all these people to be of another order of flesh and blood—to possess a more exquisite anatomy—to be refined by the pure and healthful atmosphere of a court into natures above the sordid influences of this nether sphere; to be, indeed, mid-intelligences between men and angels. Must I say it? I have found the coarse mind of the merest footman in the lacquey peer; and in the Lady of the Bedchamber, the small envy, the petty hearthburning of Molly the chambermaid at the Star and Garter. Alas, too! for the Maids of Honour! Hapless images of ceremony—poor, moving anatomies, with eyes that must not wink, tongues that must not speak; and, hardest tyranny of all, with mouths that must not yawn at the dull discipline that consumes them. I have seen them in the royal presence stand on their throbbing feet, until the blood has vanished from their lips; and had I been a fairy wand, I would have changed them straight—have bestowed upon them the paradise of a three-legged stool, with a cow to milk and to carol beneath the odour-breathing hawthorn.

If, however, the Maids of Honour affected merely my sympathies, the Ladies in Waiting excited my highest admiration. Here, I thought, are women—doting wives and loving mothers—quitting the serene and holy circle of their own hearths—relinquishing for an appointed term the happiness and tenderness of home, to endure a glorifying servitude beneath the golden yoke of ceremony. Here, at least, I thought, is self-devotion: here a noble sacrifice to noble objects—here at once the heroism and the true religion of loyalty.

The Countess Blushrose was a Lady in Waiting. Providence had expressly fashioned her for the ennobling function. She had some vague notion that there were human creatures—a white race, something higher in the scheme of the world than the mere Hottentot; but it was also a part of her creed that, like horses and oxen, they were sent for no other purpose to this earth, save for that of ministering in any manner to the will and wish of herself, her friends, and her immediate acquaintance. The Countess never neglected her religious duties, for she had a pew that a Sybarite might have slept in; and therefore generally once a week seemed to listen to the homelike simplicities of the pulpit—of death, and common dust, and common judgment. Nevertheless, it was plain that her ladyship possessed a strength of mind that continued superior to such antique prejudices—hence, to her dying hour, she remained an unconverted hearer. The world, the habitable world, to her was composed of about an area of two miles, with St. James's palace for the centre. Any part beyond that boundary was, to her, mysterious as the Mogul country: she looked upon it with the intelligence that possessed the theological opponents of Columbus, when he talked of a new continent: allowing it to exist, and to be once reached, there were certain currents that rendered impossible any return from it. To the Countess Blushrose, nature herself had written *Nec ultra* on the west side of Temple-Bar.

The Countess was allowed to be beautiful as the most beautiful statue: and, save in the presence of majesty, viewed all things unbendingly and with a stony gaze. She seemed to make the atmosphere about her cold by her very looks. She rather appeared

an exquisite piece of machinery—an improvement on Maximilian's wooden dove and iron fly of old—a wonderful work constructed and adorned by the laboured ingenuity of man, than a creature warmed by human blood, and sanctified with a human soul. Yet men called her beautiful. Nay, born a baronet's daughter, she had owed her coronet to her creamy cheek and high abstracted gaze. The heart of the Earl of Blushrose had been led away, it would seem, in chains of ice. He had been frozen into matrimony by the spells of a sorceress; and, influenced by his partner, seemed to his old friends never to have recovered his natural heat.

At the time of my elevation to Saint James's, the Countess had only one day relieved a sister Lady-in-Waiting in her exalted ceremonies. At that time, the Countess had an infant son—Lord Tootle—in the cradle. She was very fond of it—really, very fond of it; but then she felt such devotion towards the palace. This truth I afterwards learned from a brief incident. The child was born weak and puny. "Madam," said the Doctor, "you must nurse this babe yourself."

"How can you talk so ridiculously, Doctor?" said the Countess.

"Indeed, your ladyship, I advise only what is necessary—indispensable," urged the Doctor.

"Necessary! How can I submit to such a tie, when there is the palace to—"

"Well, madam," said the Doctor in conclusion, casting a significant glance at the babe, and then at its mother,—“if you do not nurse the child yourself, my word upon it, 'twill die—die, madam—die.”

Whereupon the Countess, gently elevating her eyelids, said—and said only—"Poor thing!"

I have dwelt thus long upon the character of the Countess Blushrose, as she will be found a somewhat important person in my narrative. Indeed, it was to her that I owed my speedy removal from the palace. But of this in due time—let me not anticipate.

At the opening of this chapter the reader was acquainted with the condescending intention of their Majesties: the Prince of Wales, in his cot or cradle of state, was to be exhibited in bib and tucker to his future liege subjects. Every due precaution had been carried out to prevent the too near approximation of the curious vulgar to the resplendent baby: the rockers sat at the cradle within an enclosure at the end of a state-apartment; part of the royal household lined the room, and then units of the world without were suffered to enter at one door, and walking past the cradle, and casting one look—for a second was scarcely possible—at the majestic infant, were rapidly conducted out at a door opposite, to the world they had come from; a world they felt themselves henceforth doomed to gladden with tales of the baby prince,—of the glories of a palace.

It was curiously instructive to watch the beaming countenances of the happy few who, having elbowed it lustily in the crowd outside—who in the excess of loyalty had thrust and fought their neighbours to catch a look of princely babyhood—now arranged their rumpled habits, and tried to conjure serenity to their red and streaming faces. Men and women of nearly all conditions poured along the room, and glanced at that marvellous baby. The only court attire commanded for the event was decent cleanliness—in very truth (if history be anything), not always palace wear.

Great was the veneration paid to the Prince! Men, whom I afterwards recognized in the world, came to look their homage to the all-excelling infant; men, who, with red wine on their table, and their knees at the Christmas fire, would with barred and bolted door hear the starved orphan wail the Christian carol in the frozen street; men, with hearts close as their fobs, felt the said hearts marvellously touched and melted when they looked upon the Prince! How deep, how exceeding their sympathy for baby helplessness hedged about by palace guards,—how beautiful, how touchingly beautiful, is infancy born to dominion whereon "the sun sets not!"

And there were other lookers—honest, simple souls, who with a hurried, almost fearful glance at baby royalty, felt themselves richer for their coming lives. They had seen things called babies before, but the Prince was a blessing—a glory in lace, only for the first time vouchsafed to the world.

Some trod the palace floor as though they feared to hear their own breath: had their shoes creaked, it was plain they must have fainted.

Others again, looked anxiously, fearfully about them, as though, like men in an Indian wood, they feared some wild beast, with death in its jaws, to spring out upon them. Many of these—I watched them—never saw the Prince at all. They approached the cradle pantingly, but urged on by the attendants, passed it ere they could call up courage to look upon the dazzling glory within.

I was thus contemplating the various characters of the crowd,

when I beheld a face I thought not wholly strange to me. After a minute, I recognized the visitor: it was my first acquaintance in England, Shadrach Jacobs, the old Jew of the Minorities. Having that day washed himself, it was difficult for any one to detect the Hebrew dealer through the strange disguise. Washed, however, he had been,—washed and drest in black and buckles, as though he had been going to court at the New Jerusalem. He hobbled past the cradle, gazing with his raven eye, which kindled sparkingly, but whether at the babe or the lace that half smothered it, I leave to be divined by the genii of Solomon's brazen kettles.

Immediately following the Jew came Miriam, his voluminous daughter. Great was her beauty, but greater still her strength: else, how at her ears, her neck, wrists, and fingers, could she have borne the many trophies of her victories bought by sailors' wages out of goldsmiths' cases? Miriam was there; but where was Jack Lipscomb? Where was my first English friend? Alas! sick, perilously sick on an outward-bound voyage. Poor Jack was in his hammock. No matter. Tom Bracely of "The Good Intent" went with Miriam to St. James's.

Thus, seeing an old acquaintance, my thoughts went to Patty Butler. "Will she," I asked myself, "be here?" Then I looked hopefully about me. Another minute, and I saw—not Patty—but her smug employer, Mr. Flamingo, with Mrs. Flamingo beside him—both gazing about them, joyous as spirits new to Paradise. Though Flamingo was loyal to the very nails, his visit was not paid only to the infant Prince. No; feathers had something to do at the tradesman's heart, and he came—kindly bringing his wife with him—to behold the exaltation of his ware. I could see him look up at myself and two companions, as if he felt the soul of the Prince was then in the white plumes, and nowhere else; as if the dignity of the Prince would have been naked as a day-old sparrow, but for the feathers, which were—in Flamingo's mind—its natural clothing.

With these feelings Flamingo approached the cradle, and Flamingo's evil spirit kept close at his skirts.

The Prince of Wales has fallen fast asleep. Flamingo advances to look his homage. He is as close as ceremony permits his advance; when some demon in the air tickles his nostrils, for the feather-merchant stands fixed, throws his head back, and explodes in the loudest sneeze that ever profaned the roof-tree of a palace.

As Flamingo sneezed, the Prince of Wales, startled by the noise, woke—and waking, roared most lustily. The baby of a bacon-fed ploughman never yelled in higher pitch.

Flamingo was about to pray that the floor would open and swallow him. Ere, however, he could frame his petition, he was hurried to the door by the attendants; further admission was denied to thronging sight-seers; and for that day (and all owing to the untowardness of a sneeze,) the exhibition was concluded.

Lines Written After a Battle.

BY AN ASSISTANT-SURGEON OF THE NINETEENTH HANKEENS.

STIFF are the warrior's muscles,
Congeal'd, alas! his chyle;
No more in hostile tussels
Will he excite his bile.
Dry is the epidermis,
A vein no longer bleeds—
And the communis vermis
Upon the warrior feeds.

Compress'd, alas! the thorax,
That throb'd with joy or pain;
Not e'en a dose of borax
Could make it throb again.
Dried up the warrior's throat is,
All shatter'd, too, his head:
Still is the epiglottis—
The warrior is dead.

THERE is no truth in the report that any of the spoons are missing from the Carlton Club. Mr. Peter Borthwick and Colonel Sibthorp, &c. &c., dine there as usual.

AN announcement in a coffee-house window displays the following extraordinary truism:—"The Morning Herald taken in daily."

When Lord Brougham described the Corporation of the City of London as a "giant abuse," he was thinking, no doubt, of the figures in Guildhall, and he meant to say the City was all "a-gog" for corruption.

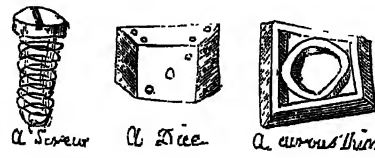
DRAWING FROM MODELS.

SUR,—Sum time ago I sent you some spessimenes of my performances in drawing for the 1.000.000. which I had drawn from living subjects, and hoped as you wud give me sum things to doo for PUNCH, but not heering from you scince I thought you had forgot me.

SUR, I have cum out uncommon scince then, and have been studying at Exiter All to dror from models by Mr. Butler Williams, who learns us, and have made grate improvement which I will explain. These is the things we did first, and I wish you to know that they is all taken from life.



DRAWN FROM THE LIVING SUBJECT IN THIS STYLE AT 1s.



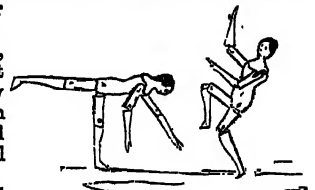
I have likewise dorn pirrimids and lanterns, and cucumber frames all from life, as well as those above, wich I will send you if you will promise me a fare remuneration.

But, SUR, these moddels is incomplete for drawing a grate historical pictur and I have introduced sum more for that purpus wich I submit to, Sir Robert Peel for the Counsel of Educayshun through your collums, wich I am told he regarly reads, as he takes in PUNCH. SUR, I buy my moddels at a small price at the toy-shop in Holborn, where the clock-work mice is in the winders, as well as the conjrin toys and transparent chaney picturs; and with these moddels I can make any historical drawing, and better than the screws, and DICE, and CUCURUS THINGS and cucumber lanterns at Exiter All.

And SUR the style is also suted to grand gropings of classicle figures, as you see here in the Fiting Galliator and other figures as well.

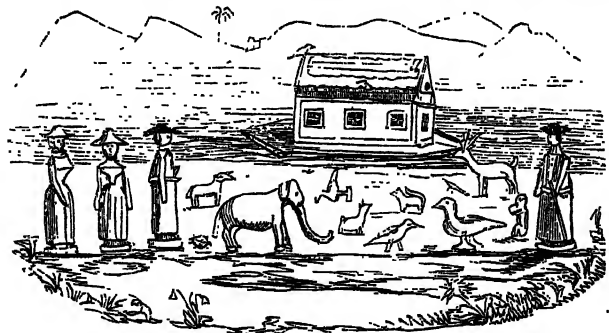


I think, sur, I have writt enough to shew you what I mean to achieve, and hoping you will forard my cause I shall



conclude. The sketches as you printed for a poor little artist named Spec a few weeks back, was too artiffishal for much to be dun with them, but these is natur, and no mistake.

Here I send my last composhun, which is a natural historical tablow



called Noah's Ark, all done from Nature.

I shall be very happy to hear from you and beg to describe myself
Your obedient and humbil servant

1 of the milliun.

THEATRICAL LENT.

MR. PUNCH,—You may possibly remember, that—at the risk of some abuse from the Bishops—I obtained for the theatres in Westminster the right of acting on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent. For this boon, the actors were kind enough to present me with a very handsome piece of plate. I perceive, however, that the advantage fought for is now given up: that—at one patent theatre, at least—the Wednesdays and Fridays are *nootes non* to the actors. Am I, under these circumstances, called upon to return the piece of plate to the donors?

Your constant Reader,

THOMAS DUNCOMBE.

[Punch] thinks—Decidedly not.]

SCIENTIFIC.—By the latest arrivals we learn that the French have recently introduced, with great success, into Algeria, the—guillotine.

COOKS AND COOKERY BOOKS.

BY JACOB DRYASDUST.

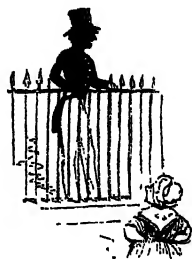
THE office of a cook appears to be a very ancient and honourable one. Athenæus says, "A cook's is a divine mystery." Archestratus composed an epic in praise of it; and has handed down, for the admiration of posterity, the fame of an artiste who placed on the table a whole pig half baked and half boiled. He also gives the recipe for performing this feat, which has escaped Mrs. Rundell's attention. Another classic says—

"He that hath wronged a cook hath never 'scaped
Unpunished, for our art is high and holy."

And Plautus has written, "After eating, praise him who hath ministered unto thee." There are many similar passages to show the great estimation in which these functionaries were anciently held. Nor have those of the present day by any means degenerated in dignity. The late Marquis Wellesley's *chef de cuisine* refused to accompany him—when Lord lieutenant—to Dublin, because there was no Italian opera there. Lord Sefton's artiste discharged himself, because he and his lordship differed in opinion as to the Reform Bill. And Sir E. W.'s *maître d'hôtel* aspired to the hand of his master's daughter, and wooed her—according to the custom of his "order"—with *puits d'amour*, and cakes flavoured with *parfait amour*. Under the influence of his passion he also invented "a new method of melting butter."

The treatises on this great art are not very numerous. "Cook's Voyages, with plates," ought to be found in every kitchen; Mrs. Glasse has become one of the English Classics; Mrs. Rundell—God bless her—has written down the means of giving every man a bilious attack in two days; and Mr. Birch's "Essay on Cheesecakes" caused him to be advanced to the dignity of alderman and chief magistrate of the City of London: the inhabitants of his Ward justly considered that an individual who could make such soup must be an estimable man—his great acquaintance with "Trifles" fitted him to decide on all important matters—the genius which could form "Maids of Honour" was well qualified to reform the morals of those who indulge in picking pockets: in deciding about tipsy men he must have been assisted by his knowledge of "tipsy cakes,"—and one so well versed in stews was particularly adapted to deal with broils. A greater even than Alderman Birch seems to have studied the art and mystery of cooking, as "sauce à la diable" will prove; like Sin, it is very pleasant at first, but causes numerous ill effects afterwards, until duly exorcised by Rhubarb and Blue Pill, which are nearly as delightful as Repentance.

Whilst I am upon the subject of Cookery Books I may be allowed to inquire, why



"THE COOK'S ORACLE"

inserts recipes "to prevent the Rot in Sheep;" to preserve a Granary from Weezels;" "to make black paper for Drawing Patterns;" "to cure the Ringworm;" and "Blacking for Shoes." The cook, in talking about these matters, is surely invading the province of another official in the domestic establishment; and I will confess I was much startled to find a recipe commencing as follows: "Take one ounce of oxalic acid;" and another: "Take two pounds of pearl ash." However, on examination, I found these extraordinary and alarming preparations were for the purpose of cleaning boot-tops and making green paint.

For the benefit of some of my readers, and the amusement of all, I copy from the Cook's General Receipt Book, by Jas. W. Laughton, page 20, the following charming "method of turning red hair black":—

"Take a pint of the liquor of pickled herrings, half a pound of lamp-black, and two ounces of the rust of iron; mix and boil them for twenty minutes, then strain it, and rub the liquor well into the roots of the hair."

The author omits to say whether the gentleman using this precious balm, should be hung up for several days—in order to purify himself; but, I suppose, that is a matter of course. In the same work—page 11—are the following philosophic and merciful methods of killing rats:—

"Cut dried sponge into small pieces, and fry or dip it in honey—it will distend their intestines. And birdlime laid in their haunts will stick to their fur, and cause them to tear themselves in pieces, in order to get rid of it." And, "if a live rat be caught, and anointed with tar and train oil, and then set at liberty, the offensive smell will cause him to traverse all the holes of his companions with most distressing anxiety, and cause them all to disappear."

The same author, in his *Cookery Book*, gives rules for preparing "A big

treacle plaster for the gout;" and I really think any prudent man would prefer the disease itself to such a remedy. Next comes a *recipe* "To escape from or go into a house on fire;" and "A method of curing meat," is followed by "A method of curing chilblains." Last of all, like Banquo's spirit, appears "A curious neat white mixture" to destroy bugs; and I feel inclined to say, any other living creature also—the impressive earnestness of the author is worthy of attention. "Do but touch a live bug with a drop of it, and you will find it die immediately;" and, next, he proceeds to inform us that "The smell this mixture occasions is very wholesome, and to some persons not disagreeable."

I have copied from the Domestic Cookery Book a list of certain dishes which no gentleman can think of admitting to his table—their very names condemn them:—Squab Pie—Soused Tripe—Turnip Soup—Veal à la Danbe—Shank Jelly—Souster, or Dutch Pudding—Restorative Pork Jelly—Pettitoes—Podovies—Kebobbed Mutton—Marrowbones (with or without Cleavers)—Bullock's Heart—Flummery—English Bamboo—and Bockings. How can any individual of refined feelings think of requesting a Lady to favour him with some "Love in disguise?" which appears to be a calf's head stuffed, covered with forcemeat, and rolled in vermicelli; and how can the lips of "Sweet Eighteen" avow a predilection to Bubble-and-squeak?

We wonder at the strange taste of our forefathers in patronising "A delightful Pie," in which a mixture of cheese, honey and oil, plays a very important part—although, as the writer, one Johnne Hinge, kindly informs us, "It is good for causing wit in man and pleasant humours;" still more astonishing is it to find that Barbacued Porpoise was a dish fit for the King's table—and even at this present day, the tenure on which a certain English manor is held, is that of presenting the Sovereign with a Herring Pie yearly—a delicacy well calculated to cause astonishment and horror in the minds of French cooks. It is probable that the titles of some of our dishes will afford equal mirth to our great-grandchildren; such, for instance, as—"To collar Pig's Head"—"To dry Hog's Cheek"—"To force Hog's Ears"—"A Pepper Pot to be served in a Tureen"—"To make Parsley Sauce where no Parsley is to be had"—"Everlasting Syllabubs"—and "Little Short Cakes."

Punch's Law Reports.

SITTINGS IN BANCO.

Ex parte SNOOKS.

THIS was a motion calling on the Sheriff of Middlesex to compute.

Wiggins now moved for rule.—This was a half-sheet of letter-paper, with a copy of an affidavit folded in the inside (*General Practice: Chitty.*) Counsel's signature was attached (*Barnwall & Cresswell, 3; Campbell, 2.*) It could be handed in if the rule, not only in *Shelly's* case, but in every other case, is worth anything.

Ermine, (J.)—We do these things every day.

A rule to compute is granted as of course.

It must have counsel's signature.

It may be handed in without reference to the rule in *Shelly's* case.

The Court allows it frequently.

TIMMINS and another against PLIMMINS and nine others.

Longjaw, (Serg.)—This is a case of ejectment. But who is the casual ejector? (*Shower.*) There has been a rule laid down, but it has not been followed. (*Smith v. Stokes.*) Here it is otherwise. The common law is older than the statute law, but the latter is entitled to respect. (*Blackstone.*) Here the defendants are liable for their own tortious acts. (*Bacon.*) This is good ground for granting the rule.

Bigwig, (Q. C.)—The acts are not tortious. All was well done *omnia rite acta.* (*Hale.*) Plaintiffs are properly in court, and the rule ought to be refused.

Rignarole, (C. J.)—This is a nice point. (*Snooks v. Snodger, Adolphus, 1; Ellis, 2.*) The Court can only look at matters as it finds them. (*Law Magazine.*) On the whole I think I cannot do as I am urged to do by one of the learned counsel in this case. That is my opinion. If I am wrong the parties aggrieved can apply to a Court of Error. (*Ex parte Duggins.*)

When there is an uncertainty about the casual ejector, it may be alluded to.

The common law and statute law are alike in force, but one is older than the other.

The Court may act to the best of its judgment, but the parties may move in error.

SYMPTOMS OF SPRING.

THE Editor of the *Morning Herald* tells his readers that Spring is coming, because—

"On Saturday last, blackbirds were heard melodiously singing in the gardens, plantations, and grounds around Carleton Hall, in Cumberland, the country residence of John Cowper, Esq., merchant, London."

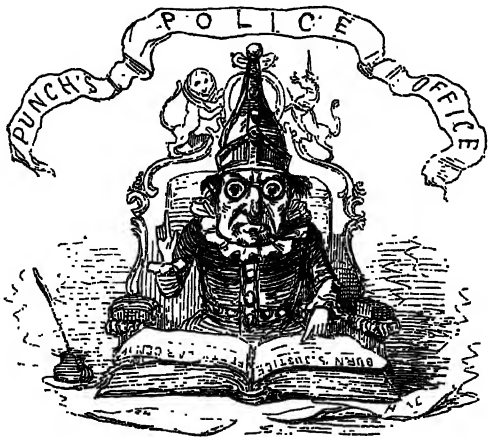
That blackbirds were "heard melodiously singing" was, no doubt, a *prima facie* symptom; but that the singing took place in the "grounds around Carleton Hall" must have strengthened the supposition, while the fact of the melody having been heard on the property of "John Cowper, Esq., merchant, London," presents to the *Herald's* mind a chain of evidence altogether irresistible.

AN "INSANE" QUESTION.

As there can be no doubt that *Hamlet* has in his character a considerable touch of *insanity*, ought not Mr. Charles Kean, when appearing in the part, to be allowed to *murder* Shakespear with impunity?

DARING ROBBERY BY A NOBLE LORD.

Punch's Police.



YESTERDAY, Lord William Lennox was brought to this office, charged with having converted to his own private use, and for his own private benefit, the lawful property of various individuals. Among the sufferers were the executors of Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Hood, Esq., and the author of *The Lion*.

As on a late occasion, the office was crowded by many distinguished members of the clubs of London: those of the Garrick Club being most prominent. Nearly all the principal London publishers were also present, together with a considerable number of authors of lighter literature, from the neighbourhood of Seven Dials and the City Road.

It appeared that the missing property was traced to the possession of Mr. Henry Colburn, of Great Marlborough-street. It is but justice to that very active police-officer, the editor of *The Athenæum*, to state that to him was, in the first instance, wholly attributable the sagacity of the discovery.

The accused (who was assisted throughout the proceedings by Mr. Flower, of Hatton Garden) maintained the most extraordinary calmness during a very long and trying examination.

Mr. Henry Colburn sworn. He had bought a work, in three volumes, called *The Tuft Hunter*, of the accused: had bought it in the full belief that it was the prisoner's property. He had, as a tradesman, given what he was convinced would be considered a fair market price for the article. (Here Mr. Colburn handed the prisoner's receipt to the bench, but the sum was not suffered to escape.) He thought it was only due to rank to give something extra for the name of a lord, though he feared the present transaction would very much bring down the article in the market.

Mr. Thomas Hood (with evident reluctance) appeared to prove the first charge:—He was the owner of *Tylnay Hall*, and was much surprised and shocked to find some of the furniture belonging to that place in the possession of *The Tuft Hunter*. He felt very unwilling to appear against the prisoner, as he (Mr. Hood) felt convinced that nothing but severe distress (of intellect) could have driven him to the rash act. (Here police-constable *Athenæum* produced the property as found upon the prisoner.)



A CORONER'S INQUEST (LENNOX).

"The coroner's inquest being justly considered as one of the most important and valuable institutions of our country, its functions in the provinces are commonly delegated to the most obtuse and ignorant members of the community! The rich and the intelligent have always influence enough to evade its duties; so that the 'coroner's inquest law' generally devolves upon some dozen dunce-headed boobies, who serve habitually as jurymen for the parish in which they may happen to reside. They follow implicitly their leader, the foreman; who as implicitly follows his leader, the coroner; the latter personage being usually a perfect Dogberry, furnished with a few technical terms and legal distinctions, which enable him to decide between Accidental Death, Found Drowned, Wilful Murder, Justifiable Homicide, and Felo de se. Whether Mr. Quillet, the official functionary of Ravensbrook, belonged to this class, will be seen by the proceedings."—*The Tuft Hunter*, vol. ii. p. 238.

A CORONER'S INQUEST (HOOD).

"The coroner's inquest, involving an inquiry into the cause of any sudden termination of life, is justly considered as one of our most important and valuable institutions, and accordingly its functions are commonly delegated to the most obtuse and ignorant members of our community. The rich and the intelligent have influence or tact enough to elude its duties, so that the inquisition generally devolves on some dozen of logger-headed individuals, who serve habitually as jurymen for the parish in which they may happen to reside. They follow, as implicitly as a flock of sheep, the lead of their foreman, whose opinion goes in the wake of the coroner's, like a boat in tow of a ship. The latter personage himself is sometimes little better than a Dogberry, furnished with a few technical terms and legal distinctions which enable him to direct the random records of Visitations of God, Found Drowned, Wilful Murder, and Felo de se. Whether the official functionary of — belonged to this class will be seen by the evidence," &c.—*Tylnay Hall*, vol. iii. p. 83.

Mr. Flower said no enlightened jury could convict upon this charge. How could the property, said to be abstracted from *Tylnay Hall*, be identified! There, the "coroner's inquest involved";—as found in *The Tuft Hunter*, the "coroner's inquest" was "considered." Again, Mr. Hood had "functions" only; whilst Lord Lennox had "functions in the provinces." Thirdly, Mr. Hood had "influence or tact"; now, though his Lordship had had "influence" to dispose of the property, he certainly had no "tact" to conceal the spirit of the transaction. Besides, there were other verbal differences that must quash the charge. The bench, however, was not of that opinion; and the next witness was called.

Mr. Cadell (one of Sir Walter [Scott's] executors and assigns) deposed as follows. In *The Tuft Hunter* he discovered part of the stolen property, violently abstracted from Sir Walter's *Antiquary*. Scarcely a letter had been effaced, as could be proved by the subjoined evidence:—

VAVASOUR'S APARTMENT (LENNOX).

"The room had a comfortable though not a lively appearance. It was hung with tapestry, which the looms of Arras had produced in the sixteenth century. The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry. The large showy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs, were embroidered after the same pattern," &c.—*Tuft Hunter*, vol. i. p. 69.

GREEN ROOM AT MONK-BARNS (SCOTT).

"The apartment had a comfortable, though not a lively appearance. It was hung with tapestry, which the looms of Arras had produced in the sixteenth century. * * * The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry. * * * The large and heavy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs, were embroidered upon the same pattern," &c.—*Antiquary*.



Mr. Flower here contended for the prisoner, that the charge could not hold. It must be plain to a minute and curious observer that there was a considerable—nay, a most vital difference in the paragraphs. For instance, Sir Walter Scott had "large and heavy stiff-bottomed chairs," whilst the chairs of the prisoner were "large showy." Sir Walter's chair-backs, too, were "embroidered upon the same pattern," whilst the prisoner's were "embroidered after." Mr. Flower, therefore, contended that no charge had been made out. This plea, however, was over-ruled by the bench, and the examination proceeded.

Hereupon, the author of *The Lion* stood forth, and proved the rapacity of the prisoner, who had (as will be seen by the subjoined) deprived him of even a "breakfast:—

A LONDON BREAKFAST (LENNOX).

"What a contrast is a country breakfast to that wretched languid affair of heavy eyes and aching limbs, nauseated palates and jaded spirits, a London breakfast during the season. When the cups that cheer, but not inebriate, are swallowed mechanically—the dainties even from the hands of a cordon bleu, are thrust away untasted. The statesman, worn out after the excitement of his speech, &c. &c. will each or all bear witness that a London breakfast in the season is a joyless repast."—*Tuft Hunter*, vol. ii. p. 7.

A LONDON BREAKFAST ("LION").

"A London breakfast in the season is a wretched, languid thing—an affair of heavy eyes and aching limbs, nauseated palates, and jaded spirits. The cups 'that cheer but not inebriate,' are swallowed mechanically—the dainties from even a Ude's master hand are thrust away untasted. * * * The statesman, worn out after the excitement of his speech, &c. &c. will each and all bear witness that a London breakfast in the season is a wretched languid thing."—*The Lion*, vol. ii. p. 57.



PUNCH'S PENCILINGS, — N^o. LXVIII.



A PLEASANT POSITION.

Sketched in the House of Commons, Friday, February 17th, 1843.

Mr. Flower contended that this charge must fail. For instance, the *Lion's* breakfast was "in the season," whilst his Lordship's breakfast was "during." Besides, his Lordship had the whole of a *cordon bleu* in his breakfast, there being no hint of such a luxury in the breakfast of *The Lion*. Indeed, all the charges were absurd and frivolous. He presumed that the English language was the common right of Englishmen. If, however, people were to be prosecuted for what he held to be nothing more than a *curious verbal coincidence*—there was an end of English liberty.

The worthy magistrate expressed his deep regret at finding a person in the rank of life of the prisoner, in so disagreeable a situation.

Hereupon, in extenuation, the prisoner pleaded the direst poverty (of invention).

There were many other charges similar to the above against the offender, but as it was considered that, for the ends of justice, enough had been proved, they were not gone into.

Under these circumstances, and at the express desire of the accusers, who said they thought that the exposure would be quite sufficient to put the trade upon its guard against the offender for the future—the worthy magistrate sentenced the prisoner to three months' hard reading at—*The Morning Herald*.

In the evening the van conveyed the culprit to Shoe-lane.



ALARMING STATE OF THE CULPRIT
AFTER THREE READERS.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER IX.—A MEMOIR OF MARS.

MARS was the god of murder in the lump; that is to say, he was the god of war. War, however, being a compound idea, which not many will take the trouble to analyse, it will be as well to state, a little more in detail, what kind of a thing it was that he patronised.

At all times and in all places he presided over cutting off heads, smashing skulls, hacking off limbs, and running people through the body; also over tossing little children upon pikes, hauling along tender maidens by the hair, trampling hoary heads in gore and dust; over burning, plundering, demolishing, and destroying, cities, houses, temples, and works and monuments of art. Such have ever been the achievements of martial prowess; such the foundations of "glory."

But anciently, the means and appliances of his votaries were sadly limited. Swords, spears, and bows and arrows, with a few clumsy apparatuses for throwing stones and hammering down walls, were the only tools they possessed for cutting, maiming, and doing mischief. They had neither guns, bombs, nor muskets. Their heroes were unacquainted with the luxury of gunpowder. Alexander the Great cried when there remained no more worlds for him to conquer; perhaps he would have been pacified with a forty-eight-pounder—not much of a plaything, though, for anybody but a conqueror.

No doubt, had fire-arms been known to the Greeks, Mars would have been reported to be the son of a gun; but as it was, he was said to be the son of Jupiter and Juno. Little has been handed down to us respecting his early years, except that, while young, he was instructed in *dancing* and every manly exercise. This tradition has probably a mystical as well as a literal meaning, and was meant to indicate, figuratively, that nobody intended for a warrior ought to be taught anything else. Perhaps, however, we may be allowed to conjecture how his youth was spent. We can imagine that while yet an infant deity, his pugnacious disposition was evinced by a propensity to bite and kick; that, as he got bigger, pugilistic inclinations were strikingly observable in his conduct; and that his full-grown juvenility was illustrated with sundry duels. He no doubt wore, as soon as he could, large mustaches on his upper lip, not minding whether they were red or not; swaggered about Olympus, looking ferocious, and insulted every deity he came near.

We learn, that at a more advanced period he was prosecuted by Neptune for the murder of a son of his, one Halirrhottus. The case was tried at the Central Criminal Court at Athens, which ever after that event was called the Areopagus. Mars was acquitted. It was generally believed, however, that he was guilty; and it may be sur-

mised either that he got off by means of a flaw in the indictment, or else by his counsel calling Jupiter to witness that he thought the prisoner innocent, and bringing some clever witnesses to give evidence in his favour.

The next affair in which this military genius figured was a flirtation with the goddess Venus. This was carried on quietly for some time; but at last, Apollo, who as god of the sun got up one morning, like the heroine in the ballad of "Billy Taylor,"

"Early as by break of day,"

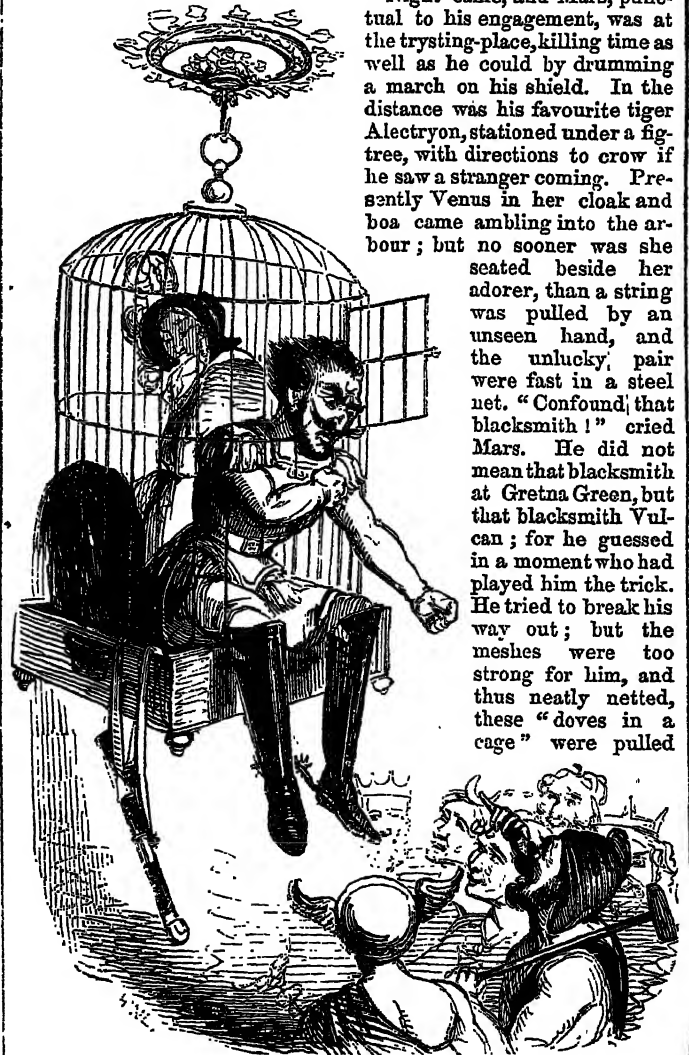
beheld (as did that renowned damsel her faithless William) the gallant deity—

"Walking with his lady gay."

Listening to their conversation, he overheard Venus agreed to meet the divine officer by moonlight alone; the place of rendezvous to be a shady bower, conveniently situated in a grove at the end of the vale of Tempe. Hereupon, without delay, he enlightened the mind of Vulcan on the subject, who at first was rather angry, but soon, regaining his composure, declared with a slight oath, shaking his head, and grinning, that he would see if he would not be even with them.

Night came, and Mars, punctual to his engagement, was at the trysting-place, killing time as well as he could by drumming a march on his shield. In the distance was his favourite tiger Alectryon, stationed under a fig-tree, with directions to crouch if he saw a stranger coming. Presently Venus in her cloak and boa came ambling into the arbour; but no sooner was she

seated beside her adorer, than a string was pulled by an unseen hand, and the unlucky pair were fast in a steel net. "Confound that blacksmith!" cried Mars. He did not mean that blacksmith at Gretna Green, but that blacksmith Vulcan; for he guessed in a moment who had played him the trick. He tried to break his way out; but the meshes were too strong for him, and thus neatly netted, these "doves in a cage" were pulled



up aloft, and suspended from the chandelier in Jupiter's drawing-room, to be laughed at by all Olympus. After keeping them in that agreeable position the best part of a day, Vulcan was prevailed upon by Neptune to let them out; but they looked very foolish for a long time afterwards, and, of course, never heard an end of the story. Momus was always sure to introduce it after dinner. Mars would have called Vulcan out; but Jupiter insisted on his shaking hands with him. The only way, therefore, in which he could vent his annoyance was by punishing poor little Alectryon, whose duty it had been to let him know when Apollo was up. He therefore changed his tiger into a game-cock, or,

according to some into a bantam. "There," he cried, having effected the metamorphosis, "your nature is the same as your name; go now, hop!" Alectryon was Greek for the "Morning Herald."

It would seem, however, that Mars got into some scrape or other, which rendered him amenable to justice; for it is recorded of him that he once, to use a classical expression, "had fifteen months." The story goes that he was imprisoned by Otus and Ephialtes, sons of Neptune, who captured him in a war which they undertook against the gods. But there are reasons for demurring to the reception of this statement; for according to the same account Otus and Ephialtes were two enormous giants, who grew nine inches every month, and were only nine years old when they commenced hostilities. This part of the tale savours a little too strongly of archery; nor is there any better authority for it than that of the fallacious Walker. Mars, most probably, was imprisoned for an assault; and he appears to have been liberated on paying a fine, for we are told that he was set free by Mercury, which word is no doubt a mistake for gold.

During the Trojan war, Mars, who was always partial to Paris, took part against the Greeks, and once even fought in person on the side of their opponents. On this occasion, however, he got what is called a bellyful, whereunto he was treated by the hero Diomedes, who astonished his digestive organs with a javelin. This wound would have been mortal if he had not happened to be an immortal god: as it was, he was obliged to lay up with it for some little time; but celestial flesh heals very fast. Mars, on receiving it, roared, according to Homer, like nine or ten thousand heroes in battle-cry, and mounted out of sight like a thunder-cloud. As soon as he got to heaven, he went blubbering to Jupiter, showing the gash in his stomach, and complaining of Diomedes and of Minerva, who had lent a hand to the weapon. But Jupiter knit his brows, and gave him a regular blowing-up, telling him that he considered him the most odious deity in all Olympus, on account of his bullying, quarrelling, fighting propensities; that he was as bad as his mother Juno; and that if he had been anybody else's son but his own, he would long ago have consigned him to the lowest dungeon in Tartarus. However, he sent for a doctor, one Pæon, to dress the wound. The treatment of that practitioner seems to have consisted in the application of friars'-balsam; he did not use sutures, as usual in wounds of the abdomen, nor even diachylon; but his remedy produced immediate cicatrization. The case, no doubt, was read at the Olympic Medico-Chirurgical Society.

The Romans much exceeded the Greeks in their devotion to this deity; they evinced their faith in him by worshipping him with all their heart and lungs; and by way of works they cut as many throats as they could to his honour and glory. His priesthood was instituted by that venerable frump, Numa; its members were called Salii: their principal business was to guard the sacred Ancile, or shield, which old Numa persuaded the people had dropped down from heaven. The fact was, that it was an old pot-lid, which somebody had flung over his garden wall.

Mars was represented as an ancient warrior, armed to the teeth, and looking very fierce; sometimes standing at ease; sometimes in a chariot, driving his two celebrated blood-horses, Flight and Terror. His appearance would have been improved by a cocked hat.

Horses, dogs, magpies, vultures, and wolves, were immolated on his altars; some say, on account of their ferocity and pugnaciousness; others, with greater plausibility, because he was fond of carrion. The Scythians sacrificed asses to him, and asses are the chief sacrifices offered to him in the present day. His worshippers, also, are mostly asses.

Mars has a much greater variety of servants than he used to have; fusiliers, lancers, hussars, riflemen, colonels, captains, cornets, corporals, sergeants, and drum-majors, being, with sundry other functionaries of his, altogether of modern creation. He is better off, too, than he was formerly, in respect of ministers. For, as a regimental poet sings,

"Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Pericles,
Of Conon and Lysander,
And Alcibiades;
But of all the gallant heroes,
There's none for to compare,
With my right-fol de riddle iddle lol,
To the British Grenadier."

FERRARO'S FIRST.—What sort of a reign was Charles the Tenth's?—A missing rain.

Mr. PAMISSNITZ has written from Graafenberg for several hundred unsold copies of the *Herald*, finding that they answer all the purposes of wet blankets—are more somniferous and much cheaper.

THE UMBRELLA ART-UNION.

THE present undertaking was one that could not possibly have been carried into effect, unless by the power of numbers combining for mutual benefit—by the co-operation of MEN, not of BOYS. As well might the artists have otherwise attempted "to pluck bright honour from the pale-faced Moon;"—which is supposed to be a difficult task.

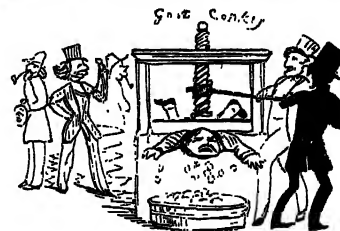
The stores of valuable works of art, collected in the umbrellas of perambulating printsellers, must have forcibly struck every traveller, whose business may have led him occasionally through Picket-street, Leicester-square, Tottenham-court-road, and the New-cut. Several causes have combined to produce this immense accumulation. The scarcity of money arising from the income-tax—the little patronage bestowed on native talent—the superior attractions, in many cases, of contiguous baked-potato cans—and, above all, the gratuitous open-air exhibitions of historical engravings on the horses of Trafalgar-square, Wellington-street, and the Royal Exchange, have all tended to depreciate the value of artistical productions.

The print-umbrella proprietors, then, and cheap image men—the picture-dealers and sculptors of the million—solely actuated by the desire to distribute their collections amongst the said million, and more, if practicable, have determined to form a lottery of their stores, in which every one will have a chance of participating, upon buying pictures to the amount of ONE PENNY. Of course, twopence will entitle the buyer to two tickets, and so on in proportion. The drawing of the chances will commence as soon as the drawing of the subscribers has finished; and it is expected this will take place on the 1st of April, 1844.

The following is a—

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS AND WORKS OF ART FOR DISTRIBUTION.

1. A plaster-cast of a Cat, with an oscillating head.
2. Four loose Encyclopædia Plates: consisting of Optics, plate 2; Anatomy; Arts, Fine; and Electro-Magnetism.
3. An exquisite painting, in the *al-fresco* pawn-brokers' school, of black-and-white Spaniels—two lying down and one standing up.
4. Similar group of two standing up and one lying down.
5. Plaster-cast—a Poll Parrot, coloured from life.
6. Proof impression of the pictorial playbill of Messrs. Van Amburgh and Carter, with group of Lions, Tigers, and the Banjo-player.
7. Fine engraving of the Last Moments of Ikey Solomons, with the accompanying letter-press. Printed by Catnach, from the drawing of an unknown artist. A line engraving. Rare.
8. Curious political print from a cheap paper of the nineteenth century, representing the Ministry of the time squeezing out John Bull's



- money in a screw-press, with foreigners in the back-ground. New idea.
9. Two fine lithographs of "Mama's Darling" and the "Sober Mechanic's Saturday-Night," formerly given with Nos. 9 and 10 of *The Cobweb*.
10. Plaster-cast—a Bough-pot: painted (a great way) after nature.
11. Wax-cast—a Canary-bird suspended in the centre of a ring of green paper.
12. Coloured engraving—a Valentine, representing a Tailor on his board with a Goose and Cabbage.
13. Curious mechanical contrivance of Butterflies and Birds, that quiver up and down steel wires upon being inverted.
14. Fine copy of "Fairburn's English Ballads," reprinted from the original edition of Pitt's, St. Andrew-street, Seven Dials. Copiously illustrated.



15. Exquisite series of Models in Sugar, comprising a rasher of bacon, an egg, a shoulder of mutton, a calf's head, two onions, and an oyster-shell.

The prizes are on view at our Box's rooms at the Office, who is empowered to receive subscriptions, and give every particular. The figure of PUNCH over the counter was intended to be added to the prizes; but it has been purchased for a great sum by the Goverstreet Educationists, to be appointed the professor of unknown languages at University College.

Parties desirous of being appointed agents are requested to apply to Mr. Diddleton Doo, at our Office.

Literary Intelligence.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DINING OUT.—Mr. G. W. M. P. Dipps, whose labours in the field of literature have been hitherto devoted to an exposition of the Saxon tongue, is now about to favour the world with his long promised and much desired work bearing the above title. We have no doubt that, from Mr. Dipps's experience in matters relating to the "external world," and his intimate acquaintance with the habits of those individuals (who have for many years patronised his *établissement de baked potatoes*, near St. Clement's Church,) his lucubrations on the important subject of dining out will excite the utmost curiosity.

THE LAST OF THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPS.—Under this attractive title, a new historical romance, by the author of "The First of the Fairies," will very shortly make its appearance. When we state that this work has met the approbation of that giant among authors, the Sheriff of Middlesex, whose hospitalities the writer has (at a small expense) enjoyed for the last six months, our readers will admit that "The Last of the Chimney-Sweeps" will be much sought after amongst all classes (of creditors).

HOW TO LIVE UPON NOTHING. By "A Gentleman who knows."—This is a theme of all-absorbing interest, and is suggestive of so many valuable rules for the propagation of independence, that we have good reason to anticipate an extensive sale for the work, which will consist of a small pocket volume, forming the "best companion" to gentlemen who cannot understand the philosophy of filling the stomach at the expense of the pocket.

THE CRUEL COCKNEY, OR THE FIDDLER'S DAUGHTER: A Romance of St. Giles's—may shortly be met with at all the libraries. Whether a certain nobleman, whose inhuman conduct has rendered him the despised of all despisers, is or is not the hero of these volumes, we are not at liberty to inform the reader, nor will he be able to find out; but, nevertheless, we advise every right thinking person to make his acquaintance with the "Cruel Cockney." In justice to the author we should state that, in this important and instructive work, he has combined "the three great requisites of a novel"—interest, interest, interest.

THE KNAPSACK, A TALE FOR TRAVELLERS: Founded on Facts. By the Editor of the "Marvellous Magazine."—In this work will be concentrated all the energies of a profoundly imaginative mind. It will contain an account of many of the greatest wonders in the world (including the size of the Pope's toe and the length of Mr. Muntz's beard); and if it is attended with the popularity which is expected, the publisher may, on the part of the author, exclaim—"Wonders will never cease."

THE BOOK WITHOUT A TITLE—Will by its amusing details gratify all lovers of the sublime and the ridiculous. The author of this work is not only a gentleman but a scholar; and it is to his classical knowledge, added to his valuable discoveries in the mines of philosophic lore, that the public are indebted for this literary curiosity. It is written in a variety of languages, including Latin, Greek, Cherokee, and Sanscrit, everything in the shape of good English having been studiously avoided. With these recommendations, who shall say that the "Book without a Title" will be a book without a sale?

TIME VERSUS CRIME.

At last a mode has been hit upon to lessen what has hitherto been called "a fearful increase of crime:" it is to try all prisoners "after dinner" (that is, after the Common Serjeant has dined,) at the Old Bailey. A few days since, a man was placed at the bar charged with stealing some shovels. The indictment was read, witnesses examined, sentence passed, and the culprit changed into a transport "for seven years," and all in the short space of something less than *four minutes*! Now, if four minutes will serve for culprits deserving seven years, eight will, of course, suffice for fourteen, sixteen for twenty-eight and let us say a whole half-hour, where the sentence is for life. In such cases "the watch," as *Sir Fretful Plagiary* would observe, "is the best judge," after all. Indeed, we think we can suggest an improvement even upon this mode; which is, to have all the prisoners for trial put in the dock at once; to read all their indictments together—to have all the evidence against them in the same breath—and, instead of a jury being called upon to ponder over every petty case, to have one comprehensive verdict, that shall take in every crime from homicide to "frisking a till."

Punch's Political Economy.

OF DIVISION OF LABOUR.

THE division of labour is a favourite project of political economists. A familiar instance of the division of labour may be met with in the works of many modern authors, where, while the writer has had the trouble of writing, the extreme labour of reading is left to others. This is a division of labour; though not a particularly fair one, for the heaviest part of it falls on the reader.

The division of labour means in political economy the enabling one person to labour at one part only of any process; and it is this happy result which is achieved when it takes half a dozen people to make a common pen, instead of learning one person to manage it.

Suppose a person goes into a barber's shop to be shaved, how much more satisfactory the process would be, if he could be lathered by one, his nose held by another, his head kept in position by a third, while a fourth officiated with the razor. There might be a fifth to take the money, a sixth to run out and get change, a seventh to hand him a towel, an eighth to give him a basin of water, a ninth to bow him out of the shop, and a tenth to open the door, which would be a complete realisation of the political economist's notion of the division of labour in a barber's establishment.

The itinerant dealers in vegetables are often political economists in a certain degree, particularly as regards the driving of a donkey-cart, when such a thing happens to belong to them. The beautiful theory of the division of labour is often illustrated by one pulling at the donkey's head, another belabouring his tail, while others kick or shout with the view of carrying out the principle of political economy by dividing the labour of getting a donkey to go—among as many as possible.

There is an old common-sense saying—so common, in fact, that political economists are far above having anything to do with it, that "too many cooks spoil the broth." Now it is evident that if there is one cook to cut up the vegetables, another to throw them in, a third to stir, a fourth to season, a fifth to taste, and a sixth to serve up, the broth would be much better made—at least in the eyes of the political economists, whose theory concerning a division of labour such a mode of broth concocting would splendidly illustrate.

WHYS AND WHEN'S.

BY AN EMINENT PROFESSOR.

Why is a pig in a parlour like a house on fire?
Because the sooner it's put out the better.

When is a lady like a Trout?
When she takes a FLY that brings her to the Bank.

Why is the Sun like a good loaf?
Because it's light when it rises.

Why is a bird a greedy creature?
Because it never eats less than a peck.

Why is a temperance medal like an umbrella?
Because it keeps you dry.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell
When it's rung for dinner.

Why isn't a boy like a pretty bonnet?
Because one becomes a woman, the other don't.

Why is killing bees like a confession?
Because you unbuzz 'em.

SINGING FOR THE MILLION.

THERE is no doubt that Singing for the Million will eventually take firm hold of the public mind, mouth, tongue, and teeth, so that the ordinary business of every-day life will be set to music. We should recommend, in the first instance, the adoption of popular tunes for the purpose of more speedily familiarising the people with the process we are fast approaching to. We understand that it is the intention of the Sheriff, on the occasion of any future proclamations of outlawry, to have them set to the magnificent tune of "Come, if you dare;" and the learned Commissioner will, it is said, declare the expected dividend in Lord Huntingtower's bankruptcy, to the popular air of "sing a song of sixpence." The evidence in cases of picking pockets might be arranged to the touching melody of "We met, 'twas in a crowd;" and prisoners could harmoniously confess when taken in the fact at the line, "His eye was upon me." Bankrupts could surrender to the popular strain of "I give thee all, I can no more;" and the House of Commons might be counted out to the pleasing accompaniment of "One two, buckle my shoe," which it would be easy for a clever man like the present Speaker to carry on as far as "thirty-eight, thirty-nine, then I'll be off to dine," which (if accompanied by a precipitate retreat from the house) would amount to an adjournment.

PARLIAMENTARY.

UR COLONEL TO "PUNCH."

BELLAMY'S,
(Waiting for the Division.)

MY DEAR PUNCH.—For the first time to-day I read in the shop-windows certain announcements which not only astounded me, but likewise most indignantly astonished me, that no intimation of the fact has yet been given to the House by the Earl of Aberdeen. I read upon certain books of the size of pamphlets, that not only are the "FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER," but also the "SPANISH," and even the "GERMAN." Now, if this be the case, it shows either great neglect or great incapacity on the part of our Minister for Foreign Affairs;—and, much as my butler and I esteem Sir Robert Peel and his Government, I certainly shall move, the first time I catch the Speaker's eye, for "a Committee to inquire into the fact of the French, German, and Spanish being without a master."

I remain,
Dear Punch, yours very faithfully,

SIBTHORPE.

P.S.—I can account now for your being turned out of France.

HUMOURS OF DEBATE.

MR. HUME, upon the Navy Estimates being gone into, was desirous of knowing what reduction would be effected by the recent abolition of the Fleet. (*Hear! and laughter.*) It was very odd; but when he (Mr. Hume) began to speak, the House always began to laugh. (*Cries of 'Question!'*) There was no question about it; and if it was a question, he should like to have it answered. (*Oh, oh!*) He (Mr. Hume) had sat in that house many years,—

The Honourable Member was proceeding to address the House, when the rush to the door was so general that he was left *à-tête-à-tête* with the Clerk, who fled precipitately from the table.

Extraordinary Correspondence.

PUNCH TO LORD BROUGHAM.

MY DEAR LORD,

I FIND that you have been making a speech on the subject of reforming the Corporation of London, and that you are particularly desirous of putting an end to the glorious farces enacted by the city magistrates when presiding in the police courts. I trust, my lord, that you will do no such thing. "Laugh and grow fat" is a maxim; and if the people cannot be fattened any other way, surely it is better that they should still have the fooleries of the Lauries, &c. &c. to resort to, for the sort of food which, if laughter contributes to fat, is enough to make all England corpulent.

I trust that your lordship will not be affected by that jealousy which is said to prevent two of a trade agreeing, but that you will at once concur with

Yours, very particularly,

PUNCH.

LORD BROUGHAM TO PUNCH.

LORD BROUGHAM begs leave to acknowledge a letter from *Punch*, for whom he has the highest respect, having studied in the same school, as may be seen by his (Lord Brougham's) works on philosophy, politics, heat, cold, light, law, physiology, and the various other ologies which modern science has made a name—but has done little else—for. Lord Brougham would be sorry to dry up those sources of laughter which the pumps of the city so copiously supply; but Lord Brougham thought *Punch* knew him better than to have supposed that when he (Lord Brougham) made a speech, he had any particular notion of acting up to it.

THE HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

THE weekly report of this splendid *spec.* was read yesterday in the presence of the proprietors, and the whole of the men employed upon the works, consisting of the three carpenters and the bricklayer's labourer.

The report briefly stated that the water in front of the works continued to go on swimmingly, that the large piece of timber maintained its position so well and so long, as to have become entitled to the appellation of "a venerable pile," in contradistinction to those which Father Thames had

swept away in a most summary manner heretofore. The report went on to state that one of the logs of wood which had been rammed into the mud, was losing its perpendicular, and that it would be desirable for a committee of shareholders at once to sit upon it, with a view to rendering it firm in its position. It was also stated that geological researches were being carried on in the neighbourhood of the works, and that the soil seemed to be uncommonly rich, leading to the conclusion that the proprietors would eventually profit by its richness. A dividend of a penny was at once declared amid great cheers, and a call of ten shillings a share applied for. The meeting after this broke up immediately.

THE "MOON" TESTIMONIAL.

THE subjoined circular—*Punch* does not jest—has been, in sober seriousness, sent to our office. As a particular patron of Mr. Moon's "fine arts," *Punch* will not subscribe a farthing. We will, notwithstanding, do something very handsome for the publisher, whom the Kings of Madagascar and the Cannibal Islands (with a few other crowned heads) delight to honour.

First for the circular (for which *Punch* desires the Registrar of Stamps at Somerset House to debit him one and sixpence):—

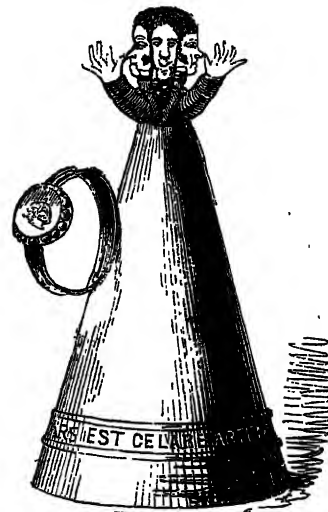
30, Argyll Street, New Road.
February 22nd, 1843.

"SIR,—It having been suggested by some friends of Mr. Moon, that a slight testimonial of the value felt for him in both his private and professional capacity, would be natural on their part, and *might be not unacceptable on HIS!!!* a Subscription (of one Guinea each) for a piece of Plate has been proposed. If you approve of the proposal, I beg to be favoured with your early answer.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
C. E. WAGSTAFF, Hon. Sec.

Subscriptions will also be received by"—but no, *Punch* will not disseminate the names of the victim-mongers.

Punch, however, will redeem his promise of doing something for Mr. Moon, and therefore proffers a design for the fittest piece of plate which, under all known circumstances, the patron of Thread-needle-street arts can receive for his "professional" virtues!



In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of *PUNCH*, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitechapel, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of 16, Caroline Street, Eaton Square, Fimble, at the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand, in the precinct of the Savoy, in the county of Middlesex.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER X.—I AM CARRIED OFF FROM THE PALACE.—THE COUNTESS BLUSHROSE AND HER CHAPLAIN.

Few and brief were my days of glory in the palace. Long ere the Prince of Wales cut his first tooth—what a chapter might be written on the teeth of princes!—I was removed from my high, intoxicating place of state—plucked from the coronet. Nevertheless, a splendour still hung about me; I was still enriched by the recollections of the past. I had waved above the slumbers and the waking smiles of the Prince of Wales—I had been a type of state and honour—I had been glorified by position—and was, therefore, a relic dear to the associations of those who trod the carpet of a palace as though they walked the odorous turf of Eden. It was to this love, this veneration, that, I am convinced, I owed my speedy removal from St. James's. Had the Countess Blushrose felt less devotion towards the Prince of Wales, I might for years have remained in the palace; it may be, thrown aside to pass into the stomachs of palace moths. I was, however, doomed to a more various destiny. The Countess Blushrose refined away the vulgarity of mere honesty by the excess of loyalty. A philosopher, or—if he were duly hired for the coarse word—an Old Bailey practitioner would say the Countess stole me. Well; in hard, iron phrase, she did so: but surely the spirit that prompted the felony, made the theft a divine one! Even the accusing angel must have put his finger to his lip, and inwardly said "Mum!" as the Countess, in a flutter of triumph, bore me from the palace. How her heart beat—for, snugly concealed under her short satin cloak, I felt the throbbing organ—beat, as the beautiful robber entered her carriage.

I doubt not, there are simple folks who will marvel at this story—nay, it may be, give no belief to it. They may ask—"What! a countess slich a feather, when a word in the proper place would doubtless have made it her lawful chattel? Such petty pilfering might have been looked for at the hands of Mrs. Scott, the prince's wet nurse—of Jane Simpson or Catherine Johnson, rockers—but from Countess Blushrose!"

I confess it: in my inexperience of the world, such were the very thoughts that oppressed me; now it is otherwise. Not without melancholy I own it; but I have found that with some natures it would pain and perplex their moral anatomy to move direct to an object: like snakes, they seem formed to take pleasure in indirect motion; with them the true line of moral beauty is a curve. Had Queen Charlotte herself bestowed me upon the Countess, the free gift, I am sure of it, had not conveyed so much pleasure as the pilfered article.

Borne from the palace, I speedily arrived at the mansion of the Countess, in ——— Square. A curious adventure met me, I may say, at the threshold. As her ladyship passed through the hall, she was met by a mild, gentlemanly looking person. There was a certain meaning in his look—a something significant of disquietude softened and controlled by constitutional calmness. "May I speak some words with your ladyship?" he asked.

"Certainly, Mr. Inglewood," answered the Countess; and, turning into an apartment, she let her cloak drop from her shoulders, cast me upon the table, and then, with the voluptuous majesty of Juno, sank upon a chair. "Have you heard how the dear bishop is to-day?" she inquired; and then, without waiting for an answer, she continued: "poor man! what he's made of I can't think—mere flesh and blood had never lasted till now."

"His lordship has been a great sufferer," replied Mr. Inglewood; "but to-day he is better."

"But there's no hope—impossible. He mends, and he mends; but then he breaks, and he breaks. That cough of his *ought* to have killed anybody. Well, Mr. Inglewood,"—and here the Countess, lifting me from the table, and now idly fanning her cheek with me, and now breathing upon me, and smiling as at her breath I trembled—"well, Mr. Inglewood," she said, "I suppose we must all die."

"Thank God!" was the answer.

"Really now," asked her ladyship, still waving me to and fro in her white hand, "don't you think this world would be a much prettier place if death never showed his wicked features in it?"

Mr. Inglewood gravely shook his head, and then with a gentle smile asked—"Ought we to say wicked, madam?"

"I can't tell—perhaps not; you as a clergyman are bound, you know, to have other opinions. And yet," added her ladyship, condescending to glance with brilliant archness at the reverend man,— "and yet, I dare say death, though at times he may be thought a

tolerable sort of thing by a curate, is ugly enough—oh, a perfect fright—to a bishop."

"I hope not, madam," answered the private chaplain of the Countess.

"You have no notion," asked her ladyship, "who will have the vacant mitre? Very good, Mr. Inglewood; by that look of humility I can perceive that mitres make no part of your dreams. You are above such vanities."

"In truth, your ladyship, though I'm not of worse stuff than bishops are sometimes made of—"

"Certainly not," interrupted the Countess quickly; "I don't see why you should despair. There is the bishop of ———; he was only chaplain, and taught—what is it?—*hic, hoc* to the children. You are certainly as good as he—and then you can swim so well! How lucky it was that you brought his lordship's nephew out of the Isis! How very lucky for your prospects—though I doubt if the younger brother will ever thank you for it. How strange now, if some day it should prove that you fished a mitre from a river!" Thus spoke her ladyship to the dependant parson—spoke in a cold, icy tone of banter, that—I could see it—made the man wince as he listened.

"Madam," said Inglewood, "I have no such hope; I will add, no such wish. Contentment—"

"To be sure," cried her ladyship, "contentment is the prettiest thing in the world. Oh, it saves people such a deal of trouble! 'Tis an excellent thing—a beautiful invention for the lower orders; and then it's so easy for them to obtain—easy as their own bacon, milk, and eggs."

"Very often, madam," replied Inglewood, with some emphasis; "nay, too often, quite as easy."

"But with us, who are constantly troubled with a thousand things, contentment would be as out of place as a gipsy in a court suit. I think, if ever in my life I was to feel perfectly and truly content, I should expire on the instant."

"We pray against sudden death," said Inglewood, solemnly.

"Lud!" cried the Countess, startled by her chaplain's tone—"don't name it; I do, most heartily. Don't talk of it—I'd forgot—you had something to say, Mr. Inglewood?"

"Will you forgive me, madam," said the chaplain, "if, presuming on my function, I interfere with matters in this house, as I have been told, not within my duties?"

"Mr. Inglewood!" cried the Countess, with some surprise, throwing me upon the table, "pray go on, sir: as a clergyman, nothing, sir, should be below your interference that—"

"That affects the peace of mind—the happiness of a fellow creature," added Inglewood.

"Very right, sir; very right: as a Christian minister of the Established Church, nothing less should be expected of you. I have the greatest opinion of your morals, Mr. Inglewood—the greatest. I only hope that the Earl—for I can perceive by your manner, that it is of his lordship you are about to speak—"

"Indeed, madam—I—"

The interruption was in vain. The Countess, with increasing rapidity of speech—accompanied with gestures that left nothing for the chaplain to do, save to wait with resignation the silence of the talker—continued to repeat her sentiments of confidence in the judgment, vigilance, and devotion of the divine, together with hints and suspicions directed at the connubial loyalty of his lordship, towards whom her vanity took the place of love. It was her instant and fixed belief that her chaplain—the man of peace—was about to vindicate his functions by becoming a domestic tell-tale; that he was about to prove himself her faithful friend, by making her "the most wretched of women."

At length—for even the tongue of a vain and jealous woman will stop (an invincible proof of the ending of all mortal things)—at length the Countess was silent; and, throwing herself back in her chair, with the deepest devotion of a domestic heroine, was prepared for the worst. She had always felt that she was reserved by fate for something dreadful, and the moment was arrived! The Earl was a fickle, false, and selfish man, and she—sweet martyr to the marriage service—she, alas! was his wife.

"Madam," said Inglewood, somewhat abashed and confounded by the energy of the Countess, "were I base enough—but no"—and the chaplain stammered, and his face for a minute flushed—"I have no word to speak of the Earl: were there that to say of him which your ladyship's fears, most groundless fears I am sure, would listen to, it would little suit my place or nature, madam, to utter it."

"What does the man mean?" asked the Countess. "Did you not say that you had to speak of something that affected happiness and peace of mind—and all that?"

"True, madam," answered Inglewood.

"Well, then—and to whose happiness, to whose peace of mind could you possibly allude, if—"

"Will your ladyship hear me? I will be very brief," said the chaplain, with an inward twinge—a rising of the heart—at the inborn, ingrained selfishness of the beautiful creature before him.

"Oh, say what you like—I suppose I must hear you," answered the Countess, again taking me from the table, and pettishly waving me about her.

"A person in your ladyship's household has committed a fault—"

"Of course," said the Countess—"such creatures do nothing else."

"She has proved not trustworthy in the duty confided to her."

"I hear of nothing else," cried the Countess, waving me more violently. "Let her be turned away immediately."

"You will pardon me, madam: she was about to be cast from the house—cast out broken-hearted and with a blighted name—when I took it on myself to stand between her, and, for what I know, destruction, and to plead her cause before you."

The Countess looked at the chaplain impatiently—angrily, and then said, "Mr. Inglewood, I am sorry for it. I wish you would confine yourself to your duties."

"And what, may it please your ladyship—what are they?" asked the clergyman, with calm voice and fixed look.

"I trust, sir, you know them—to say prayers, and to make or read a sermon," answered the Countess.

"And nothing more, madam?" inquired Inglewood.

"Surely not. What else?" cried her ladyship, with raised voice and wondering eyes.

"At least, madam, to strive to practise what I pray and preach," answered the chaplain.

"Mr. Inglewood, his lordship, out of esteem for you, placed you here; you were lucky enough to save a relative's life, and perhaps it was right—I don't say it wasn't—to acknowledge the attention; nevertheless, I will have no monkish, papistical principles put forward in this house. If you can comport yourself with respect and decency, as a chaplain ought to do, remain where you are, if not—I say, if not, sir—but you of course know what must follow."

"Perfectly well, madam. I am either to remain a salaried mockery—an inward apostate—a blaspheming thing of outward observance—"

"I beg, sir," cried the Countess, impatiently—"I beg you will use better language."

"A creature, wearing the skin-deep livery of truth," continued Inglewood, his face glowing, and his eye flashing as he spoke—"foul and leprous within—a hideous mountebank, owing the daily bread of daily hypocrisy to an adroit juggling with words; I am to do this, to take the place of the fool of other times in his lordship's household, or I am to quit it. His lordship, madam—"

But at this moment Earl Blushrose entered the apartment.

PUNCH'S PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

"This is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of the reckoning."—SHAKESPEARE.

Chester.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.—During the severe gale on Wednesday last, a great flight of umbrellas passed over this city. It is conjectured that in the late hurricane, they were carried out of a shop at Derby in a thorough draught of air, and being all put up, took this direction in their supposed migration to the Isle of Man.—*Cheshire Recorder*.

Brentford.

Mr. Isaac Bowers, tailor of this town, is in possession of a starling, that exhibits the annexed wonderful powers; the bird whistles in perfect tune and time the whole of the airs of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*.

Mr. Bowers cannot comprehend how the bird could obtain even the outline of the tunes, excepting that at one period a Mr. Barclay (a bass member of the chorus of various theatres), once lodged in his house for a month, when the tailor's bird, it is presumed, took Mr. Barclay's measure.

That which renders this detail still more curious, is the fact, that this starling is an Albino, with white plumage and red eyes.

Belvoir Castle.

His Grace the Duke of Rutland has commenced his series of Archery Fêtes for the Season.

A new spring costume has been adopted by the ladies who draw the long bow, consisting of three-cornered crimson hats, trimmed with gray fur: crimson spencers, and white book muslin skirts, with small targets embroidered down the dress, interspersed with bull's-eyes, which produce a very striking effect.

Light-blue gloves, and red morocco boots, with silver heels, complete this truly novel, chaste, and elegant archery-costume, which it is reported was designed by the ingenious Sir Frederick Trench.—*Leicester Advertiser*.

Grantham.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.—An unprecedented event took place on the downs north-west of this town. A game-keeper in the service of Lord Grantham was returning from Stamford, and he distinctly saw a brace of hares in close chace of a greyhound; the dog appeared much distressed, and endeavoured by every means in his power to evade his pursuers. The gamekeeper watched this strange chace until the animals were out of sight; but from circumstances, he has very little doubt but the hares would attain their object, and capture or destroy the dog.

The greyhound, which was a valuable one, was the property of Lord Alfred Paget.—*Stamford Free Press*.

Shrewsbury.

There is no truth whatever in the paragraph (which has gone the round of the papers), that the highly-respected Mayor of this town, has become blind of the right eye, and deaf of the left ear. We unreservedly contradict the report, having made the most careful inquiries; nor has such a misfortune happened to either of the twelve aldermen, the recorder, the twenty-four common councillors, or the town-clerk.—*Salop Statesman*.

Biggleswade.

ELOPEMENT.—A singular elopement took place from the premises of Mr. Samuel Belton, boot and shoe-maker, of this place. No less than thirty pair of pattens walked out of the shop on Tuesday last, and have not since been heard of.

It is conjectured that they have taken umbrage at the introduction of a number of pairs of French clogs, recently imported by Mr. Belton, under the new tariff. Should this meet the eye of any of the absentees, they are requested instantly to return to their disconsolate owner.—*Bedford Chronicle*.

Wakefield.

A great addition can be made to the edible game of this country. We hasten to publish a communication we have received from an intelligent correspondent, who professes himself to be an able chemist.

The common crows (*corvidæ*) are abundant over every part of Great Britain, but it is well known that its flesh never, hitherto, could be used as an article of food, (rooks in pies, excepted).

Our correspondent proceeds to state, that if the birds are properly picked and trussed, taking great care not to break the galls, and then immersed in water in which sal-ammonia has been melted, to the amount of one pound weight to a gallon of the fluid, there they are to remain a fortnight; then take them out of the pickle, dry, flour, and roast the crows, and we defy the most profound *gourmand* to distinguish them from grouse.

Our correspondent's letter is dated from "*York Lunatic Asylum*."

INSANITY MADE EASY.



FEELING, as we must, that it is very desirable that those "unfortunate persons" who are subject to monomania, should be protected from the penal consequences of their calamity—particularly when their affliction is liable to reach the climax of murder—it is due to those very much-to-be-pitied persons, that the proof of their mental aberration should be made as easy as possible. We, therefore, beg leave to subjoin a few facts, upon proof of which acquittals may be at once obtained in cases of the

very gravest nature.

1. To have habitually declared one's self the victim of persecution.
2. When in Newgate on a charge of murder, to amuse the medical men by fantastic assertions on the subject of certain imaginary plots, crews, and conspiracies.

It would be idle to go through a long catalogue of these defences, which will admit of endless variety; but, as insanity will henceforth become an essential part of the science of crime, we should not be surprised at thieves and assassins taking lessons from professors of the "art of going mad, with a view to the establishment of irresponsible agency."

THE QUEEN'S "BANDS."

GREAT are the small doings of princes! When Napoleon exhibited his head without powder, a mortal chill struck upon the perfumers' hearts of France. Queen VICTORIA resolves to wear "bands," and English hair-dressers have their fortunes taken out of curl, and appear dishevelled in Portugal street! A few days since, an insolvent (*Augustus Barttelot*), attributed his misfortunes to the unconscious taste of her Majesty. He declared that "the ringlets were the most profitable, and the plain bands introduced by the Queen were the ruin of hair-dressers." What makes the case more desperate with the fraternity, is the hopelessness of any return of the *Wigs*!

PUNCH'S PHRENOLOGY.

PHRENOLOGY is a subject upon which the opinions of scientific men have always been so unanimous, and upon which so little has been said, either by the lecturer or the disputant, that *Punch* does not hesitate to record his own original notions concerning this much-neglected branch of science. He is aware that there are many shops in London where human heads are examined and disposed of upon phrenological principles; and he is also aware that upon the same principles a murderer has been sometimes distinguished from a philanthropist—when the difference in their characters is previously known. But this is not enough—*Punch* cannot help regretting that so interesting a subject has never been properly considered, and he is therefore desirous of reducing the science to a few natural elements, which may always be relied upon by the student. If the following rules should have the effect of promoting the slightest difference of opinion amongst professional men, or of convincing them that there is more in the human head than they have yet found out, *Punch* will be sufficiently rewarded for his discoveries.

Amativeness is an organ very largely developed in persons who are



confined in the Queen's Bench, and are anxious to borrow money from a friend to effect their liberation.

Adhesiveness is a faculty possessed in a strong degree by a criminal who has told a lie, and has come to the resolution of sticking to it.

Combativeness shows a "tendency to fighting and disputation," and is by no means moderately developed in friends and relations who chance to be present at the reading of a will.

Destructiveness is supposed to be "indispensable to animals which live upon flesh," and is possessed to a remarkable extent by lawyers.

Benevolence is an organ which "produces kindness, benignity," &c., and in gentlemen who subscribe to public charities its development is found to be very small.

Veneration "prompts to respectful feelings for ancestors, benefactors," &c., and we may add, for individuals possessed of power or money.

Hope.—This faculty "leads us to build castles in the air," and is



A SYNCRETIC.

possessed to an immoderate extent by the Syncretics. In barristers who have been at the bar upwards of twenty years without once holding a brief, and yet live in the expectation of becoming Lord Chancellor, it may be said to be rather full.

Wonder is largely developed in play-goers who have seen Mr. Charles Kean in *Hamlet*, and are acquainted with the fact that he receives £50 per night.

Ideality is strongly marked in the imaginative gentlemen who live by reporting the "accidents and offences" in the daily papers.

Wit or mirthfulness "disposes the mind to view objects and events in a ludicrous light," and is more fully developed in *Punch* than it was in Sheridan.

Imitation is the property of half the authors and actors of the present day, who have the credit of originality amongst those who are ignorant of their prototypes.

Locality "enables the beings who are endowed with it to know their



way to places where they have been before," and is developed to the fullest extent in pickpockets who have just been discharged from Newgate.

Number is a sign so fully developed in policemen, that they are distinguished by nothing else.

Order.—This organ is rather large in waiters, and in gentlemen who



have an objection to paying for admittance to a theatre.

Language is a faculty possessed to a considerable degree by the denizens of a fashionable locality known as St. Giles's. It is said to be denoted by a "prominence of eye," and is sometimes so very strong that a blackness is often its characteristic.

These are a few indisputable facts that will doubtless open a new light to the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim.

Punch to Mr. Justice Tindal.

MY LORD,—Your lordship will greatly oblige me by informing me whether the law of the land will hold every one irresponsible for murder who indulges in hallucinations; and if so, whether Mr. Gomersal, who sometime ago fancied himself Napoleon Bonaparte, during an engagement at Astley's, would have been justified in assassinating the Duke of Wellington, or setting fire to the Bank of England? Your lordship will also confer a favour, by stating whether the fact of Astley's being open or shut would have affected the criminality of the acts alluded to?

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

PUNCH.

Epigram

ON "THE TUFT HUNTER," BY LORD W. LENNOX.

A DUKE once declared—and most solemnly too—
That whatever he liked with his own he would do;
But the son of a duke has gone farther, and shown
He will do what he likes with what isn't his own!

THE TICKETING SYSTEM.

THE tendency of tradesmen to speak "by the card" is made manifest by the enormous extent to which goods in the present day are ticketed. At one establishment articles are being "given away," whilst at the next door the proprietors are undergoing the daily torment of an "alarming sacrifice." One would imagine that self-immolation was a popular pastime with the tradesmen of London. Nearly every window announces the determination of the proprietor "to sell considerably under prime cost;" from which it would seem that keeping a shop was a piece of disinterestedness, by which one man determines to victimise himself, and occasionally a few creditors, for the benefit of the public in general. These sacrifices, however, do not seem to be wholly without their reward, for the tradesmen who resort to them very frequently prosper, in spite of their recklessness of their own interests. Thus, while the tickets in the windows bespeak a "ruinous reduction," the premises themselves display a "splendid enlargement," and when sacrifices are to be performed, the temples are often decorated in a style of gorgeous magnificence. That sacrifices are made there can be no doubt, but it is another question who are the victims.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF LORD BROUGHAM?

It is now, we believe, a well-attested fact, that Lord BROUGHAM, ere he enters the House of Peers, always throws up a shilling with himself to decide upon his line of politics for the evening. Sometimes heads have it; of course, sometimes tails; hence the uncertainty of his Lordship's vote and interest on any given question.

A few nights ago he made dreadful sparring with his old civic friends, the Guildhall giants. He abused Gog and Magog for those very propensities which his *now* "learned friend," Lord LYNNHURST, a short time since lauded them to the seventh heaven. The Lord Chancellor, however, ingenuously owned if he had at all "spoken to character," that he had no recollection whatever of the laudation, it having been an "after-dinner speech." *In vino veritas*, it appears, is not an adage applicable to the woollack.

However, Lord BROUGHAM's abuse has greatly fallen in value, and that upon the true commercial principle; the supply has so considerably exceeded the legitimate demand. To be sure, he continually endeavours to force the market; nevertheless, his vituperation "must be quoted heavy, there being few takers." Lately, his Lordship being in this strait, having no fair vent for his gall-nuts, sets up dealer in honey, though we fear with as little success of realising any ultimate profit.

The American newspapers have told us of a man who was so terrifically handsome that he was obliged to carry a stick to keep the women away from him. The Duke of WELLINGTON is morally in some such predicament with respect to Lord BROUGHAM and VAUX. It is quite impossible for his Grace to keep clear of the oppressive admiration of Lord BROUGHAM, even for one evening. The Duke certainly, like *Dennis Brulgruddery*, "does not come of a blushing nation," else must he turn scarlet as his own regimental coat at the incense offered, "hissing hot," under his nose by the late HENRY BROUGHAM. According to that great law authority, the Duke is the very incarnation of all human wisdom. He sits above the world, the vicegerent of Providence. To him, CÆSAR himself was not only a duck-legged drummer, but—such is Lord BROUGHAM's last discovery—the Duke of WELLINGTON is quite equal to DEMOSTHENES or CICERO! Hear his Lordship:—

"Now, my Lords, to advert to this longer were impossible, [i. e., to the charge against Lord ELLENBOROUGH on his Sonnauth proclamation,] after having heard the admirable, the unanswerable address of the noble Duke (hear, hear!)—a speech I do not hesitate to characterise as truly memorable (cheers), in which an illustrious commander, with a precision and clearness no one so strikingly displays as himself (hear, hear!), and unequalled among the professed masters of the art of oratory—united with a wisdom giving weight and authority to all he says (cheers)—I say, my Lords, after hearing the speech in which that noble Duke discussed the mingled military and political questions involved in this subject (hear!), connected as it is, too, with a country in which he himself began his course, not only as a soldier, but as a statesman (hear!), as *let any one who has read his wonderful despatches testify* (cheers)—founding, as they do, a fame far loftier even than the triumphs of the warrior (cheers)—after, my Lords, hearing that speech, it were impossible even for ignorance and inexperience to be incompetent to see the truth on this matter with a clearness which subtlety and sophistry cannot obscure."

Well, this cannot last. The Duke, though gifted with an iron stomach, will some night be sure to turn round and bite his idolater. The chivalrous *Quixotte*—for the Duke has had his flighty political moments—will be certain some evening to snub *Sancho*, and then what remains for him? By what means will Lord BROUGHAM then engage public attention? When he has ceased to be fly-flapper to the hero of a "hundred fights," how will this WATERFORD of the House of Peers maintain a notoriety, essential as the throbbing of his brain, to his existence? ALCIBIADES, to trump himself, cut off his dog's tail. When Lord BROUGHAM has ceased to make people stare in the House of Lords, he will, we doubt not, take to the streets for celebrity. He has, at the clubs, been heard to express himself in contemptuous terms towards the copper appendage of George the Third in Cockspur-street; hence, let no man wonder, if Lord BROUGHAM be some day charged at a police-office with cutting off the pig-tail of his late blessed Majesty. To be sure, considering that his Lordship has lately very much abused and reviled his said Majesty, the natural inference, in his case, would be to find him early some morning decorating the bronze effigy with garlands of roses; but then, who can prophesy the future by the past of Lord BROUGHAM?

That his Lordship—with an instinct of his approaching nullity in the House of Lords—has opened a correspondence with the manager of Covent Garden, for an appearance next Christmas, is a rumour we do not quite believe. His Lordship is not sufficiently agile for *Harlequin*—wants unction for *Clown*—and is much too spiteful for *Pantaloone*. Alas! for genius, when, in its restless perversity, it insists upon surviving its departed greatness!

THE WEDDING-RING IN PARLIAMENT.

OUR law-makers have, within these few days, been very learned on the wedding-ring. Captain ROUS—the gallant member for Westminster—with, doubtless, an intimate knowledge of the process, has declared that "marriage takes 40 per cent. out of a man!" He would not have our navy officered by men who, lapped in the fleecy hosiery of peace, had taken to themselves wives. He, doubtless, feared on the minds of the otherwise hardy tars the influence of home recollections—the snugness of the fireside—the kettle's song—the cat's purr, and the toothsome of crumpets. This foolish fallacy has often been advanced by men not quite wizards in their generation, and as frequently destroyed. We wish the gallant Captain had moved for an historical return of all the bachelors and married officers, from the time of ALEXANDER to that of Colonel SIBTHORP. Unless we are very wrong, we believe JULIUS CÆSAR had a wife; we think, too, that NAPOLEON, when a general of five-and-twenty, was also a married man; such, too, is our impression of the Duke of WELLINGTON when he fought at Waterloo. Yet, in the belief of Captain ROUS, the true laurel is only to be found in what children call "bachelors' buttons."

What, then, would Captain ROUS advocate—universal celibacy throughout the army and navy? This would, to be sure—granting his own calculation as correct—be of considerable saving; inasmuch, as to the especial delight of Mr. HUME, we might immediately reduce our army and navy estimates 40 per cent. The country would be a gainer; but how for the defenders of the country? What would be their position? Would they adopt the discipline of the Knights' Templars? Should we have monks on the quarter-deck—monks in garrison? Captain ROUS, of course, laughs with all his stalwart might at the absurdity; and, giving himself a nautical hitch, sings—

"In every clime we find a port,
In every port a wife, sir!"

Now, what Captain ROUS would argue as affecting the military and naval character, certain small wits have contended for in its operation on all human genius. Ere now, we have heard BACON quoted as a triumph of celibacy, when BACON (see his Letters) was anxious for a knighthood, that it might recommend him to a certain citizen's daughter, whom he subsequently wedded. Sir THOMAS BROWNE wished that children could grow like trees, but afterwards became a vulgar married man. Read the beautiful homage paid to wedded affection by BURKE, by ROMILLY; the evidence of its sweetening and sustaining power in the most wearying and anxious tasks of life. We have, however, done with Captain ROUS; leaving him to the future consideration of the electors' wives and daughters of Westminster.

And yet, must we ask one question. Is Captain ROUS himself married? Assuming as correct his own theory that "marriage takes 40 per cent. out of every man," there is no doubt that he has been *twice* married, and is now courting for the third time. The account then will stand thus:—

To two marriages of Captain Rous . . .	80
To effect of third courtship	20
	100

Thus summed up (and allowing that courtship should be taken as only the half of marriage) what becomes of Captain ROUS? Where are his remains?

On the discussion of the Poor Law in the House of Lords, the objection to the separation of man and wife by the iron hand of the Union governor was met by the Duke of WELLINGTON, who contended that there was no peculiar hardship in such temporary divorce: soldiers and sailors were equally liable to it. His Grace might, we think, have adopted a higher and weightier illustration in those Lords and Ladies whose duties demand their attendance for a certain time about the Royal person. He might have claimed the sympathies of the House and country by reading from the *Court Circular*, that—"To-day, the Duchess of — arrived at the Castle," to take her turn as Lady of the Bedchamber. He might have asked, if there were to be such abundance of sympathy for the dwellers in Unions, yet none for the state attendants in Palaces? Were we to sigh over the fate of some weaver's wife, and have no pity for a Duchess? His Grace might have put this question; but—his Grace did not.

Why is "Yes" the most ignorant word in the language?—Because it doesn't "No" anything.



BROUGHAM AND THE CIVIC GIANTS.

"A few nights ago he made dreadful sparring with his old civic friends, the Guildhall giants."—*Vide page 116.*

THE SIDE-SCENES OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER X.—WHICH IS BRIEFLY CONCLUSIVE.

For a long time we saw very little of the Lacquers, or any of their connexions—principally because we did not care to pay any extra-attention to a set of people who had so few feelings in common with ourselves. We are perfectly aware that the heart, even in its proper state, is simply a hollow muscle; but this organ, in all the Lacquer family was so very cavernous, that it almost resembled a human drum, making a loud empty noise to the world from its very hollowness, but destitute of any sympathy with its fellows.

Now and then, however, we saw the name of "Spangle Lacquer, Esq." amongst the advertised directors of some new Improvident Assurance Society, or in a file of aristocratic subscriptions. Then the fashionable newspapers contrived occasionally to make a paid paragraph look as unlike an advertisement as possible in heralding forth the description of a *fête* or *soirée* given by the lady; and after that we heard vague reports that one of the daughters was about to marry a foreign nobleman—Count or Baron Somebody or another, whom we had seen flitting about Hanway-yard and Regent-street. Like his compatriot *flâneurs*, he was of seedy appearance, and always awakened a wish in you to shave him, cut his hair, and plunge him into a warm bath. Indeed, we once saw his attention fixed at a placard outside a fur-shop in one of the thoroughfares just named; and when we read the announcement of "*Foreign skins washed here,*"



we thought what great advantages the establishment could offer to many of the Continentalists who crowd our pavements.

Subsequently the match was off; and people said he behaved very badly. For our own part, we think his conduct was strictly honourable; inasmuch as when he heard that the father lived up to his income, and did not mean to give his daughters anything until he died, the foreign nobleman with a fine sense of feeling declined dragging Miss Lacquer into a state of poverty—his own property being curiously minute, and worthy of forming an interesting object for the Oxyhydrogen Microscope at the Polytechnic Institution.

As regarded both the young ladies, affairs were beginning to get desperate, and the usual round of expensive marine boarding-houses was recommended. Here they commenced their attacks upon all

the corpulent bachelors with curled hair—the wild young celebrities of five-and-forty, who flourish at those matrimonial exchanges every autumn—but their success was not equivalent to their efforts. And finally, disgusted at the want of taste shown by their countrymen, they persuaded the heads of their family to go to Paris, where we again met them, living in the most expensive hotel of the dearest *quartier*, and feeling great pleasure in paying twice as much as they ought for every thing they purchased, to the great benefit of poor folks like ourselves who came after them. They stopped at Paris some little time, and then went to Switzerland and Italy. Afterwards, somebody met them on the Rhine, and at last they returned back to England, laden with cartloads of alabaster ornaments, German glasses, and wonderful productions from every place they had visited, which, we imagine, must convert their already crowded drawing-rooms into a species of private bazaar. They could have purchased all these things at an equally cheap rate in England, including duty and carriage, but then the chance would have been lost of saying, "We brought that from Florence," or, "When we were at Vienna," and the like speeches. Young Lacquer, whose continental gatherings were confined to an enormous pipe, and some foreign jewellery, was himself always talking of them. The last time we met him, we believe that we offended him beyond reconciliation. He was, as usual, descanting upon his Geneva watch, his Venetian rings, his Florentine mosaic brooch, and other articles; when we exhibited a knife which we had purchased at Wolverhampton: and added, after he had announced his intention of visiting Greece next year, that we thought ourselves of spending the summer at Birmingham. He never took any notice of us again, and since then, we have ceased to visit the family. Our ideas are far too low and common for the refined circles we should meet at their house.

And so we will bid them good bye; and leave them in all the pride of their position. They form but one specimen of a class comprising thousands, who appear to think that money alone is necessary to attain distinction in the great world; and that an almost slavish compliance with the most fiddle-faddle conventions of fashion can alone ensure to them an eligible station in society.

We admit with sorrow that the prototypes of the Spangle Lacquers form the greater portion of the middling circles; and we have endeavoured in the preceding sketches, if they were too blinded by their own lustre to see it themselves, at all events to show to others the hollow motives which rule so many of our acquaintances in their social ceremonies. And we fear all this will continue until people visit only those whom they really have a regard for, unbiassed by show-off interest, or, though last not least, the fear of what other people think. As long as they give way to the opinions of their neighbours, they are the slaves instead of the rulers of their circle, however independent they may pretend to be. When parties shall be given for the sake of collecting together esteemed friends, instead of displaying plate and crockery, this change will be effected; but until then, the empty pomp of society towards those whom it affects to honour, will exhibit the same aspect of dreary ostentation as the stand of feathers, which the undertaker carries on his head like a tray of pies, does to the corpse it is intended to dignify.

WHYS AND WHENES.

BY AN EMINENT PROFESSOR.

WHAT is the difference between a soldier and a bomb-shell?
One goes to wars—the other, to pieces.

Why isn't a widow like her bonnet?
Because one takes off and the other takes on.

When is a pig like pens in a garden?
When it requires sticking.

Why is a rook's throat like a road?
Because it's his caw's-way.

Why is a corn-field gayer than any other?
Because it runs in rigs and has lots of larks.

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom?
Because it grows down.

Why isn't a widow like a spoilt child?
Because she don't get what she cries for.

Why is Guy Faux always over-dressed?
Because he's done to rags in the morning and burnt to a cinder in the evening.

THE SEASON AND THE GARDENERS.

THE absence of frost during the present winter has been a heavy blow to the frozen-out gardeners, to whom the mildness of the season has been the severest calamity that could have happened. It is rather odd that, when the frost operates on the gardeners, it generally freezes them together in parties of four, and observes a nice discrimination in congealing at the same time those whose voices are adapted for glee-singing. We seldom find a frozen-out tenor who is not accompanied by a bass, who is also reduced to a temperature of thirty-two; and congelation seems to affect gardeners immediately after issuing from public-houses—a physiological fact, for a solution of which we refer to Dr. Blumenbach. It is also an ascertained phenomenon, that frozen-out gardeners are wholly ignorant of the commonest gardening operation; and that the only vegetable production they are in the habit of raising is the common cabbage, which they elevate to the top of a pole, when they are labouring under congelment.

Punch's Prize Essay.

As Prize Essays are at present all the rage, *Punch* begs leave to offer a prize of one of his Pocket-Books for the best Essay on the following knotty questions:—

1st. Whether baked sheeps' heads could be found useful in relieving the distress of the country; and whether anything is to be expected from calves' heads; and, consequently, whether any remedy may be looked for from Parliament?

2ndly. Whether the Whigs were induced to consider sugar and timber together, in consequence of the little bits of stick one is apt to find in coffee, after having sweetened it?

The Essays are to be sent sealed and wafered to the *Punch* Office, and answers may be called for on the 1st of April, 1853, when our boy, then promoted without purchase to the rank of man, will be in attendance to deliver the prizes.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER X.—ON MERCURY.

MERCURY was the son of Jupiter and Maia. Those who regard Mythology typically, will view this statement as an allegory; and consider that Jupiter meant iron filings, and Maia cinnabar; such being the substances from which, by the application of heat, Mercury is obtained at present. But those who prefer entertaining to useful knowledge, will believe that Jupiter was the very Thunderer, and that Maia was one of the lovely Pleiades.

The Pleiades were seven sweet nymphs who in life adorned this lower world, and after death were translated to the skies. And still their starry thrones are bright in heaven—all except one. This is that of poor Merope, who, whereas she might have matched with a god, demeaned herself by marrying a mortal. Therefore were their stars made to exceed her star in glory. So goes the legend: but, most sweet ladies, do not believe a word of it. Merope married the man of her choice; and she was exalted, above earthly vision, out of sight of this fortune-hunting world, to the pure empyrean, the third heaven. But our present affair is with Mercury, not with his aunt.

Mercury had a fine appointment under the Olympic government. He was the celestial herald, and the special messenger of Jupiter. But there were several other important offices which he filled. He was the patron of travellers, and of course of the Travellers' Club. He was Grand Marshal of the Disembodied Spirits, whom he conducted with his baton or caduceus into the nether regions. He moreover presided over barristers, orators, auctioneers, declaimers in general, and merchants. In short, he was quite a god of business; and he was also the prince of pickpockets, rogues, swindlers, and all and sundry dishonest persons. Consequently he must have been in a general way the god of quacks and politicians; also of bill-discounters, sheriffs' officers, and similar worthies.

Mercury, the very day on which he was born (he first saw the light in Arcadia, on Mount Cyllene), gave evidence of a power seldom so early developed—the faculty of abstraction. He stole, took, and carried away, the oxen of one Admetus; while Apollo, who was tending them, was either drunk, asleep, or star-gazing. Apollo, however, found him out; but mistaking him for a common young thief of a clod-hopper, was threatening him that unless he brought the cattle back, he would shoot him dead; when, on reaching over his shoulder for an arrow, he found that his quiver had vanished. The fact was, that Master Mercury had stolen that too during the very time while Apollo was blowing him up. At this the eyes of Phœbus were opened, and he saw who his young friend

was, and, angry as he felt, he could not help laughing outright: so he pulled him playfully by the ear, called him a young rogue, and let him go. This transaction is recorded by Horace in his Tenth Ode: a sort of pagan Te Deum to Mercury's praise and glory, whereunto, it seems, the poet considered stealing to redound.

The activity of Mercury's "acquisitiveness" was further evinced by his robbing Neptune of his trident, Venus of her girdle, Mars of his sword, Jupiter himself of his sceptre, and Vulcan of his tools. "These specimens of his art," says the factious Dr. Lempriere, "recommended him to the notice of the gods." The Doctor, probably, meant to insinuate that the said gods were no small thieves themselves; if so he was quite right: though, to be sure, the rascalities of a celebrated thief, one Mr. or Master John Sheppard, have recommended him to the notice of a British public.

So high was Jupiter's opinion of Mercury as a rogue, that he made him ambassador and plenipotentiary to himself and all the gods! sagely considering that so great a knave would be an excellent diplomatist. Jupiter, as we have seen, was fond of playing Don Giovanni now and then; and on these occasions Mercury was his Leporello.

Not only did Mercury obtain place under Jupiter's government, but perquisites also. Although he had got several great feathers, in the shape of larcenies, in his cap already, his Majesty made him a present of a cap with wings. He also presented him with an elegant pair of winged sky-blue sandals, to which the celebrated locomotive high-lows of Jack the Giant Killer were nothing at all. Apollo gave him his caduceus, a handsome rod of ivory, entwined with two gilt serpents, and possessing the most wonderful mesmeric properties. It would send a patient to sleep sooner than the dullest speaker in the House of Commons could, and, they say, would even raise the dead. At all events, it could effectually raise the wind, and no doubt, in the hands of a clever humbug, would do so still. This valuable instrument was given to Mercury by Apollo in return for a present of a harp; which, as Mercury was a bit of a Jew, may be supposed to have been a Jew's harp.

The achievements of Mercury were not simply predacious. He honourably distinguished himself in the wars of the Giants against Jupiter, in which he fought like a Turk, or if you will, a Briton. When it is said that he fought like a Briton, it is not meant that he used his fists, because at that time the Ring had not been developed, except around the planet of Saturn: all that is intended is that he displayed the most undaunted courage, and this under a terrific shower of mountains. While blazing pine-trees were whizzing past his ears, he remained firm and unshaken, like his Grace, the Duke of Wellington, amid the red-hot cannon balls. It appears that he was as valiant a thief as any one that ever existed:—from Alexander the Great to Dick Turpin.

Another matter in which Mercury did the state—that is, the state of Olympus some service,—a service of danger, was the execution of a warrant on the body of a kingly Ixion. Ixion was offender, and we all know how difficult it is to pull up kings—unless you first pull them down. He was sovereign of Thessaly, and in that capacity was graciously pleased to burn his father-in-law, Deioneus, alive in a saw-pit for horse-stealing. He had bought the daughter of the said Deioneus as a wife for a certain consideration, which appears to have been a bill at six months, and when this became due he refused to pay it, whereupon Deioneus made free, in order to indemnify himself, with his stud. His majesty then thought fit to roast him, as aforesaid; and he did so, without judge or jury. For this proceeding (for which a few interesting parallels were furnished by that exemplary Mussulman, the late Ali Pashaw), he was cut by all the neighbouring princes very dead: but Jupiter, who rather admired the man for what he had done, and felt that he should himself under similar circumstances have acted pretty much in the same way, had compassion upon him, took him up to heaven, and introduced him at the divine dinner parties. Ixion repaid this civility by making love to his wife; this too, was what Jupiter, could he have put personal feeling aside, would have highly approved of, but as it was he did not like it at all. He therefore resolved, as we say in the vernacular, to "serve him out." Accordingly he made a sham Juno out of a cloud strongly electrified,—a thunder-cloud in fact, which he insulated according to art, and put it in Ixion's way. The consequence was that when that unlucky Lothario attempted to approach it, it went off and knocked him down; whereupon Mercury, who was in ambush behind an adjacent tree, rushing upon the prostrate monarch, bound him, in spite of his kicking, hand and foot. As Ixion was in every sense of the word a mighty prince, this was a hazardous feat on the part of Mercury; very much like a retriever's seizing a wounded heron. He accomplished it, however, receiving no other injury than a slight kick in the stomach; and

then by command of Jupiter conveyed the prisoner to Tartarus, where he placed him upon a tread-wheel, which he has been continually turning ever since, except on one occasion when Orpheus stopped it for five minutes with his fiddle-stick.

Another fine thing that Mercury did was, the slaying of Argus. Argus was a gentleman who had a hundred eyes, of which two only were asleep at one time.

Juno, considering him a remarkably wide-awake individual, appointed him to watch a young lady of the name of Io, whom, out of jealousy, she had changed into a cow; and whom she was afraid her husband would change back again. And so he eventually did; but Argus was first to be destroyed; and this job, that is to say, Argus's job, was done by our friend Mercury, who first set him to sleep with his lyre, playing, "O rest thee my Argus" to him from the summit of a rock, and then cut his head off. Some will have it that he inveigled him into the "Jolly Bacchus," and there ho-cussed him; others that he mesmerised him, and afterwards suffocated him with a pitch-plaster: it



may have been so, and it may not. Juno, with the eyes of her favourite, adorned her peacock's tail. Jupiter, for this action of Mercury's allowed him to take the name and arms of Argeiphontes.

Mercury being the god of knavery as well as of merchandise, of course he sold a great many people as well as things. Among others, he sold Hercules to Omphale, queen of Lydia. He also, according to the above-mentioned Horace, enabled Priam to sell Agamemnon and Menelaus, (who would have hanged him if they could have caught him,) and to penetrate in safety to the tent of Achilles, to beg the body of Hector, which would otherwise have been given to Podalirius and Machaon for dissection.

The aliases of Mercury were very numerous, though he appears never to have been indicted for his rogueries. His most common name beside Mercury was Hermes; but in Egypt he was well known as *Latrator*—"The Barker," and represented accordingly with a dog's

head. He was a sly dog. In some instances he was figured as a young man without a beard; probably to intimate that he was a cunning shaver. Among the offerings which he was wont to receive was the calf; perhaps because he took in calves. Hogs were likewise immolated to him, as he stuck at nothing, and was accustomed to go the whole hog. Great sacrifices of tongues were made in his honour among the Romans, who often sacrificed truth with their tongues as well. Tongues are the instruments of blarney, of which science he was the patron.

MONOMANIACS

An unfortunate creature was brought up charged with having a mania for splitting open policemen's skulls, without any cause whatever. The unhappy individual, for whom every one present felt the deepest commiseration, had broken the heads of two policemen, and threatened to do the same thing for the whole of the division to which they belonged. The policeman whom the poor fellow had attacked, came into court to give their evidence, and the state of their heads made every one feel sincerely for the unhappy man, whose state of monomania must be pitiable indeed, to have hurried him into the infliction of such extensive injuries as the policemen's heads presented.

The following examination of the prisoner, whose unfortunate condition was the object of general commiseration, was then gone into.

Magistrate.—What induced you to perpetrate this unaccountable piece of violence?

The prisoner returned no answer.

Magistrate.—What books do you read?

Prisoner (sullenly).—Boxiana!

Magistrate (shaking his head).—Poor fellow, he must be taken care of. (*To the defendant.*) Where did you pass your time previous to this unhappy circumstance?

Prisoner.—At the Duke's-head public-house.

Magistrate.—Why did you break the policemen's heads?

Prisoner.—Because they interfered with me!

Magistrate (in a tone of great feeling).—Poor creature! What an awful condition of monomania he seems reduced to.

A medical witness was then called.

Magistrate.—Be good enough to state to me the result of a professional examination of the unfortunate person at the bar.

Medical Witness.—When I examined him at the station-house, I found his eyes fixed but his head rolling about, and, pathologically speaking, I think the action of the cerebellum was increased to a high state of irritation.

Magistrate (somewhat wonder-struck).—Go on, sir, if you please.

Medical Witness.—The perceptive organs were no doubt a good deal obscured; and this, acting on the moral propensities, added to a degree of excitement which was probably local—considering that he came from a public-house—would in my opinion account for what has happened.

Counsel for the Prisoner.—May not a coagulation of moral agencies existing coequally with a highly inflammatory condition of the muscular fibres, produce such a result as that which is now the subject of inquiry?

Medical Witness (after a few minutes' consideration, during which the whole Court was in a state of breathless suspense).—I think it may!

Magistrate.—Then there is an end of the case. The unhappy man at the bar is a subject of pity, not of punishment. (*To the prisoner.*) You will be taken where every comfort will be provided for you. Have you any objection to go?

The victim of monomania answered mechanically, that he had not, and has since been placed in the infirmary, where every indulgence will be granted him, until he is in a fit state to be restored to liberty.

The decision seemed to give perfect satisfaction to every one, except to the two policemen; but, as they are since dead, their dissent can be of little consequence.

The friends of the monomaniac have applied to have him restored to them; and, if they give proper assurance that they will take care of him, their request will of course be readily acceded to.

CLUB LAW.

It has been decided in a recent case, that a member of a club cannot be punished for carrying away any of the property of the club, which is, in fact, his own, as much as any one else's. At a late trial the judge laid it down, that if the butler of a club, who is responsible for plate, prosecutes one of the members for walking off with a part of it, the servant has the impudence to proceed against the master for his (the master's) own property. It is, therefore, now thoroughly settled, that any member of any club may walk into the dining-room, clear off the spoons and forks from every table, while the act cannot be questioned by any one. We wonder that some ingenious fellow does not resort to this proceeding—not, of course, for the sake of the silver, but just for the fun of "trying the question." That it has been tried and decided in favour of any one who does it, can, of course, be no objection, and indeed only strengthens the position of him who is willing to try the experiment.

THE "MOON TESTIMONIAL."

PUNCH hoped that, for some time at least, he had done with moonshine. He finds it is not so. Since his last, when it was made known to the world that an attempt to plate Mr. Moon (always, be it remembered, patron of the Fine Arts, Threadneedle-street, London), was in progress, PUNCH has received a thousand letters, all confirmatory of the public, private, and artistic virtues of the distinguished visitor at Windsor Castle. There is, we can assure the reader, but *one feeling* among the artists on the matter: non-professional men, however, are anxious to contribute, as PUNCH will prove by the subjoined:—

MR. PUNCH,—I am not an artist, but nevertheless, though a Windsor tradesman (a dealer in perfumery and soap), I trust I have some gratitude. When I reflect upon the lustre which the frequent visits of Mr. Moon (to say nothing of the lustre of his diamond-boxes, Russian rings, Madagascar toothpicks, &c.) have cast upon my native town, I am anxious to subscribe to the Testimonial. I said, sir, I was a dealer in soap; and when I reflect upon the peculiar transactions that have been upon the hands of Mr. Moon, I think I cannot convey a more appropriate present to that gentleman, than the accompanying cake of brown Windsor.

Your's, and Mr. Moon's admirer,
PETER WASHBALL.

MR. PUNCH,—I am a young artist—so artistically young, that I do not yet know the taste of bread by my palate. Feeling, however, that it is to such patrons as Mr. Moon, that I must henceforth look up (as green goslings look up to the poulterer), I am anxious to show my appreciation of his pictorial value. I therefore send you the maiden effort of my pencil upon box. The thing itself proves that I am but a babe in the wood; still, reject it not, for it is wood, sir, that comes from the heart.



You will perceive, sir, that the subject is not very original. It is that of a humble and domestic bird, arrayed in the plumes of the peacock. The thing is only pertinent as being, I believe (if not, it ought to be), the crest of Mr. M.

Whatever you may think the value of the above, pay in for me to the "Testimonial;" for of course, those "minions of the moon," who receive subscriptions, do not refuse halfpence.

I remain, Sir,
Your's,
RAPHAEL HOGBRUSH.

For the present, this is all of the correspondence that PUNCH can find room for. PUNCH thinks a couple of penny pieces sufficient pay for the design of Mr. Hogbrush, and therefore holds himself accountable as follows:—

The "Moon Testimonial."

Received One cake of brown Windsor.
Paid in on the part of Raphael Hogbrush . . 2d.

If Mr. Moon will call at our office, "our boy Dick" will hand over the above to him. Further subscriptions will be announced in future numbers.

Important Scientific Undertaking.

We are informed, that in consequence of insanity acquittals, chartist insinuations, threatening letters, and other circumstances equally uncomfortable to men high in office, the Polytechnic Institution and Adelaide Gallery have undertaken, for an adequate consideration, to *electrotype* all the members of the Cabinet, and perfectly sheath them in copper, that they may walk abroad in confidence. It was intended to extend the process to the members of the Houses of Parliament as well, but some chemical obstacles in depositing the precipitate upon a brass surface, has led to the plan being abandoned.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

It is generally understood, that had not the judges interfered to stop the trial of M'Naughten, the prisoner's counsel were prepared with evidence of insanity, which would have thrown far into the background the testimony of Drs. Munro and Morrison. The public will appreciate the very clenching nature of the proof of the madness of M'Naughten, when we announce that a witness was in attendance to show that the truly wretched and greatly to be pitied individual had for some months been a regular subscriber to the *Morning Herald*.

Answers to Correspondents.

FOR THE HERDOMADALS.

AN INHABITANT OF OXFORD-STREET.—We really cannot say whether the hackney-coach expression of off the stones, will hold good with regard to the wood-pavement. Technically we should say, NO.

ETYMOLOGICUS is right. There are four d's in 'fiddle de-dee.' Two in 'fiddle,' and two more in 'de-dee.' We shall be happy to hear from him again.

CADIANISIS.—The old fashion of taking mustard and salt with cheese has quite exploded. It is now the custom, we believe, to take a pint, or half-a-pint, of half-and-half, and some celery, when there is any.

JULIUS.—"Sourkrout" is a popular dish amongst the Germans. We have never tasted it, but fancy we should not like it.

AN ASPIRANT TO HISTRIONIC FAME.—We cannot say what colour Mrs. Nisbett's eyes are. Mr. Macready's are either black or blue,—we forget which.

HENRY B***s.—The cells in the Albany-street Station-house are shamefully neglected; and are only to be surpassed in coldness and wretchedness by those of Worship-street. Marlborough-street is better provided in this respect,—but we decidedly agree with you, that the cells of Bow-street are far superior in point of warmth, comfort, and general accommodation, to those of any other police-office.

—The general price for washing a shirt is threepence, but we have heard of washerwomen who charge fourpence. It depends principally upon the front—but a night-shirt ought never in any case to be more than threepence. Stockings are three-halfpence a pair, and handkerchiefs and collars a penny a-piece—at least, we never pay more.

JUVENIS.—It is not compulsory to give anything to a crossing-sweeper,—nor can he refuse you a free passage over his crossing, even if you do not give him a halfpenny.

If "HORACE" has actual proof that his landlady is in the systematic habit of pilfering his tea and sugar, and of making free with his bread and butter, he has a most unquestionable right to change his lodgings. We should advise him, however, to reflect well, before he ventures on this hostile, and sometimes very hazardous step,—perhaps it may be necessary to give a week's warning.

SIMON.—Cromwell's christian name was "Oliver."

STATISTICUS.—Valentine's day, we believe, generally occurs on the 14th of February,—and "All Fool's Day" always on the First of April. We say "always," because we never heard of an instance to the contrary.

TYRO, who asks us how we would translate "horse-chesnut" into French, must excuse us if we decline offering an opinion.

We beg pardon of "ANTIQUARIAN" for not being able to give him the date he asks for in such a gentlemanly way, of the erection of Aldgate Pump, but we are convinced it certainly was previous to the introduction of the wood-pavement.

To "JOCULAR JOE," who asks us the meaning of the old saying, "blind as a bat," we are sorry we can give no satisfactory explanation. We agree with him that bats do see as well as birds. We imagine that the "bat" referred to must originally have meant a "brick-bat"—which makes it much more intelligible, for every one can see that "blind as a brick-bat," is much more forcible and figurative than merely "blind as a bat."

Nota Bene.—PUNCH, (who is not adamant), will, in compliance with the wishes of myriads of his admirers, present the world with the

PORTRAITS

OF

His Editors, Contributors, and Artists,

In an extraordinary Number, to be published on

THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1843.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsman, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office Order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of 16, Caroline Street, Bazaar Square, Pimlico, in the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand, in the precinct of the Navy, in the county of Middlesex.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER XI.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS BLUSHROSE.
PECULATION BY LORD TOOTLE'S MAID.

"You come in good time, my lord," said the Countess, with icy speech, "in excellent time for Mr. Inglewood's eloquence."

"I am always happy to listen to Mr. Inglewood," said the Earl, politely bowing towards the wife of his bosom. His lordship then graciously smiled upon his chaplain, and drawing a chair, ceremoniously seated himself, as though resigned to a long discourse. This formality somewhat abashed the worthy chaplain; but there was another circumstance which increased his confusion. He knew that for the past week the wedded couple had not once met; and the feigned civility interchanged between them gave certain omen of a rising storm. Their general bearing was that of polished indifference; but when either of them was stung into extreme politeness, hostilities were sure to follow. The Earl could have loved his wife, nay, when he married, he did love her; but she had chilled him into coldness. Her excelling beauty had fascinated him; but too late he found that he had sacrificed his dearest hopes to a statue. The Countess was that most terrible, but happily that rarest, evil of creation, a selfish woman. Supremely arrogant in her personal charms, her looking-glass presented her with all the external world contained: whilst self—self—self sang to her soul a never-ending lullaby. "Would to God!" cried her husband, as one day he looked upon her fatal loveliness with moistening eyes—"would to God she could change that face for a heart!" She would not have bartered one day's bloom of it for the maternal pride of a Cornelia.

"And now, Mr. Inglewood," said the Earl, "now for your household sermon. I see how it is," he continued, marking the discomfort of the chaplain, keenly observing too the cloudy brow of the Countess—"I see how it is; as usual, you have been discoursing to her ladyship."

Here Inglewood inwardly shivered; for he knew by fatal experience how his lordship—otherwise kind and considerate towards him,—delighted to play him off in his churchman's character against the Countess. It was, to the Earl's thinking, an exquisite touch of policy to correct his wife—correct, did I say? no, the Earl had no such desperate thought; but to punish the partner of his fortunes with the rod of the church. The Earl, I say, considered this to be a stroke of fine policy: some folks may call it conjugal cowardice.

"My lord," said Inglewood, determined to make an effort to extricate himself—"I will defer my suit—for indeed, it was a suit I had to urge, and not a sermon,—until to-morrow."

"Certainly not," Mr. Inglewood, cried her ladyship, affecting a distrustful glance towards her husband. "Proceed, I beg of you. I assure you, my lord, Mr. Inglewood was talking very charmingly—very much so, when you interrupted us. I am sure he had something of importance to communicate; something that you, doubtless, ought to hear—I beg he will continue." All this was said with meaning, inquisitive eyes, and in a tone of suppressed suffering; so admirably did the unfeeling wife act jealousy—so perfectly did her very heartlessness assume a heart. At once, his lordship knew that he was reserved for some mysterious mischief, and so resolved to make the first attack.

(Poor Inglewood—poor chaplain! And he—he was to be the sentient shuttlecock, struck in cruel sport from wife to husband—from husband back to wife! At that moment how did his heart yearn for the Paradise of a Welsh curacy!)

"Her ladyship, Mr. Inglewood," cried the Earl quickly, for the first time in his life getting the advance speech of his wife, and valorously determining to keep it—"Her ladyship—for all she may affect towards yourself—has, I know, the greatest veneration for your worth, your honesty. She loves plain-speaking dearly; though perhaps it might be impolitic at all times to avow it. Still, Mr. Inglewood, you must not be too ascetic with her ladyship; you must be a little indulgent. You must not wage such a deadly crusade against piquet. I know what you have said of a woman gamester; I have listened with great edification to your description of the terrible sect; have really shuddered at the frightful picture; at the anatomy, I may say, you have prepared from what for all good purpose has ceased to live—a lady gambler; nevertheless, my dear Mr. Inglewood—and here his lordship wreaked such cordiality upon his remonstrance—"nevertheless, you must not confound a casual instance with a custom; you must not consider her ladyship a hopeless idolater of painted paper, if now and then—to give wings to a heavy hour—she takes a hand or

so. Really, you must not, Mr. Inglewood." Thus spoke his lordship; and in the vanity of his masculine heart he thought he had achieved a wondrous triumph over the woman he had vowed to love and cherish. The lady, however, who had as strongly sworn, proved herself at least an equal match for the man she loved, honoured, and obeyed. As for Inglewood, he sat with his lips glued together. The polite vehemence of the Earl had kept him silent: now, her ladyship was about to speak, and he knew that nought remained for him but to suffer. With what scorching softness in her eyes—with what bitter self-complacency—with what an obtrusive sense of martyrdom,—did the Countess Blushrose carefully construct a handful of inven-does, every one of them enough to wound a woman's peace for ever.

"I'm sure, my lord,"—(if a man could be killed by music, the mortal melody of her ladyship's well-educated voice had certainly slain her husband.)—"I'm sure, that is I hope, I am always a patient listener to Mr. Inglewood. I know the goodness that prompts him; the conscience that animates every word: I know his devotion to the high and abstract character, as I think I have heard you call it,—you see, my lord, how I treasure all your syllables,—yes, the high and abstract character of his function.—I know his regard for the family—his especial consideration for ourselves, and therefore from him can hear anything. Nevertheless, my lord, as I was saying to Mr. Inglewood when you entered—that is, I was about to say—I would not have him scold you as I know he does. He must not take upon common report—the world is so censorious, the world so delights to destroy wedded confidence—what I never can believe, at least not all of it. And therefore, my lord, I say he must not scold you."

Has the reader watched a well-grown kitten with its maiden mouse? Has he seen how that velvet-coated, playful creature, having first crushed its victim's loins with all its teeth, drops it; and now, crouching apart, with serene assurance that the miserable wretch cannot escape, watches with sweet forbearance its writhings and its strugglings, the very hopelessness of its agony to get away? How the said kitten,—its claws humanely sheathed, they having already done their work—puts forth one paw, and now taps the mouse on one side—now on the other—and turns it over and over—and all in play—all in the prettiest sport?

If the reader has seen this, sure I am, he can find a parallel in wife and husband to puss and mouse.

"No, Mr. Inglewood," continued her ladyship,—"his lordship has, I know, his faults; still, he is not the unscrupulous libertine"—

"Madam!" exclaimed his lordship, firing at the word, and then turning fiercely round upon his chaplain,—"Mr. Inglewood, what is this?"

Mr. Inglewood, in patient amazement looked at the wedded pair, then asked, "What, my lord?"

"Am I, sir, indebted to your insinuations for this character? Is it thus, in my own house, you fulfil a mission of peace?"

"I protest, my lord," stammered Inglewood,—"I protest!"

"Oh, Mr. Inglewood is a plain speaker," cried the Countess, delighted at the success of her artifice. "And then so faithful, so vivid an artist, too! I am sure I am delighted with the portrait that, as you tell me, my lord, Mr. Inglewood has passed off for me. It must have been so grateful to a husband,—so flattering to his wife! And then it is so comfortable to have at one's elbow a kind remembrancer of one's little faults. Not that I want to know all your lordship's treasons,—and even if I did, Mr. Inglewood is so good, he would never tell me all."

The chaplain was by nature and self-discipline a meek, forbearing man, but he was full of generous impulses, and the implied slander of her ladyship was too much for his patience: he therefore committed a great breach of decorum; for, ere her ladyship had well concluded her sentence, Mr. Inglewood brought down his clenched fist upon the table with such a report that the Countess leapt in her chair with a slight shriek. "Mr. Inglewood!" exclaimed the astonished earl,—"you forget yourself. Do you know, sir, what you are?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Inglewood, with sudden calmness—"no longer your chaplain. I entered your lordship's service as a minister of peace: I will not—no, my lord, will not—to suit the fickle humours of the great, be made a scapegoat and a firebrand. I am no longer, sir, your servant."

"Come, come," said the really good-natured nobleman, "not so hasty, Mr. Inglewood. Spoil not your hopes in life by a piece of temper."

"My hopes in this life, my lord," said Inglewood, "are a quiet conscience, health, and a cordial faith, let them make what mistakes they will, in my fellow-creatures. Of these three hopes, it may please

God to deprive me of one ; nevertheless, two—whilst my reason lasts—must, and shall remain with me."

"Mr. Inglewood—I have been wrong ; I confess as much, and"—

"My lord," replied Inglewood firmly, yet respectfully, "I have been wrong ; and by quitting your service can make the only reparation due to myself: understand me, my lord—to myself. I now know my place: it must be my own house—my own roof—though wind and snow drive through it ; my own hearth, though with scarce a log to warm it ; my own time, that I may work to know the mystery within me. I thank you, my lord, with all my heart I thank you, for this relief from bondage. You intended kindly by me : but, I feel it, my lord—I should dwarf and wither under your patronage: I should never grow to be a man !"

"You know best," said the Earl, resuming his dignity. "I would not by my favours blight a giant. Come, come," said the Earl smiling, "you are a young man—a very young man. Let us talk of this to-morrow."

"My lord," answered Inglewood, "I have made my election ; I am free. Yet, my lord, let me leave your house a peace-maker." Then turning to the Countess, he said, "Will your ladyship grant me a moment's hearing? for what I have to say must interest you." Her ladyship nodded dignified assent. "I would plead for a weak and foolish woman. She has betrayed her trust. Yet, I believe, 'twas pride, a vain and foolish pride—no deep sin—that beguiled her !"

"What woman's this?" asked the Earl.

"One beneath your roof, my lord. One of your tenant's daughters, hired to tend your child. This morning"—

"Ten thousand pardons, my lady," cried an elderly, hard-featured woman, bursting into the apartment, "but flesh and blood can't bear to have such doings made nothing of. If Susan isn't packed off, nobody's safe. I knew his reverence here wanted to talk her off—but—I—I beg your pardon my lady, for breaking in—but every body's character must suffer." Here the ancient dame, with her apron corner, carefully dislodged a small tear from either eye.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Pillow—what has Susan done?" asked the Countess.

"Stolen half-a-yard of lace from his lordship's cap," answered Mrs. Pillow.

"Not stolen—not stolen," shrieked a girl, as she rushed in, and with streaming eyes fell at the feet of the Countess. "I never had a thief's thought—never: nurse said 'twas of no use—none ; and I only took it to remember me of that sweet child—I love it dearer than my own flesh—to remember it when I should be old and baby be a man."

The girl, with clasped hands, looked with passionate grief in the face of the Countess. Her ladyship rose, and fanning her cheek with me—new from the Prince's coronet—said, "Send the culprit from the house, and instantly."

The girl fell prostrate on the floor. Mr. Inglewood followed the Countess with his eyes, as, still waving me to and fro, she walked from the room. "God teach you better mercy!" he said in a low voice, and then stooped down to raise the heart-stricken offender.

THE "MOON" TESTIMONIAL.

MR. PUNCH.—It having been circulated in the neighbourhood of Threadneedle-street that Mr. Moon pays you—and that, too, with his characteristic liberality—for the many handsome things you have from time to time inserted about that portion of art,—will you pardon me if I ask you if such reports are correct.

Yours always,

?

[Punch makes this reply to? PUNCH has not yet seen the colour of Mr. Moon's money. That Mr. Moon intends to pay handsomely, PUNCH has not the slightest doubt ; and PUNCH, in the like spirit of liberality, hereby pledges himself to hand over whatever Mr. Moon may hand to PUNCH, to the Artists' Benevolent Fund, on the 5th of May, "Lord Russell in the chair." The diners, therefore, had better keep their ears open to catch the precise amount.]

Literary Intelligence.

SIR E. L. BULWER's new Work, called "The Last of the Barons," is, we are authorised to state, not intended as an allusion, either direct or indirect, to Baron Nathan, of Kennington.

It is not true that Lord William Lennox has been appointed one of the Committee for the prevention of Literary Piracy. We understand that the executors of Sir Walter Scott contemplate bringing an action of trover against the noble lord for illegal conversion.

London Interiors.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN.

THIS magnificent structure, which consists of the base and the shaft, while the Duke himself supplies—what he never could supply when alive—the capital, is selected as a subject for one of our descriptions of London Interiors.

The entrance door is approached from the park by walking straight on, and from Waterloo-place by describing a semicircle from the back of the column. The door is a square piece of workmanship, after the model of those to be seen at some of the small houses in the suburbs, and it presents a flat surface, broken only by the keyhole, which is picked out with a chisel, and bound round with brass-work, of more solidity than beauty. The door is guarded by the civil power, and though there is a military station in the neighbourhood, the sentry with considerable delicacy never interferes in any of those disturbances which arise on the adjacent steps, giving active employment—between the hours of ten and four—to the cane of the civilian alluded to. On reaching the door you are permitted to pass upon terms printed on a board, and placed so high that it is impossible to read them. It has been said by some that the price of entering the column is stated to be threepence on the board, but as this is a point that cannot now be solved, it is customary to give a piece of silver to the custodian. On entering the column, the eye being suddenly withdrawn from the great glare of the light outside, becomes at once insensible to surrounding objects. The grandeur of the place is of course considerably heightened by this sensation, for mystery is the mother of the sublime ; and nothing can be more mysterious than the position in which one finds one's self after having entered the column. There is a post of stone, round which the stairs wind, and which post you first become acquainted with by knocking your head against it ; and then—not till then—the guide gives you an intimation of its existence. Your conductor then precedes you ; and as he ascends rather noiselessly, and the flight of steps is almost perpendicular, you are liable to receive his heels now and then upon your forehead. But these are inconveniences which, in the pursuit of a great object, no one could think of complaining about.

Our sketch being confined to the interior, we shall not accompany the reader further than the door at the top ; but we may observe, that it is not uncommon "to come down with a run ;" for the same steepness that made it a work of labour to ascend, causes one to retrace one's steps with sometimes inconvenient rapidity.

PHILOSOPHY OUTDONE.

WITH what uncommon art endued
Must Lucy be, that o'er her blood
She holds such strong control ;
So that the eye can never trace
Those changes in her governed face,
That speak the excited soul !

While anger will in others spread
Neck, brow, and cheek, with burning red,
Not so it acts in her's ;



ANIMAL MAG.

Wrath in her features never glows,
In her the lily and the rose
No breath of passion stirs.

Is she by nature then so calm
That nothing can her temper warm,
Or is the fair a Saint ?
Or of Philosophy the maid
Perhaps obtains the potent aid—
No : bless your life ! 'tis paint.

SIMPLE PARLIAMENTARY QUERIES.

MR. HUME having heard the Corn-law of last session spoken of as being not a *stable* measure, was desirous of knowing whether the corn consumed in the stable was exempt from its provisions ?

Colonel Sibthorpe, in allusion to the measure for the protection of dogs, wished to know whether there had been any petition on the subject from the Isle of Dogs, where the matter must be one of great interest, or from Barking, where some excitement, he was told, already existed.

THE LORD MAYOR'S TRIP DOWN THE THAMES.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been occasioned in Thamesian circles by the appointment of an inquest to sit on all the wooden piers along the river. The Lord Mayor, who was towed by Waterman No. 7, left the stairs at Blackfriars on Saturday, amid a salute of laughter from the heights, and scudded away, under a column of smoke, towards Greenwich. His lordship was in his usual health, and more than usual spirits, conversing affably with the man at the helm, and jocosely pulling, at times, the wrong rope of the rudder, with a recklessness of danger that is not often met with on the western side of Rotherhithe. On reaching the Tunnel, the Lord Mayor proposed three cheers for Brunel, which were given as a solo by his lordship, none of the crew taking the liberty of joining him.

The sight at this instant was extremely imposing. The gallant vessel, with her gib full in the wind, and her crew making a desperate effort to luff so as to bring her mizen tort athwart the southern shore, the captain with his glass to his eye, as if gallantly determined to go on rather than to put about, the coxswain, a frost-bitten veteran, coolly washing out a small tin saucepan at the head of the gallant craft, while the Lord Mayor himself, forming a centre to the vigorous tableau which we have drawn, completed a picture such as naval writers only could conceive and a nautical reader appreciate. The little squadron at length reached the wished-for haven, and hove to with glorious precision, amid signals from the people on shore; and when the rope splashed into the water below, and sent some of the liquid bubbling into the air, such was the excitement that there was scarcely a dry eye among the bystanders.

On landing, his lordship proceeded to know the result of the inquest on the piers, when a frightful catalogue of hostile judgments was handed to him. Nearly the whole of the Thames pierage was condemned, and the Lord Mayor, placing the black hat on his head, passed sentence accordingly. Several of the piers were declared to be "crazy," and the decision of the Court was certainly enough to make them so.

Provincial Theatrical Intelligence.

MARGATE.—The highly respectable lessee of this theatre is doing his best to ensure success, but he has not yet ensured any. Mr. Snooks and his stud of cats were engaged for a limited number of evenings.

STROKE POETS.—Shakspeare is in the ascendant here. Our correspondent tells us that *Othello* was played the whole of the season, which commenced on Tuesday and concluded on Wednesday.

DARLINGTON.—Our respected manager has written to Mr. Macready. The business in the meantime has been indifferent.

ISLE OF MAN.—The theatre here is not yet built, and our correspondent does not allude to the probability of one being erected.

THEATRICAL ERRATUM.

MR. PUNCH.—There is a most annoying blunder going the round of the Press. It begins thus:—"Last night, the French Company at the St. James's Theatre, were honoured by the presence of ———," and then follow fifty high names, from Dukes and Duchesses of the blood royal, down to simple knights and their ladies. Now, sir, this is a gross error. It is true that all these distinguished people did last week visit a theatre, but that theatre was Drury Lane. Is it likely that the aristocracy, who boast so much refinement—so much patronage of the arts and literature of their own country—would be thus frequent in their attendance on French vaudevilles, to the utter neglect of Shakspeare and the high drama of England? Pray, Mr. Punch, correct this error; assure the town that these high people did not flock to see *Le Portrait Vivant*, but—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

It is a shame that the aristocracy should be slandered by such malevolent reports.—I remain, your obedient servant,

C. NORRIS, Box-book keeper, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Dreadful Clause!

LORD HOWICK complained, the other night, of a clause in the Registration Act, on the ground of its "destroying the relationship between father and child." This is a curious effect of a legislative enactment. We know that a bill of divorce can "destroy the relationship between man and wife," but that a clause in the Registration Act should make a child not the son of his own father, is more than we can solve with all our acuteness. The Poor Law Act is considered bad enough in dividing the mother and her offspring, but a measure that cuts off a man's heir, and deprives him of the sunshine of his own son, must be a piece of legislation so atrocious, that we have turned in vain to the word "horrid" in our dictionary, for epithets sufficiently strong to apply to it.

Why should a quill pen never be used in inditing secret matters?—Because it is apt to split.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LORD BROUGHAM AND MR. BRIGHT THE QUAKER.

LETTER I.

Dear Mister Bright,—I'm grieved to see,
The League has been abusing me.
The League is wrong, and I am right;
Echo me, do! dear Mister Bright.
It was the *Chronicle* that said it,
But there of course I never read it;
'Twas in the *Quarterly Review*,
Which, as a Liberal good and true,
I of the *Chronicle* take in lieu.
Write by return, and say there is no room,
Dear Mr. Bright, for censuring Lord Brougham.

LETTER II.

Thy letter though I did receive,
I can't say what I don't believe;
I really do not think thee right.
I am thy friend sincere, John Bright.

LETTER III.

Dear Mister Bright, I thought you had
A better memory—you're mad!
Your mind is very much inflamed;
I'm sorry that you can't get tamed.
'Tis party spirit makes you fume
So fiercely 'gainst Yours truly, Brougham.

LETTER IV.

I think the League deserved to be
A great deal better used by thee.
I cannot say that thou art right;
Because, sir—Truly yours, John Bright.

LETTER V.

Dear Mr. Bright, I really wonder
At the delusion you are under—
Oh! do you think you'll be believed?
You're really very much deceived.
This is too much for even you
To have assumed—retract then do—
You came to me, to make the motion;
I did it out of pure devotion.
You urged me in the private room
Down at the House—Yours truly, Brougham.

LETTER VI.

I do persist in saying still,
And persevere I always will,
That thou hast been, with all thy zeal,
A foe to Corn-law's prompt repeal.
I say so, and I know I'm right,
Thy friend sincere and firm, John Bright.

LETTER VII.

I am astonished at you, Bright,
To you again I'll never write;
No, I'm determined—never—never—
On this or anything whatever.
Send me my letters back! I fume
With anger and disgust—H. Brougham.

LETTER VIII.

Thy tone is very rude and high,
But ne'ertheless I will reply:
That thou are wrong—the League is right.
Thy friend still true and firm, John Bright.

Foreign Intelligence.

WE have received papers from Seidlitz, with powders, up to a late date; and our advices from the Whale Fisheries, bringing us blubber to the end of last year, represent the trade as crying loudly for protection.

We are wholly without advices from the North Pole, though the best advice that could be expected from that quarter would be advice not to visit it. Whether commerce could be carried on with that remote region is doubtful. The rush of bears would be likely to strike a panic into the minds of speculators, particularly as Captain Ross failed in his efforts to break the ice in the quarter alluded to.

WHEN is birch like water?—When it's laid on at a guinea a quarter.
WHEN are pug noses more clever than hooks?—Because they are always up to snuff.

WHY is a bull like a bad marksman?—Because he never shoots into his own eye.

THE CABINET AND COLONEL SIBTHORP.

Our Colonel has been somewhat irate with Her Majesty's Ministers. A few nights since, being (unfortunately) in some other man's place in Parliament, the Colonel thus delivered himself:—

"He was utterly astonished that there was no House last night. He thought Ministers ought to be called to account for not having been present. They were well—too well paid (a laugh)—for attending to the business of the country; and the country had a right to expect that they would be in their places when so important a measure was coming on. He should like to know what Ministers were doing at the time they ought to have been in the House. (A laugh.) He had no doubt they were much more *improperly employed* than if they were attending in their places. (Laughter.)"

This is very severe. Mark the "*more improperly employed*" than if in the House—impropriety of employment being, by the logic of the Colonel, inevitable to the Ministry: the question of degree consists in their being in the House or out of it.

We are happy to be able to state that the friends and connexions of Ministers, fearful of some onslaught by the Colonel, straightway sent the gallant member satisfactory testimonials of the good conduct of the Cabinet. Some of these letters we are allowed to print. The following is from Lady Peel:—

"Lady Peel presents her compliments to Colonel Sibthorp, and begs to assure him that Sir Robert was at home on the evening alluded to by Colonel S. Should the Colonel require such testimony, Narcisse, Sir Robert's valet, is ready to be examined before the bar of the Commons, and to depose that his master took gruel at 11, and retired to rest at half-past. Lady Peel trusts that this statement will entirely satisfy Colonel Sibthorp."

The second is in the case of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—a certificate from his dentist:—

"This is to certify, that the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn was unavoidably absent from the House of Commons on the night in question, he having in the morning cut a *wisdom tooth*! Under so extraordinary a circumstance, I took the responsibility upon myself of forbidding his quitting his apartment."

"S. CARTWRIGHT."

The third is from an Under Secretary of Lord Stanley:—

"Sir,—Permit me to say one word in behalf of my excellent principal, Lord Stanley. On the night when there was no house, His Lordship overslept himself. After dinner, he fell into a profound repose, and even with difficulty awakened at six in the morning. It was then discovered that his Lordship had unconsciously lain upon a newspaper—his head falling precisely on a reputed speech of Colonel Sibthorp's. What, however, could have induced such extraordinary somnolency is still a matter of speculation among his friends. Perhaps Colonel Sibthorp may be able to solve the mystery.—I remain, your obedient Servant,

"Colonel Sibthorp, M.P."

"G. W. HORE."

These are all the letters which we deem it sufficient to publish. We are happy, however, to state that they completely mollified the Colonel; who, by the way, further stated in his speech that, hating railways as he did, he had nevertheless risked his neck in a train to be at St. Stephen's, and after found—no House. We trust the worthy Colonel will never again run a similar risk. We assure him he cannot serve his country better than always to travel to Parliament by the very slowest "patent safety;" nay, he is so precious we would trust him to nothing more rapid than the most leisurely waggon.

THE "POST" AT THE OPERA.

A WONDERFUL creature has made his descent upon *The Morning Post*! It is not generally known, but this paragon of animals, who "does" the Opera, is at the present moment a claimant for the long-dormant title of BLETHTERANSKATE—yes, if he succeed, the man now known as nothing more than PETER JENKINS, will be the Earl of BLETHTERANSKATE. That he has the true aristocratic ichor in his veins, his writing (writing, do we call it?—inspiration, we should say)—sufficiently proves. Take the following burst:—

"Ever since the Italian lyrical drama crossed the Alps in the suite of the tasteful Medici, its *vogue* has daily increased, it has become a ruling passion—it is the *quintessence* of all civilised pleasures, and wherever its principal virtuosi hoist their standard, there for the time is the CAPITAL OF EUROPE, where the most illustrious, noble, elegant, and tasteful members of society assemble."

We do earnestly hope that JENKINS—(we must call him JENKINS until his claim is duly recognised)—will keep this profound truth from the knowledge of the singers and dancers. Only suppose that in a moment of irritation—and we have heard that such people really are at times a little

given that way—only imagine them in a fit of the sulks to take ship for Sidney, or Adelaide, or Macquarrie Harbour: there immediately would



be "the capital of Europe." JENKINS, be an Englishman. Would you destroy your country? Would you deprive us at once of the "most illustrious—noble—elegant—and tasteful?" For the sake of the nation scatter not these firebrand truths.

Jenkins proceeds:—

"These ornaments of society are in general absent at the too early opening of her Majesty's Theatre—but on Saturday, as we surveyed the house, previous to the overture, most of those who constitute society in England—those whom we respect, esteem, or love, rapidly filled the house."

We have always thought her Majesty's Theatre too small, and this proves it. If only part of what "constitutes society" fills the theatre, what is to become of the other section? But "society!" how beautifully the Earl comes out here! With a fine aristocratic spirit, he melts down millions of Englishmen, and extracts therefrom—in the persons of about two thousand people—"society!"

But let us proceed:—

"Every seat in every part of it was occupied, and if those objectionable spectators were there—those gentlemen of ambiguous gentility, the fashionable couriers, valets, tailors, and shoemakers, who obtain admission to the pit on the strength of knowing the measure of some actor or actress's foot—they, and their frowsy dames, were so nailed to their benches as not to offend the eye."*

Now, reader, can you not sympathise with the sufferings that have produced this horror of tailors and shoemakers in the breast of JENKINS! See him in the pit. He rises—looks airily about him, then falls, as though shot, upon his seat. And wherefore? Alas! he has caught the eye of his tailor in the pit—his long-suffering, unpaid tailor: he turns him round—ha!—dreadful apparition! there is the very shoemaker whose trusted cordovan of three years' wear still protects the feet of JENKINS. Thereupon, great is the indignation of the Earl at tailors and shoemakers, and more especially if accompanied by their "dames" in the pit of the Opera! JENKINS at length makes a rush for it; when—

"hastening through the corridors to procure a book of the opera, no where to be found, we first encountered an illustrious and kind-hearted Prince, and the next moment, in our awkward haste, we stumbled upon England's hero, moving along with a step as youthful and energetic as his last speech in the House of Lords."

Here the transcendent modesty of JENKINS shows itself; for he suppresses two incidents, for the truth of which we can vouch, having them from a witness thereof. The "illustrious Prince," when encountered, in the handsomest way begged to exchange snuff with JENKINS; and the Duke of WELLINGTON "stumbled upon" in his "speaking step," took off his hat, and making the lowest bow to JENKINS, said,—"My very dear sir, I trust I have in no way distressed you. Will you do me the eternal honour of

cutting your mutton with me at Apsley House?" And all this the modesty of JENKINS has suppressed!

Glorious is JENKINS on an opera night, but how great the reverse! With the pride of birth (for that he is truly an earl who, from his style, can doubt) he lays out all his little income in gloves and eau-de-cologne, and becomes the next day merely JENKINS. Strange transformation! Touching contrast! Behold him in his glory in the opera pit—and then view him, as we a hundred times have seen him, creeping furtively from his three-pair back to buy his herring, or the green luxury of water-cresses. Poor Jenkins! Poorer Post!

It is somewhat strange, that in India the scene of the greatest confusion has been Scinde—pronounced *Shindy*—a very appropriate appellation for the rows that have been kicked up in the neighbourhood.

* *Morning Post*, March 13th.



A SCENE FROM ROMEO AND JULIET—

AS PLAYED IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

NURSE, by the D[—]e of W[—]n.

PETER, by L[—]d B[—]m.

Nurse.—My Fan, Peter.

A THIEVES' CHAUNT.

WHAT are the thieves about ?
 Her Majesty to-day
 Is gone to open Parliament ;
 The Lords are under weigh :
 " My Lords and Gentlemen ! "—
 The Commons crowd the bar :—
 A rush,—a hustle,—merrily then
 Begins the knucklers (!) war.

What are you thieves about !

What are the thieves about ?
 A sermon for the poor
 Is preach'd to-day ; the Bishop's coach
 Is blazing at the door.
 Rich Charities the chapel throng ;
 The swell mob—they are there ;
 The Bishop's sermon is not long :
 The foglehunter (2) ware !

What are you thieves about ?

What are the prigs about ?
 There's a philanthropic meet
 At Exeter Hall ; you have to pay
 Your guinea for a seat.
 While ears are cramm'd with humbug, boys !
 The dummy-hunters (3) ply
 An easy trade : God help the noise
 That fakes a spoony's cly (4).

What are you thieves about ?

What are the thieves about ?
 There's a wedding in the Square (5) ;
 St. George has favours for his pals ;
 The flashmen claim their share.
 Will not the parson have his fee ?
 Will not the clerk be there ?
 And the bridegroom, too, laughs merrily :
 For the bride is rich and fair.

What are you thieves about ?

What are the thieves about ?
 The world is growing gray :
 They say that a lord and a reverend
 Were lagg'd (6) the other day.
 The times are getting worse and worse ;
 The glorious days are past :
 For tobymen (7) turn senators,
 And even beaks (8) are cast.

What are you thieves about !

A List of Wants.

TO THE HUMANE AND AFFLUENT.

WANTED—by Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli, an appointment as ambassador.—Distance no object ; but a "friendly power" preferred.

WANTED—by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, a new subject for a five-act play.

WANTED—a few active enterprising young men to smuggle Punch into France. Liberal terms to Ambassadors and Prefects of Police.

WANTED—by the Lord Chancellor, a new conscience, the proprietor not finding the one he has at present equal to the work it has to go through.

WANTED—by Mr. Wakley, a wealthy publisher for his poems.—No security or reference required.

WANTED—by Mr. Moon, as many subscriptions as possible to his "Testimonial." The smallest contributions most gratefully received.

WANTED—by Lord William Lennox, a young man to work at the British Museum.—No one with clean hands need apply.

COURT CIRCULAR EXTRA-ORDINARY.

A VERY curious and valuable knife, of the *value* of 1s. 6d., a present from the beadle of St. Mary, Newington, to the timekeeper at the Elephant and Castle, was submitted to the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, on Monday, by Mr. Sheffield. It is of *cast-iron*, and the framework is of horn ; the handle being divided into compartments, and enclosing a large and small blade, a corkscrew, a pair of tweezers, and a gaiter hook, elegantly wrought in cast-iron.

His Lordship was pleased to express his highest approbation.

- (1) Pickpockets. (2) A stealer of handkerchiefs.
 (3) Pickpockets. (4) That picks a fool's pocket.
 (5) Hanover Square—a great place for noble marriages.
 (6) Transported. (7) Highwaymen. (8) Magistrates.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.



STREET DIALOGUE.

"I'll punch yer ed, if yer say much." "Well!—do it."
 "Who'll punch my ed?" "Ah!"
 "I will." "Yes!"
 "You will?" "Oh!"
 "Yes, I will."

(Boys evaporate.)

Mrs. SMITH visited Drury Lane Theatre privately on Monday evening last. Her presence was not noticed by the audience in general ; and at the conclusion of the performance, she retired in the same quiet manner as that in which she had arrived.

Master Jones was taken for an airing in the Green Park on Tuesday. After distributing his usual bounty of bread and biscuit to the ducks, he returned home.

Baron Nathan has resumed his cribbage parties for the season. The second party takes place on Saturday, when the Baron will mount a new cribbage-board.

Moral Reflections ;

OR, PUNCH'S PETIT LACON.

WHAT a glorious thing to be an author ! To write—to have one's thoughts wafted to the four quarters of the globe—to chasten the degenerate spirit of these licentious times,—and, in reforming abuses, to ameliorate the condition of one's fellow-men ! But how faint and insignificant these pleasures compared with the luxury, as one walks along, of seeing one's own portrait to be sold for one shilling plain in every shop-window !

Lives there the man who can lay his hand upon his breast, and say he has ever paid a tailor's bill !

"Too much familiarity breeds contempt," says the ancient proverb ; and how many married men have been martyrs to the truth of it !

Some men write for fame,—others for money ! We never think of this without involuntarily drawing a comparison between Shakspeare and Carstairs.

A fashionable baronet has said with no less feeling than high moral sense, "Happy! thrice happy the man who has the means to keep a servant to stretch his tight boots before he wears them himself !"

"Sweet," exclaims our immortal bard, "are the uses of adversity." This reflection always occurs to us at the sight of a birch-tree.

Who can describe the anguish of being caught in a shower of rain when wearing a new gossamer !

A gifted novelist says, "There is nothing more unpleasant than to be amongst a party of young ladies, and in pulling out your pocket-handkerchief to drop a large comb upon the floor."

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER XI.—RELATIVE TO MINERVA.

MINERVA was made entirely out of Jupiter's own head ; that is, Jupiter conceived her in his brain, just as you would conceive an idea. Her exact birthplace has not been satisfactorily ascertained, because physiologists cannot tell us precisely whereabouts in the brain ideas are hatched ; but, upon the principle, "*medio tutissimus ibis*," we may most safely conjecture that it was in the middle ventricle. This cavity, too, lying just in front of the pineal gland, which, they say, is the seat of the soul, would be conveniently situated for the lodgment of a mental embryo.

So rapid are the operations of thought that Jupiter had not had Minerva in his head five minutes when he was seized with an intolerable headache. In vain did the anxious Juno, forgetful of her wrongs, bind the temples of her husband with her handkerchief ; in

vain did she bathe them with Eau-de-Cologne; he grew every moment worse—it became necessary to send instantly for Apollo, and accordingly Mercury was despatched for him post-haste. Apollo

was then taking his diurnal drive across the heavens; directly he received the summons, he put his horses to a gallop, and the sun went down at noon. He then hastened to the Court, where he found Jupiter holding his head between his hands, swaying his body from side to side, and roaring with pain. The God of Medicine, at once

perceiving the nature of the case, which was rendered the more manifest by one of the symptoms complained of, namely, a singing in the head, being distinctly audible to the bystanders, recommended an operation for the patient's relief. Vulcan officiated as surgeon, and performed craniotomy very cleverly

Athens, be it observed: for "canny Edinbro'" is rather under the presidency of Mercury. Athens was originally called Cecropia; which name was altered to Athens in honour of Minerva, who was termed by the Greeks Athena. There was a great dispute between her and Neptune whether the city should be named after herself or him; and to settle this point there was summoned a general meeting of the gods, and Olympus resolved itself into a committee of the whole court. The determination of the powers celestial was, that the question should be decided by open competition, and that whichever of the two divinities made the most valuable present to mankind, should enjoy the litigated privilege. Nothing could have been fairer than this, of course. First, Neptune had to give proof of his judgment. "Here goes!" he exclaimed, and plunged his trident into the earth; whereupon up sprang a fine charger caparisoned ready for the field. "There, my lass, beat that if you can," cried the god of the sea. "Now for my turn!" said Minerva; and taking a little fresh water in her helmet, she poured a libation on the earth. Immediately a fine olive-tree, loaded with produce, ascended from beneath the puddle. "What do you think of that?" asked the goddess of the surrounding immortals; who without answering her made a simultaneous rush at the fruit, which they knew would relish excellently with their nectar. But, Jupiter having reduced them to order, they determined, unanimously, that oil was better than bloodshed any day, and an improvement to a salad was a finer thing than an advance in military art. Accordingly, Minerva was declared the winner; at which Neptune, looking rather sulky, "Never mind, old boy," said Jupiter, "do you see yon little island in the north-west? There—hoist your telescope; you'll know it by the white cliffs. That shall be yours; you'll find it worth having one of these days, when Athens will be a heap of rubbish." Hereupon, he allowed a slight glimpse of the future, in the shape of a panorama of Portsmouth harbour, to dawn upon the mind of the Ocean King, whose grim features relaxed into a smile, and who, with an "Ay, ay!"

of acquiescence, sat down to his nectar-grog, and enjoyed himself in the contemplation, through the curling wreaths which ascended from his chieroot, of the future glories of Britannia.

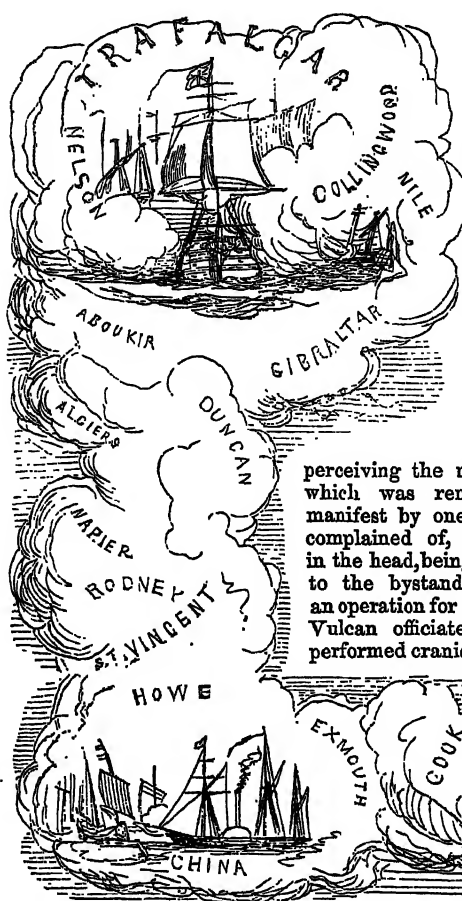
It has been already intimated that Minerva, in her literary capacity, would stand no nonsense; nor would she indeed, in any

with a hatchet; whereupon Minerva, armed like a Joan of Arc, and fully grown, sprung up like a Jack-in-the-box from her father's brain. The wound, by the application of a little solar tincture which Apollo prescribed, healed almost immediately; and although the *corpus collosum* and *formia* had been necessarily divided, there was no subsequent impairment of the intellectual faculties; and Jupiter in two hours' time, was enjoying himself with a pipe and a glass of nectar, hot.

Now the foundation for the above legend very probably was, that Jupiter was some old Greek who conceived the plot of a farce, and Apollo a literary gentleman who worked it out;—but this by the way.

We are all of us fond of our crotchets; no wonder then that Jupiter was partial to his bantling Minerva. He instantly made her a deity of the A division; it would be almost correct to say that he made her A 1; for he constituted her the goddess of Wisdom; and what higher dignity could he have conferred upon her than that? Such was his confidence, too, in her, that he allowed her the control of thunder; a rather dangerous thing to trust a fool with, as we should find, were it at the command of men, who have made wild work enough with gunpowder, as it is. He gave her, also, a patent for life-pills, which enabled her to prolong human existence to any term; and he permitted her to grant licences to prophecy. Moreover, he empowered her, as the goddess of intellect and taste, to place a veto on all publications and works of art that were inelegant or stupid; the penalty in case of disobedience, to be everlasting contempt. In the present day the authority of Minerva is impudently set at naught, and Irish stories, trumpery Magazines, and other productions of the like merit, studiously adapted to the meanest capacities, by being divested of all wit, humour, and purpose, a shade above vulgar comprehension, are monthly inflicted on the world, to be reduced in due time to their proper denomination:—that of waste paper.

Minerva was the tutelar deity of Athens; ancient, not modern



way. There was a certain Ionian young lady of the name of Arachne, daughter to one Mr. Idmon, a respectable dyer. Arachne was very handy with her needle, and not only could work slippers in Berlin wool, and all that sort of thing, but would have eclipsed even the celebrated Miss Linwood. So conceited was she of her skill, that she defied Minerva to work samplers with her for a fancy fair. She chose for her subject the gallantries of Jupiter; but her performances were mere caricatures by the side of Minerva's: and so ill did she brook her defeat, that, disgusted with all other work, she "worked" herself "off." She did what was since done by the unfortunate Miss Bailey; but Minerva, whose resentment extended beyond the noose, transformed her into a spider.

Clever young ladies often lead a single life. Whether it is that their intellect leads them to prefer celibacy, or acts by repelling admirers, it were tedious to inquire; but it is certain that Minerva, who had made a vow of virginity, might have married had she chosen. She had one offer, at any rate, from Vulcan, who, being rather too pressing in his suit, was dismissed with a flea in his ear—that is to say, a box on it; and likewise with an obscuration of the eye, and sundry lacerations of the visage. But Vulcan was decidedly a fright, and not only very ugly, but the reverse of clean; moreover, he was lame, and had another wife besides. The question is whether Minerva would have said nay to such a divinity as Apollo. She was the death, however, of one young man; his name was Pallas; he was the son of Tartarus and Terra, and an immense giant. He died, though, not of her beauty, but by her hand; and it is said that she dressed herself in his skin; but for "skin," we should probably read "small-clothes." Hence it was that she got the nickname of Pallas, a title which she did not refuse, though she declined it "with a difference" in the genitive case.

Minerva, we are told, was the first who built a ship, which if she did, it is likely that she invented steamers. The invention of the flute also is ascribed to her; but that cannot have been the German flute. And yet it must have been something like it; for Minerva is said while playing it to have made the most ugly faces, which, on one occasion, afforded high diversion to Juno and Venus. Minerva had no idea what they were laughing at, and demanded, with some asperity, what was the joke. "My dear," they replied, "only look at yourself in the glass." She did so, and was so disgusted with herself, that she threw the instrument away in a pet, wishing ill-luck to any one who found it. It was found by one Marsyas, who, in consequence, had the slight ill-luck to be flayed alive.

Though not of a quarrelsome disposition, Minerva would often interfere in battles: generally in order to take somebody's part. Indeed, she was represented for the most part with helmet, spear, and shield, on which last was sculptured the Gorgon's head; a bugbear of such terrific ugliness that it literally petrified the beholder. It consisted of a demon's face surmounted by a periwig of serpents; and was certainly by no means a pretty thing to place on a mantel-shelf. Her helmet also, was surrounded with griffins, which griffins were probably so many heads of Medusa on a smaller scale. The goddess herself was made to look rather like a griffin; at least, somewhat masculine in appearance, which is not a pleasing peculiarity in a young lady.

Minerva had a favourite bird, which, were one to guess, one would perhaps suppose to have been the parrot; it was, however, the owl, this creature having been esteemed the bird of wisdom because it looks so very wise, and was in face so much like the philosophers of antiquity. There is a sort of Lord-Chancellor-like look about the owl.

Among various other names, Minerva was often called Glaucoptis on account of the blueness of her eyes; but there is some reason to believe that she also wore blue spectacles, which frequently go along with blue stockings, whereof Minerva was the patroness. The young ladies who take notes at the Royal Institution may consider themselves as her petulant pets, as also may all geological and botanical beauties, and damsels of like tastes who are not beauties.

Minerva is supposed to preside over mechanics' institutes, literary and scientific associations, and particularly over the Grand National Association for the Advancement of Science; but whether she really does may be disputed.

Why is the cramp like a hearty dinner on veal?—Because it takes a good twist of your calf.

Why was little Tom Thumb like a great weakness?—Because he was in-armity.

What is the slowest post on the road?—The hand-post.

Why is a copper like a bad race-horse?—Because it's beaten hollow.

Why is a Hog the dirtiest of animals?—Because the more he's washed the more grub he gets.

LAYS OF MODERN BABYLON.

BY BLAIRINGTON WHATYOU MAYCALLME, ESQ.

THE PANTHEON.

Oh, dome capacious! venerable pile!
When 'neath thy column'd portico I stand,
Fast o'er my features darts the patriot's smile,
To think it is within my native land,
There stands a building so extremely grand.
Britain! they often call thee Freedom's home,
But why I neither ask nor understand.
Enough for me that I can freely roam
About the streets, and gaze—on the Pantheon's dome!

Thy walls were once devoted to the strains
Of young Apollo, with his thrilling lyre,
Until—as modern history explains—
One night thy grand interior caught fire,
Up flew the flames—higher and higher, and higher,—
Until they seem'd almost t'outstrip the air.
Too great the sum, alas! it did require
To put thee into regular repair,
After the damage done by such tremendous flare

And there neglected wert thou doomed to stand
For many a weary night and dreary day.
Extremely useless, but immensely grand:
Thy landlord trying every niggling way
To make thee—if 'twere but the ground-rent—pay:
Letting thee out, what sacrilege!—odds-odds!
My cheeks still mantle while the truth I say,—
Unto an aeronaut for his balloons—
I've seen them hanging there—on idle afternoons.

But even more ignoble still thy fate!—
How to my face, e'en now the warm blood gushes,
When I the melancholy fact relate!—
That to one Tubbs (who whilom dealt in brushes)
A part of thee was leased; for such, oh! such is
Weak man's short-sightedness, that ne'er, I trow,
Did thy proprietor conceive how much is
Made by the use to which they've put thee now.
His fortune he'd have made—but that he knew not how!

Where the Italian pour'd his dulcet strains,
And the conductor did his baton wield,
The keeper of the Hall now counts her gains,
And, sometimes revelling in fancy's field,
Anticipates the sum the day may yield.—
But poesy has born me on her wing
So far, that reason's founts are half congeal'd.
I'll drink no more of the Pierian spring,
But dash my harp away—and cease, yes, cease to sing.

But why, alas! am I compell'd to smother
The feelings throbbing through my fever'd brain?
Oh, holy Nature! best and kindest mother,
Shall I resume my broken harp again?
Ah, no! the effort would be worse than vain.
Crack'd are its notes, disorder'd is its pitch,
Wild and unpleasant, then, would be its strain,
That harp—whilom in melody so rich—
I'd rather cast it down—in some dark, dank, damp ditch.

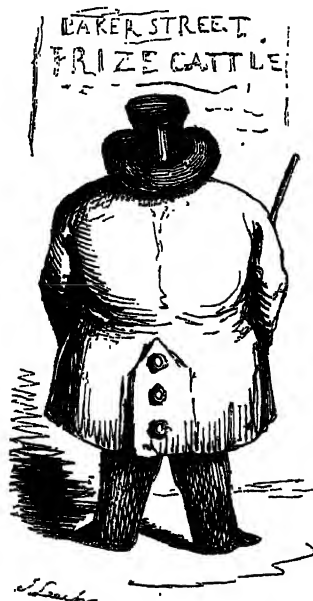
Antiquarian Society.

THIS venerable body met last week for the purpose of hearing the report of a committee that had been appointed to sit upon a square piece of flag-stone, which had been removed from beneath some rubbish on clearing the ground for the new Royal Exchange. The stone was produced, and seemed to be an object of intense interest. The committee reported that it was crustaceous in its outer coats, and had been clearly used as a flag; but by whom, or when, or why, there were no means of ascertaining. From the venerable appearance of the relic, it was supposed to have been the flag that "braved a thousand years;" and, having passed a resolution to this effect, the meeting broke up perfectly satisfied.

EXTRAORDINARY STATISTICAL PHENOMENON.

It is a remarkable fact—showing the contradictions that sometimes occur, and the curious anomalies occasionally to be met with,—it is, we say, a very remarkable fact, that *while* the number of lunatics has been increasing in a very large ratio within the last two or three years, the readers of the *Herald* have been at the same time diminishing.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MOVE IN A THEATRICAL CIRCLE.



A BROAD CARICATURE.

ON Tuesday last a large meeting of the actors of the establishment was held on the stage of the English Opera House, to take into consideration the present crisis of affairs. The Lion of the company was called to the chair. He said, "The present meeting had assembled owing to a report which had spread through the dens that Mr. Van Amburgh intended to put them upon half-rations. He for one would not stand this; and might he never wag his tail again if he accepted one ounce less of his salary than he had been accustomed to receive. He worked hard,—had never missed a single rehearsal,—and he defied any one to say he had ever been 'hoarse' or 'suddenly indisposed' on any one night he had been announced to play. (*Hear, hear!*) Why, then, should his beef be cut down? If Mr. Van Amburgh was not pleased with his services, and no longer thought he was worth what he would fetch, why didn't he let him go? (*loud cheering from every member of the company.*) Why didn't he let every one of them go? (*Renewed cheering.*) As long as either of the National Theatres was open, they need never be at a loss for an engagement. Thank Heaven, a British audience never failed to support them, and he felt confident they had only to throw themselves on the public to cause such an outcry against Mr. Van Amburgh as would make him tremble in his highlows for his dastardly conduct in having sent them adrift. (*Hear, hear, from the Panther.*) He thanked his noble friend for that cheer, for it convinced him that private differences were buried between them, as they should be, on an occasion like this, when it behoved every quadruped to stand up like a man, and make common cause with his fellow-beasts." The noble chairman sat down amidst loud and prolonged applause. The ELEPHANT, with great difficulty, then got up, and said, "that to be put upon half-rations would, considering the quantity he required, affect him ten times more than anybody else; in fact, it would quite incapacitate him for study, and entirely ruin him for his profession. He had borne enough lately. He could tell them it was no joke having a man sitting upon his tusks every night, and pulling his trunk about as if it were nothing better than a bell-pull. Was, then, an Elephant to be bullied and blackguarded for nothing? Might he be taken for a madman, like his poor relation Chuni, and sent to Bedlam if he put up with it for only half the miserable quantity of hay he was in the habit of drawing from the treasury?" (*Applause.*) After the BENGAL TIGER, the BAY MARE, the little WHITE PONY, and the LAUGHING HYENA had severally addressed the meeting, the PANTHER proposed a vote of thanks to the LION for his able conduct in the chair, which was carried without a dissentient roar, and the meeting broke up, just in time to allow the ring to be sawdusted for the evening's performance.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

Why is a cos lettuce like a cabbage?—Cos it is.

Why is a railroad like a bug?—Because it runs upon sleepers.

Why is a man who has too many servants like an oyster?—Because he's eaten out of house and home.

MONOMANIAC ACADEMY.

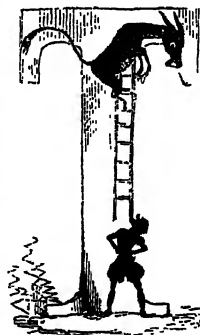
BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

MESSRS. Oxford and Macnaughten beg to announce that they have opened an Academy for the instruction of youth in the art of insanity. This very desirable and necessary acquirement will enable persons who have committed any crime or offended against the laws of their country, to escape punishment. Messrs. O. and M.N. beg particularly to address persons who expect to receive legacies or reversions on the death of rich relations; as such parties will be enabled, after receiving a few lessons, to remove all impediments to their fortune. Young gentlemen who are studying the art of picking pockets will also find this a desirable addition to their education; as, should they be detected, and tried at the Old Bailey, two or three lessons will teach them how to become monomaniacs pro tempore. Terms—One Guinea per lesson.

QUESTIONS NOT TO BE FOUND IN "MANGNALL."

BY A TRINITY-COLLEGE BOY.

Is Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful equal to Deaf Burke on the Eye?
Is there any connexion between Ca-bul and John Bull?
What relationship is there between Cranbourne Alley and Hyder Ali?
Was Ben Jonson as successful a dramatist as Ben Lomond?
If the "Peace of the valley has fled," where has it concealed itself?
Is Day, the blacking-maker, first-cousin to the Dey of Algiers?
Is Sir Francis Bond Head related, in the remotest degree, to the New-River Head?
Is the Winter of the musical profession lineally descended from the "Winter of our discontent?"
Is there any similarity between the "Chaste Nine" and the Happy-nine (Mountains)?
Which is deserving of the greater share of patronage—the Rosencrantz of Shakespeare's time, or the Rose-and-Crown of the present day?
If "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" why isn't a fiddler employed to play a few tunes to Mr. Ferrand before he rises to make a speech?
Was Arthur's Seat ever placed in the same room as Arthur's Round Table?



THE "MOON" TESTIMONIAL.

HE Designs for this (almost national) Testimony of Admiration towards Mr. Moon, of Threadneedle Street, are supplicated from all the artists of England, by **PUNCH**, before the 25th inst. The Designs (which will appear on the 1st of April, will be engraved in the first style of art) to be sent to PUNCH's Office, 13, Wellington Street, Strand.

Nota Bene.—**PUNCH**, (who is not adamant), will, in compliance with the wishes of myriads of his admirers, present the world with the

PORTRAITS

OF

His Editors, Contributors, and Artists,

In an extraordinary Number, to be published on

THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1843.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of **PUNCH**, the Proprietors have determined to print a **STAMPED EDITION**, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number **LXXX**. It will be Published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office Order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the **Unstamped Edition**, and of the **Monthly Parts**, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of 16, Caroline Street, Eaton Square, Piccadilly, at the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand, in the precinct of the Savoy, in the county of Middlesex.

67 The Publication of PUNCH commenced last week the moment the shutters were taken down, and did not finish till the moment they were put up again.

April 1.—All Fools' Day.

Who has not heard of the superior wisdom of our ancestors? Who does not acknowledge the surpassing intelligence of the perri-powdered and bob wigs of bygone years? If any proof were wanting that our forefathers were as wise as they are declared to be by the conservative oracles of the present day, let it be remembered that it was necessary, in the good old times, to set aside the *First* of APRIL for the express purpose of fool-making. In our degenerate

era such a red-letter day is unneeded—fools are now as plentiful as blackberries. Where would be the jest in sending Sibthorpe for “a boiled icicle?” or Lord Brougham for a “pen’orth of pigeon’s—nay, dove’s milk?”

Punch repudiates the idea of making any more fools, and has, therefore, set apart the present number of his humorous periodical for the dissemination of pure and unadulterated facts.

Some, indeed, may be sufficiently incredulous to doubt the correctness of the annexed statements; but PUNCH has only to refer such sceptics to his particular friend and disciple, H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, who is ready to attest the truth of most, and the probability of all.

OPENING OF HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

THIS interesting ceremony, which has been so long looked forward to, took place on Tuesday last; the structure being at last completed, and forming a proud memorial of what can be accomplished by the united efforts of patience, two men, and a boy.

It having been promulgated that the bridge would be opened by his R. H. the Prince of Wales, the most extensive preparations were made to give *éclat* to the whole concern. At an early hour in the morning, the King William Street crossing was swept remarkably clean by the Broom Stick in Waiting; and kept so at intervals during the day. About eight the tradesmen commenced taking down their shutters; and the cheap fishing-tackle shop was decorated with fresh posters, which being put outside the window, gave an air of great festivity to the shop-front; and, emulating the tapestries of the olden time, costly paper-hangings were suspended from a window in the Lowther Arcade. Several hundred gallons of water were distributed gratuitously from the Market Pump during the forenoon, to whoever liked to apply for it, reviving many associations of *Ye Fleete Conduite* in former pageants. The waterman at the Charing Cross cab-stand also put on his light highlows with the wooden soles, as well as his monthly shirt; and the horde of Trafalgar Square was decorated with fresh and exquisite engravings and many-coloured devices.

Precisely at twelve o'clock the procession left St. James's palace, and proceeded through the Park and Horse Guards, and along the Strand, in the following manner:—

Band of Glass Bugles,
carried by a milliner's errand-boy to a customer.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
in a go-cart of gilt mahogany, preceded and followed by his nurses, attendants, &c.

Rattle Bearer in Ordinary.
Boys huzzaing. THE TIMES. *Boys huzzaing.*

not choosing to give in to the opinions or orders of anybody, but walking by himself, and making everybody get out of the way.

Charity Boy,
performing a solo on a musical pear.
More people coming the other way.

Two Baked Potato Merchants.
Policemen, Vagabonds, Passengers, &c.

The Morning Herald,
rather behind time, very carefully carried in a sedan-chair, with the windows up, for fear of catching cold.

On arriving at Hungerford Market, the freedom thereof was presented to the Prince in a polished oyster-shell; and he was then invited to an elegant cold collation of shrimps upon the wharf below. His Royal Highness proceeded to eat their heads and tails indiscriminately with great condescension; and having signified his wish to possess a lobster



A Piano Organ.

Boy Dick,
who had left the office on the sly, and was playing a concerto on the patent street-castanets.

Ancient Knight,
Sir ———, in a scaly suit, going to his bank.

Boys. *Boys.*
Some people coming the other way.

Two Policemen.
Bearer of the Standard,
or newspaper of impatient expectancy,
collecting news in that journal for old gentlemen learning to spell at the various taverns.

The Morning Post,
preceded by attendants sprinkling the pavement with rose-water, and surrounded by constables to keep off the vulgar classes.

More people coming the other way.
Two Policemen.



Masque of Pomona and Bacchus,
performed by a tipsy coalheaver and a rebellious apple-woman being conveyed to Scotland Yard.

The Morning Chronicle,
with a stalk of free corn stuck up the collar of his coat behind.

that caught his eye, it was immediately handed to him, when he nursed it in the manner of a doll.

All the preparations being concluded, a salute of spare steam was discharged from the funnels of the *Twilight* and *Daisy* steamers lying at the pier. And amidst the cheers of the thousands, the go-cart containing the Prince was then slowly drawn across the bridge, followed by the procession above mentioned, precisely at half-past twelve. Having reached the Lambeth side, the *corège* returned, and the thoroughfare was then thrown open to general passengers, six of whom passed in the course of the day, the net proceeds amounting to threepence.

His Royal Highness was then taken to the Lowther Arcade, that he might select any toy he took a fancy to, from a halfpenny whip to a half-crown Noah's ark. He, however, chose a box of soldiers—an interesting proof of his inherent military ardour—and displayed extraordinary perseverance, in sucking the whole of the paint from the drummer, before he got home.

Thus terminated this gratifying proceeding, unattended by any accident or unpleasantness. Thanks are due to all parties concerned; and especially to the owner of the market weathercock, who fixed the point of the arrow at N.E. the night before, that dry weather might be ensured for the important ceremonial.

MORE LUNAR CAUSTIC.

“How old is the publisher of Threadneedle-street?” asked Sibthorpe of Ferrand. “Look for *Moon's Age* in the Almanack,” was the reply. “Ah! I see,” said Sibthorpe, “and here is something about Moon's First and Last Quart. I suppose that is the tankard they talk of giving him.” Ferrand answered, “Well—I never met such a ———,” and concluded the sentence confidentially to his coffee-cup.

GRAND ROWING MATCH.

OXFORD *versus* CAMBRIDGE.

THE GREAT ANNUAL ROWING-MATCH.—This event, by which public curiosity has been so much excited, took place on Wednesday last, on the Paddington Canal.

This match, which was from the Basin at Paddington to Uxbridge, and back again, has opened an entirely novel era in the science of rowing, as the channel of the Paddington canal is so narrow that it would appear difficult for the eight-oared cutters to pass each other, setting aside the obstructions of barges, monkey-boats, locks, bridges, or tunnels.

It has now, therefore, become essential, that the crew of each cutter should, by a powerful simultaneous spring, accompanied by a vigorous feathering of the oar in the air, cause the light boat to ascend from the water after the manner of a flying fish, and completely to overtop and clear any obstacle, and indeed, occasionally, to go over the heads of the crew of the adversaries' cutter.

The tide of the Paddington canal serving, the boats started precisely at twelve o'clock, on the signal being given,—a pistol fired from the steeple of Paddington church.

Oxford took the lead, although it appeared that the strength and muscle of both boat's crews were pretty equal. This advantage was effected by the dexterity of the Oxford coxswain.

The competitors had scarcely passed the bridge that leads to the Harrow Road, when *Light Blue* (Cambridge) determined to exhibit a specimen of their acquired dexterity in the new system of managing an eight-oared cutter, and by a violent, but well-directed, effort, the crew arose to a man from the water, and propelled themselves through the air to about a boat's length a-head of *Dark Blue* (Oxford), and alighted safely on the stream like a swan. This occurrence, which was not expected to have been attempted at so early a period of the race, put the Oxford men completely on their mettle, and every energy was exerted to get up again to the Cantabrigians for the next fifteen miles, when a favourable opportunity presented itself, by reason of one of Pickford's barges having grounded, heavily laden with bricks, which brought the Cambridge cutter to a momentary stand-still; this was instantly observed, and taken advantage of by the Oxonians, who, notwithstanding the great labour they had undergone, practised the same feat of agility which had been performed by their antagonists, and not only sent themselves flying through the air over *Light Blue*, but absolutely over Pickford's barge into the bargain.

The gentlemen of Cambridge, finding their chance apparently desperate, made a powerful effort of eight-oared volition, and cleared the unlucky barge, and, pulling with all their might, again got up to the *Dark Blue*.

After some excellent manoeuvring, the Oxonians rowed round a boat moored off the weighing-house at Uxbridge, and exerted themselves with great vigour for their return to Paddington, the tide having turned exactly at the same time: and here Oxford kept the lead until they had reached Wormwood Scrubs. And now, drawing within a few miles of the winning place, both boat's crews recommenced the flying and feathering in the air in a wonderfully exciting and interesting manner. At length, Cambridge, making a strenuous effort, kept up aloft one minute longer than Oxford, and fell flop into the Paddington Basin first, thereby winning the race.

The banks of the canal were lined the whole distance with well-dressed spectators.

The Leander crew are practising the same novel evolutions, daily, on the New River.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

THE earthquake in the north appears to have given general dissatisfaction, and it is pretty evident that unless these affairs adopt a more regular and rational mode of procedure, they will altogether lose favour with a British public.

The earthquake of last week, instead of coming at the business-like hour of 9 o'clock in the morning, as at Calabria, must needs creep in at the dead of night; and by rattling the windows and glasses, shaking the beds, and other paltry and despicable pranks, cause unnecessary consternation and alarm.

Consequently, instead of being taken for a respectable, dignified earthquake, it gets the credit, in most instances, of being a pettifogging house-breaker.

We are gravely told by the *Manchester Guardian*, that a lady labouring under the impression that it was a burglar, sprung out of bed, and throwing up the window, called lastly for a policeman; one happened to be passing at the time, to whom she communicated her fears. He assured her, however, that her silver spoons were safe, and quietly begged her not to be alarmed, as it was ONLY an earthquake.

We have always prided ourselves upon taking matters coolly; but here we candidly confess our inferiority to Policeman Z 11. An earthquake! pooh! beneath his notice.

We shall use our influence in getting Z 11 promoted to the rank of deputy sergeant.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. DENT, the celebrated chronometer maker, has at length succeeded in completing his arduous task of inserting some ingenious clockwork in the interior of the statue of George the Third, in Pall-Mall.

The great difficulty has arisen from the artist being compelled to pass all the mechanism through the nostrils of the horse, and admirably has he succeeded!

Though the statue will not be publicly set in motion until twelve o'clock to-day, we can speak from our own observation of the natural and perfect manner in which this new wonder works. The action of the horse is beyond all praise. We subjoin the plan by which this admirable effect is produced.

We cannot sufficiently express our admiration of the manner in which His Majesty's pig-tail is made to contribute to the general effect.

For the space of thirty seconds it pendulates in slow time as:—



and then undulates for the same period, as:—

It is but right to add, that Messrs. Ransom, the bankers, have contributed the whole of the funds for this

praiseworthy undertaking; and the artist has gracefully expressed his high sense of their patronage by the gracious and condescending bow which the king makes to the customers of Messrs. Ransom, as they pass in and out of the banking-house between the hours of nine and five.



A CHANGE HAS COME O'ER THE SPIRIT OF THE "TIMES."

THE readers of PUNCH must have noticed the present epidemic for illustrated newspapers; but what do they say to the TIMES becoming an illustrated newspaper! It's a fact, nevertheless—the TIMES, for the future, is to be published with engravings, and will appear every morning with not less than fifty illustrations. An additional wing has, for this purpose, been added to the extensive premises in Printing-house-square; and the proprietors, regardless of expense, have engaged Mr. Landells, the eminent wood-engraver, to undertake the management of this new branch of their establishment. Edwin Landseer has accepted an engagement as reporter in the House of Commons, and, from his fine perception of the brute creation, will, it is expected, render the debates intelligible to every capacity, by introducing portraits of the members. H.B. has likewise been engaged. He has gone to Paris to attend the sittings of the French Chamber of Deputies. The leaders, too, will be illustrated, though the name of the artist has not yet transpired; but the proprietors have secured the services of no less an artist than Sir Martin Shee, to be in daily attendance at Bow Street. Under this new arrangement, not a criminal will appear at the bar,—not a monomaniac will be examined without having his portrait accurately pencilled in the morrow's paper, for the admiration of thousands who, otherwise, would be denied the moral gratification of seeing him. Artists have been sent to each quarter of the globe, and every earthquake will have its destructions most vividly described by illustration—every revolution will have its bloodshed and horrors most effectively portrayed in black and white;—and the weakness of a written report will no longer be felt. Prospectuses will be issued in a few days.

Arrival from the East.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was this day manifested by the people in the line from Woolwich to the Blackfriars' Road. At an early hour it was known that the gates of Somnauth had been landed from the *Whacker*, 74, at Woolwich, and would be brought to their final destination in a spring van, hired expressly by her Majesty's government for the occasion. Expectation was, however, on tiptoe as to the purpose to which the immortal trophy was to be applied. The excitement grew with every step—the crowd thickened with every instant. At length the van stopt at the appointed goal; when the public were delighted to discover that the gates of Somnauth were destined to *replace the worn-out doors of the Magdalen*!

A PRESENT TO BROUGHAM.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington this day forwarded (per Parcels-Delivery Company) a very beautiful spaniel, as a present to Lord Brougham. It is a most affectionate and delightfully fawning little creature; though it has, to be sure, once or twice laboured under the slander of hydrophobia, snapping and snarling at everybody. To the Duke, however, it has of late shown the greatest affection—licking his hands, his feet, and swallowing every morsel that may have fallen from his lips, with a great wagging of the tail, and other indications of extreme delight. It has, however, been a matter of great regret that the dog, in its puppyhood, was never wormed. The spaniel's name is VAUX.

GREAT MEETING OF THE BISHOPS.

THIS day, a meeting of the episcopal Bench was held at Lambeth Palace. At an early hour, the lower end of Parliament-street, Bridge-street, Westminster Bridge, Bridge-road, Bishop's Walk, and other great arteries leading to the Palace, were thronged with crowds, drawn together by the tidings that the Lords Spiritual had determined upon holding a solemn convocation, for a most Christian and philanthropic purpose. All the windows in the various lines to the Palace were crowded by people in their best attire. High and low, young and old, flocked together to do homage to the event. The children of the parish school of St. Margaret, &c., were ranged along the road, holding such green boughs as the season afforded in their hands. As the carriage of every bishop rolled solemnly by, cheers rose on all sides—ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and flung bunches of violets from the windows; then swelled a hymn from the innocent bosoms of five hundred school-girls—then gushed the manly eye with the sympathetic tear, and “the babe leapt up in its mother's arms.” It was a beautiful, an entrancing sight, to behold the approach of every right reverend father—(in his very handsome carriage, drawn by steeds with coats sleeker than the hair shirts of martyrs)—to mark the graciousness with which every bishop received the cheers and blessings of the crowd, bowing the head, as though the dew of heaven descended upon it; and putting up (what was evidently) an inward prayer for the success of the gracious purpose of that day. The cheers and blessings of the people accompanied every bishop to Lambeth Palace; where, on arriving, every Spiritual Lord was ushered to the gallery. At twelve o'clock all the bishops had arrived, when the Archbishop of Canterbury took the chair, and the Bishop of Chichester (as junior of the Bench) said a short prayer.

THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND then opened the proceedings of the day. He had called his dearly beloved brethren about him in consequence of the publication of the *Report and Appendices of the Children's Employment Commission*. His brethren must have read those documents. (*Hear, hear.*) As Christian shepherds of the flock, their hearts must have been lacerated by the frightful, the appalling details contained in those reports. He would ask them, what would the rest of Christendom say of them when they should read those details? Would they not ask—has England any church at all? Was it possible that she could have bishops, deans, prebends, vicars? Of what value could the immortal soul of man be held in England, when men, and women, and babes, were left as a prey to the evil fiend—left to the ferocity of their own untutored passions? It was his fervent prayer that his dear brethren would that day wipe off a stain from the purity of the episcopal lawn—that they would join heart and hand to prove themselves shepherds of the Christian flock. (*Cheers.*)

THE BISHOP OF LONDON rose to propose the first resolution. Never (he said) since St. Augustine first landed on these shores—never since the blessings of Christianity were manifested to the British savage, was it more necessary than at present to vindicate the humanity, the all-encircling charity of their faith, than at this moment. And how—he asked—were they to vindicate it? Not by lip-service. (*Hear, hear.*) Not by wishing well to humanity from the air-cushioned seats of a carriage, but by following the example of the first Christians; by mingling with their fellow-creatures; by making common cause with the griefs, the wretchedness, the misery of human nature. (*Cheers.*) He would read a few extracts from the documents alluded to by the most noble Primate. He would quote from Mr. HORNE's evidence on the condition of the operatives of Wolverhampton:—

“I have entered the houses and hovels of journeymen locksmiths and key-makers, indiscriminately and unexpectedly, and seen the utmost destitution; no furniture in the room below but a broken board for a table, and a piece of plank laid across bricks for a seat; with the wife hungry—almost crying with hunger—and in rags, yet the floor was perfectly clean. I have gone up stairs, and seen a bed on the floor of a room seven feet long by six high at one side, but slanting down to nothing, like a wedge, where a husband, his wife, and three children slept, and with no other article in the room of any kind whatever except the bed.”

This physical destitution was terrible, but let the meeting listen to the evidence of their spiritual forlornness:—

WILLIAM BENTON—“Thinks that's his name; can't spell it rightly. Age, don't know justly—mother says he's turned eighteen. Can't read or write; can tell some of his letters. Goes to a Sunday-school sometimes. Is of the Baptist school religion, *whatever that is*. Never heard of Moses; never heard of St. Paul. Has heard of Christ; knows who Jesus Christ was—he was Adam. Doesn't care much about going to school if he could.”

(Here an involuntary cry of grief burst from the assembly. After a moment the worthy Bishop continued.)

HENRY WOOD “Is seventeen. Can read a little in the Testament; likes the large letters at the top of chapters best for reading. Cannot write; they don't learn in these parts. Leads a hard-working life—sometimes fourteen or fifteen hours a-day, with about an hour or an hour and a half out in the course of the day. Does not know how many Disciples there were; does not know who Jesus Christ was—thinks he was an Apostle; they don't learn the Catechism here, else he could tell about him, but thinks he was a king of some kind, of London, a long time ago. Does not know how many inches make a foot.”

To this (said the reverend prelate) Mr. Horne adds:—

“None of the depositions here written down are to be attributed to confusion or timidity. If the witnesses were timid or confused upon any question, I either waited till it was over, or else gave up the point. Some of the extreme and almost incredible statements (such as the witness thinking that Pontius Pilate, or Goliath, were Apostles; that the witness had never heard the name of Jesus Christ, &c.) are the result of repetitions of the same questions, especially in the case last mentioned, either under a different form, or after an interval during which I had asked other questions.”

He (the Bishop of London) shuddered whilst he read these frightful records. He must, however, continue. Mr. Horne had further said:—

“You will find poor girls who had never sang or danced; never seen a dance; never read a book that made them laugh; never seen a violet, or a primrose, and other flowers; and others whose only idea of a green field was derived from *having been stung by a nettle*.”

What followed was, however, more terrible:—

“Many of the children told me they always said their prayers at night, and the prayer they said was, ‘Our Father.’ I naturally thought they meant that they repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I soon found that few of them knew it. They only repeated the first two words: they knew no more than ‘Our Father!’ These poor children, after their laborious day's work, lying down to sleep with this simple appeal, seemed to me inexpressibly affecting. Having nothing but harsh task-masters in this world, or ‘working under their Father,’ it was probably the only true sense in which they could use the words.”

(Having with difficulty read this, the reverend prelate was so much affected that some minutes elapsed ere he could regain his composure. He then proceeded as follows.) What would Christian nations say on reading these things? What would—he would ask what—what—but his feelings were too much for him: he would conclude by moving the first resolution, that “it is incumbent upon this meeting for the bishops to look personally to these things.”

THE BISHOP OF EXETER rose with alacrity to second the resolution. The time was come to act. (*Hear.*) They had often attended meetings at Exeter Hall, and talked much; but the time was now come for every man to take his staff and scrip, and to go a Christian pilgrimage into the benighted districts of England. (*Cheers.*) To leave the luxury—the sinful luxury of ease; to enter the hovels of the manufacturers; to descend into coal-mines—(*loud cheers*); to fight ignorance with the sword of grace; to heal the wounds of the suffering with the salve of charity. He cordially seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH moved the second resolution. It was to create a certain fund out of their own incomes—(*here the speaker was interrupted by loud bursts of cheers*)—for the temporary relief of the wretched. He must own it—he could not wonder that the people at Wolverhampton, and in other districts, thought Pontius Pilate to be an Apostle; for from the fruits they tasted of what passed for Christianity, how, indeed, could they think otherwise? (*Cheers.*)

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY. It had made him tremble to listen to what had been read. When they (the bishops) repeated the Lord's Prayer, how different were the gifts prayed for in it to the bounty asked by the poor! He would put it to his brethren, what it was they meant by “daily bread”—and what, the poor? Had he known the amount of ignorance, of misery endured by his fellow-men in the districts alluded to, he had never been able to sleep quietly in his bed. With all his heart he seconded the resolution.

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD wished to know if their Parliamentary duties might be, with safety to the public, neglected during their sojourn in the moral wildernesses of England?

THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN thought his brother of Hereford might rest quite easy on that head. For himself he had been, he hoped, a studious reader of his Testament, but he could not charge his memory with any text that made the laws of customs and excise, turnpike acts, &c., matters of daily interest to the Apostles.

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER proposed that each bishop should start by the railway to-morrow morning (with one carpet-bag and his banker's book) for his diocese. There might have been some objec-

tion to sabbath-travelling, but under the present circumstances, the motive would be sufficient.

This resolution was seconded by the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, and unanimously carried. The meeting then separated in most seraphic humour.



All the bishops returned to their homes on foot.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR.



IS Chinese Excellency Low Slang, Ambassador from the Court of Peking, having left his native land in a junk, hove to in front of Dover, under a salute from the batteries. His arrival not having been expected, no preparations had been made, and the salute was an accidental honour arising from the fact that a gun at Dover Castle having been recently cleaned and repaired, happened to be tried just as the Ambassador landed. His Excellency was dressed in a rich travelling suit of chintz bed furniture, and was looking remarkably well. He wore over his shoulders a Mackintosh, exchanged with one of the Hong Merchants for a small quantity of tea, and his head was encased in an oilskin sow-wester, which he had purchased from one of the seamen in the course of the voyage.

Immediately on landing, he was received with three hearty and truly British bursts of laughter from a few stragglers on the pier, and was escorted under a guard of honour from the Custom-house to the searching room.

The officers were proceeding to deal with his Excellency rather roughly, when Low Slang beginning to pour forth an address in his native tongue, the discovery was made of his being the Chinese Ambassador.

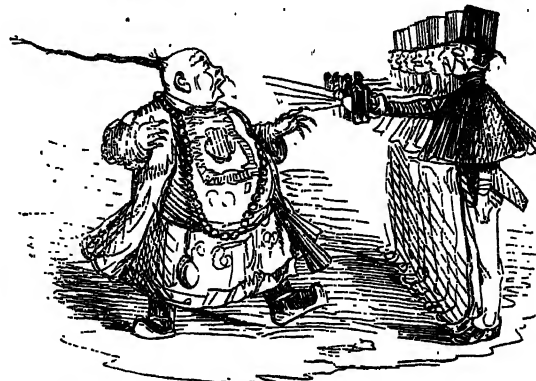
Suspicion was at once turned into respect, and information given at the station-house, when the whole of the police on duty (six) turned out in single file, and formed a guard of honour. The Inspector not being in attendance, the Sergeant, with singular presence of mind, gave the order for taking the oilskins off the hats; and while the Ambassador waited for his carpet-bag, the Inspector put his men through a few manoeuvres in splendid style, in presence of the illustrious stranger.

The rapidity with which, at the words "*Carry staves*," the whole of the six men drew forth their wooden weapons, was responded to by a partial



cheer from the bystanders; and at the words "*Shoulder capes*," when the entire force were suddenly enveloped in oilskin down to the shoulders, almost as one man, a look of astonishment, not unmingled with awe, was observable on the countenance of the Ambassador.

It is well known that in China the great festival of the year is the feast of Lanthorns; and Sergeant K, of the Dover division, who takes in *Chambers's Information*, and was aware of the fact, had the happy idea of putting the force under his command through the whole of the difficult and admirable Lanthorn exercise. At the first word of command "*Draw lanthorns*," the entire body (the whole six) suddenly placed their right hands under their coats on the left side, and with a flourish that would have done credit to a troop of regulars, drew forth the accoutrements alluded to. The well-known operations of "*Support lanthorns*," "*Recover lanthorns*," (including the snuffing of the wicks) were extremely well done;



but at the words "*Present bull's-eyes*," the whole glare of the six lanthorns was thrown directly into the eye of the Ambassador, who drew back a few paces, and uttered a few sounds in his native tongue, supposed to have been expressive of satisfaction, or in other words of his having had enough of it.

In order to keep up the spirit of this extemporaneous review, so happily unpromised by Sergeant K, the men were drawn off in gallant style towards a drunken man; and the more active evolutions of the police force were very skilfully exemplified. The whole body (the six) rushed in a sort of *mêlée* towards the inebriated individual, and having taken close order, reduced the enemy at once to a powerless state, by concentrating all their force—after the fashion of Napoleon—on one point, that point being the head of the foe, which they assailed with dauntless valour. The entire force then formed a compact square, of which the enemy was the centre; and then, dividing into two columns, they flanked him in; while one column took charge of the right hand and leg, the other column making themselves masters of the left hand and leg of the enemy. After this beautiful manoeuvre they marched their prisoner towards the station-house.

The Chinese Ambassador being now anxious to retire to his quarters for the night, went on foot towards the hotel; and such was the respect shown by the inhabitants, that several of the juvenile portion followed closely at his heels, and thought themselves honoured if they could only touch the end of one of his three tails, which they did repeatedly. On reaching the hotel, the landlord, who had heard of the partiality of the Chinese for chop, served up two of the finest; and an Italian company of musicians—with hand-organs—happening to be in the town, one of the chief professors played for some time beneath the window.

Our resources are so exclusive that we have been the first to record the arrival of the Chinese Ambassador at Dover; and perhaps, for very shame, none of our contemporaries will corroborate our statement. Those of our readers who doubt us, will perhaps proceed to Dover to make the inquiry.



PORTRAITS OF THE WRITERS & ARTISTS OF PUNCH.

TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.



THE COMET.

We have received the following letters on the subject of the Comet :—

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—The other day, after I had been dining at the Freemasons' Tavern, I walked home through the principal thoroughfares, and it appeared to me, when I got to Charing Cross, that there was a very strong glare in the atmosphere. I looked up, and I saw a strong light, which I might, perhaps, have mistaken for the Boccia, but that is a fixed light, and the one I saw had a rapid whirling motion, which there was no mistaking. I was, at the same moment, so overcome with the atmosphere that I sunk down, and did not return to consciousness until the next morning, when I found myself in a cell in the station-house, whither I had been very properly carried by the authorities. The light I saw, added to the fact of my being suddenly overpowered, leaves no doubt of its being the Comet.

Your obedient,

DANIEL DINEOUT.

The next letter is from a scientific man, and deserves attention :—

To the Editor of Punch.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.
HAYING read in the papers the letters signed South and Herschel, on the subject of the alleged Comet, I beg to say that I took up my station on Waterloo Bridge at midnight, for the purpose of pursuing my observations. At a latitude of 26 from the toll-gate, and in a longitude of 8 from the English Opera House, I observed a very luminous appearance. About 14 degrees from the constellation Van Amburgh, and 6 from the satellite Carter, between the Great Bear, and not in the Milky Way, but over the way from the foot of Wellington-street, I distinctly saw a round luminous body, which I at first believed was a Comet. Upon looking closer into it, I found that it was the illuminated clock over the trunk-maker's. If you will give insertion to this, or communicate its contents to Dr. Herschel, you will greatly oblige.

Yours, truly,

SIMON STARGAZE.

We have also received the following from the Great Western Railway station :—

To the Editor of Punch.

The Secretary of the Great Western Railway having seen reports of a Comet, with a long tail attached, having been visible from Greenwich, begs to suggest that it may have been the engine called the Comet, which started at about the time mentioned, with an unusually long tail of carriages attached to it. Though the longitude and latitude are described in scientific terms, to induce the supposition that the phenomenon was really astronomical instead of railroadistical, the Secretary begs to say that longitude and latitude are no guides, for scientific men go to great lengths, and allow themselves most extraordinary latitude.

A MR. JONES, of Camberwell, writes to say that he saw the comet distinctly in the Adelaide Gallery, during the astronomical lecture. It had a blue tail, and moved upon a very eccentric orbit. We ourselves have not seen it at all, never having looked after it, as we were not favoured with the usual complimentary admissions for a private view.

Total Destruction of the Nelson Column by Fire.

WE stop the press to announce this unfortunate catastrophe. The inauguration of the statue took place yesterday, when Trafalgar Square was thrown open to the public, and the horde removed; and the conflagration broke forth the same evening. It was first perceived by the sweeper at Charing Cross, who observed smoke issuing from the cocked-hat of the statue, and immediately gave the alarm. The flames soon burst out, and caught the iron railings at the top, which burnt with furious rapidity; and the stone being equally inflammable, the whole erection was soon in one perfect blaze, illuminating the metropolis for many miles round. The doorkeeper was severely injured by the melted stone, which poured like a cascade down the circular staircase, and the burning flashes of iron were carried by the wind to inconceivable distances. Fears were at one time entertained for the magnificent flagstones in front of the National Gallery, which several times caught fire, but were speedily extinguished by being covered with unsold copies of the *Spectator*, obligingly furnished for that purpose by the proprietors. What makes the occurrence more lamentable is, that the erection was not insured in any of the offices. Had the wind been in another direction, there is no doubt but that the statue of King Charles would have fallen a prey to the devouring element.

IMPORTANT.—There is no truth in the report that the earthquake last week has affected the circulation of PUNCH. It is so firmly established that a gross of earthquakes could not shake it.

NOVELTIES.

TURTLE-SOUP has lately, by order of the board of Poor-law Commissioners at Somerset-house, been added to the dietary of the Workhouse Unions throughout the kingdom. This will certainly be an improvement on the "coarser kind of food" which has hitherto formed the *carte* at those establishments.

Classes have been formed at Exeter-hall, under the direction of Mr. Hullah, for the purpose of extending to the feathered race, the boon of "singing for the million." The tom-tit class already displays great proficiency; the sparrows are fast approximating to the nightingale; and we were gratified the other evening by a well-trained chorus of owls, which performed the responses to the "Spirits in the Air," in Weber's opera of "Der Freyschütz," in a highly commendable manner. The peacock and jackdaw classes, also, did great credit to their instructor; and the geese, whose class is the largest of any, bid fair very soon to outrival the swans.

ON DITS.

A SUCCESSION of entertainments, consisting of private theatricals, will take place during the present season at the Mansion House. The performances will commence this evening; when will be presented (often acted) a laughable farce, entitled "The Administration of Justice."

A rowing-match will take place on the river at twelve o'clock this morning, between eleven members of the Court of Aldermen of London, and a like number of corresponding dignitaries of the Dublin Corporation. The weight of no competitor to exceed twenty stone.

To-day being the anniversary of the birth of the illustrious Joseph Miller, all the theatres will be thrown open to the public, gratis, by way of a joke. Barrels of extra stout will be broached in the principal thoroughfares in the course of the morning.

A procession of the united Tee-totallers of London and Westminster, headed by Lord Brougham, who has recently joined that exemplary body, will parade about the metropolis during the day.

The first Number of the United Mental Service Gazette, a periodical which is to be the organ of the livery servants of Great Britain, was this day published. The Editor is a footman of good character. This magazine is redolent of the most *recherché* ton; and, if we did not know better, we should imagine that we recognised in it the hand of a distinguished literary nobleman. The article on "Hair Powder" is courtly and elegant, and breathes the very spirit of the exclusive circles.

Sir James Graham this morning received a communication from Somerset House, informing him that the Board of Poor Law Commissioners had had a large pail of the milk of human kindness presented to them by the British public, with strong recommendations to try it. Sir James despatched a tiger for a quart; but the milk turned out to be "pigeon's milk."

Theatricals.

ENGAGEMENTS have been entered into by the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre with the following distinguished *artistes*, who will appear in the course of the season :—

With his Highness Mehemet Ali, the celebrated Pacha of Egypt, who will sustain the character of "Bluebeard" in the new and original grand opera of that name, for a limited number of nights.

With the talented and versatile M. De Lamartine, who (by the kind permission of the Académie Royale, and the Chamber of Deputies), will appear in a new ballet: the music composed expressly for him by M. Deshayes: and introduce the celebrated *pas seul* of "Jim Crow."

With His Celestial Majesty the Emperor of China, who will appear in Auber's grand opera of "The Bronze Horse," in which his Majesty will execute a popular *pas* to the tune of "Two Thousand Dollars;" and afterwards sing a favourite *cavatina* (the composition of Dr. John Bull), to be entitled "Down with the Dust."

Negotiations are in progress with the Imaum of Muscat, Dost Mahomed, the Shah Soojah, and other distinguished personages, which, it is confidently expected, will be brought to a successful termination. A Thug of first-rate eminence is daily expected from India; who will exhibit feats of dexterity with the tight-rope.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

THE shareholders of this magnificent fabric, in honour of this day, hold a levee on the centre arch, having for the time abolished the toll. Those persons, however, who would avail themselves of this liberality, must appear in full court dress, carrying a halfpenny in the right hand, to be left till returned at the gate.

IMPORTANT TO SOCIETIES.

WE regret to state that, in obedience to the strict injunctions of his physicians, the Duke of Cambridge will, in future, not be able to dine at more than six public dinners a-week.

THE LIONS! THE LIONS!

THE magnificent lions, forming part of the establishment of Messrs. Van Amburgh and Carter, yesterday promenaded through the principal streets of the metropolis; which they were permitted to do, partly in



order to convince the public, by an irrefragable proof of their docility, that one might go to the Lyceum Theatre without any fear of being eaten; partly to allow the animals an opportunity of seeing their royal relatives—the various Lions of London.

The noble animals were first conducted to Westminster Abbey. As they passed by Northumberland-house, they came to a halt, and for some time wistfully regarded the lion on the top of it, which they evidently mistook at first for a live lion, but he not wagging his tail, although they waited at least two minutes looking at him, they presently resumed their journey. In doing this, they were observed to wink at each other and shake their manes, as much as to say, "No go!"

Their tawny majesties, on arriving at the Abbey, were conducted over that venerable edifice by the Dean and Chapter in person. They manifested that decorum and gravity which the sanctity of the place demanded; and it was noticed that, while looking round Poets'-corner, where stand the memorials of the chief lions of England, the sympathetic and magnanimous creatures were much affected. On Messrs. Van Amburgh and Carter pulling out their purses at the conclusion of the show to pay the exhibitors, the lions testified their disgust in an audible growl.

They were then escorted to St. Paul's Cathedral. In passing under Temple-bar, they significantly snuffed the air, and cast some very intelligent glances at the top of that structure, in evident allusion to the heads that used to be placed there.

Their behaviour at St. Paul's was not quite so reverent as it was at the Abbey; it was plain that they did not take it for a church. The bas-reliefs representing charges of soldiers, the statues of military and naval heroes, and the trophies of war suspended from the dome, made them roar not a little. The sculptured semblance of one of themselves at the base of Nelson's monument, for a moment arrested their attention, but they seemed to turn up their noses at it.

On leaving St. Paul's, they were taken along Cheapside to the Mansion-house, where the Lord Mayor and several of the Aldermen were sitting. The corpulence of the civic dignitaries was contemplated by them with much admiration, and it was observed that their mouths watered considerably, but they behaved very well.

They were shown the Monument and the Thames Tunnel; at which sights they opened their eyes remarkably.

Retracing their steps, they were now led back towards Newgate, over which they were taken by the governor, Mr. Cope. They expressed their high satisfaction at the whole arrangements, by placidly wagging their tails; and when they were ushered, into the condemned cells, they exchanged some knowing looks, which were translated by the bystanders into, "Shouldn't we like to live here!"

They then went through Newgate-market, where they cast very wistful

eyes at the butcher's-meat; but so well disciplined were they that they did not even ask for any. After this, they proceeded to Smithfield, where, it being market-day, the show of cattle interested them to a great degree. After gazing upon the scene for some time in silence, they began to lick their lips and to express their feelings in a subdued but general growl, indications not to be mistaken. It was to be apprehended that they were at last thinking of helping themselves; on which account Messrs. Carter and Van Amburgh very prudently withdrew them from further temptation, and quietly took them home.

N.B. It should be mentioned that the lions, in going eastward along the Strand, turned aside, down Wellington-street, to inspect PUNCH's Office; where they roared at the jokes in a manner that was perfectly tremendous.



Punch's Police.

DRAMATIC MONOMANIA.—This day, Mlle. PLESSY (the distinguished French actress) appeared at Bow-street, to prefer a charge against a celebrated translating dramatist, (his name we for the present suppress). Mlle. Plessy stated that she went in bodily fear of the said dramatist, it being his custom to take everything from the French for the English stage. He had been seen, day after day, and night after night, prowling about the stage-door of the St. James's theatre; he had been heard to declare that he would, whether or not, turn her into English; and it was her belief that (unless protected by the Magistrate) she would some night find herself translated to Covent-garden Theatre, acting a very bad version, in very questionable language, either of *Mademoiselle Belleisle*, or *Le Portrait Vivant*, or perhaps both. Mademoiselle trusted that the Bench would protect her from the violence of the accused.

The magistrate asked if there was any evidence of the condition of the prisoner's mind.

Hereupon, Mr. Bunn stepped forward. He had known the prisoner many years: all that time he had certainly laboured under the influence of monomania. He had always looked upon everything produced on the French stage as his peculiar property. He had heard the prisoner, in the vain-gloriousness of his malady, liken himself to Lord Nelson—inasmuch as the French could not put forth a single thing but he immediately took it. In other respects, the prisoner was quite sane; and even wholly capable of looking after his own affairs. His powers of arithmetic were unimpeachable.

The prisoner (a man of very gentlemanlike exterior) assured the Bench that he had no felonious intention towards Mlle. Plessy. He had, to be sure, often been to the theatre, but with no eye to any piece produced there; the said pieces being always supplied to him in England, wet from the French press.

Mons. Delaporte (foreign bookseller, of the Arcade) corroborated this part of the prisoner's statement: he had supplied him with such works (all wet) for many years.

The worthy magistrate said he could not bring himself to let the prisoner free for some days. It was, to his mind, evident that he had an intention upon Mlle. Plessy, and he (the magistrate) should lock the prisoner up until that lady's departure for France.

Mlle. Plessy (with a curtesy worth at least fifty pounds sterling) thanked the magistrate, and left the office.

Subsequently, Mr. Bunn became surety for the prisoner, pledging himself to keep him within the walls of Covent-garden Theatre until Mlle. Plessy quitted England.

SEASONABLE GIFTS.

AN anonymous philanthropist this morning left a copy (bound in calf) of *Cobbett's English Grammar* at the lodgings of the opera critic of the *Morning Post*. Messrs. Sewell and Cross also sent the same distinguished man a very handsome calico tie. He will appear in it this evening in the front row of the gallery.

Vauxhall.

THE preparations for the ensuing season at this delightful place of recreation are going on as swimmingly as ever. It is at present intended to open them on St. Swithin's Day, and a handsome pavilion has been erected at the entrance, for the hire of umbrellas and overalls. The members of the orchestra will also wear the new Macintosh uniforms. Several alterations have been made in the gardens, amongst which the ground formerly appropriated to the fireworks has been let to the Meteorological Society, who will, in future, hold their meetings there, to calculate the quantity of rain fallen in the year, for the almanacks, this being accounted the most eligible spot in the Metropolis. The *fêtes* will be conducted in the same style of aqueous splendour as heretofore; and, should the lessee be enabled to effect an engagement with the Comet, it is in contemplation to persuade it to delay its departure, that the gardens may be lighted in a novel manner. Each of the illumination-jumps will be fitted up with a small umbrella, to keep them from being filled with water, which has been found, on some occasions, to prevent them burning properly.

Kite-flying in the City.

Jacob Lopez and Ephraim Notip were this day brought before Sir Peter Laurie charged with a misdemeanor, which has of late grown intolerable in the city; we mean the very hurtful and dangerous custom of *kite-flying*. The prisoners were old offenders, having been very often detected in the like practice near the Royal Exchange. Sir Peter Laurie said it was impossible for him to restrain his wonder, when he considered the ages of the culprits. The worthy magistrate then entered upon a long and very valuable homily on kite-flying; its pernicious effects upon society, and the evil that inevitably fell upon those who gave way to so deplorable a custom. The offenders evinced the greatest hardihood, laughing and significantly placing the tips of their thumbs to their noses. The worthy alderman, with tears in his eyes, sentenced the culprits to *take up* their kites, or in default to be committed to the Queen's Bench. Sir Peter incidentally observed, that the "iron-hoop nuisance" was bad enough, but that the abominable practice of kite-flying was too often the ruin of the peace of families.

Regulations for the Aerial Courier.

THE Aerial Courier will take up at the place of starting, and set down immediately afterwards. Passengers are requested to take notice, that asses' heads will be turned towards the moon, and that omnibuses will be in waiting within a few yards of the place from setting out for the continent, in order to bring them immediately home again. The public are also informed, that though steam is used, there is no danger of explosion, as nothing is less calculated for going off than the whole arrangements of the Aerial Courier.

Honour conferred by the Queen on the Drama.

THIS day, at the levee at St. James's, Mr. Sheridan Knowles had the honour of receiving knighthood at the hand of her most gracious Majesty. We understand that the Dramatic Authors' Society will—in celebration of the event—lunch at a French house in the Haymarket.

Extraordinary Phenomenon.

THE extraordinary mildness of the weather has had a very surprising effect upon vegetation, and more particularly in the metropolitan districts. Exactly opposite the twenty-third rail (reckoning from Temple Bar), on the south side of the enclosure of the church of St. Clement's Danes, two blocks, forming part of the wood pavement of the road, have put forth shoots nearly two inches in length! What renders this fact the more surprising is, that one block is of Baltic and the other of American timber. If this weather holds, it is confidently expected next week all the wood pavement will be in full bloom.

Interesting to Naturalists.

THE valuable collection of aquatic birds in St. James's Park will be rendered additionally interesting during the ensuing summer, by the adoption of a suggestion of Mr. Peter Borthwick, M.P. Every fowl has suspended in the front a label, on which is painted its name, genus, &c., also the name of the particular island which it is likely to select for brooding. A few more suggestions of this character, and Peter ought to have a pension.

Notices of Motion for the First of April.

MR. HUME to move for an estimate of the expense of keeping the ducks on the ornamental water in St. James's Park, with a list of all the birds, the quantities eaten by each, the number of eggs laid within the last year, and the amount of provisions, as near as can be ascertained, gratuitously supplied by the public to the birds in question.

Colonel Sibthorp to move for a return of the length of notice of motion which has been usually given by the earth previous to an earthquake.

TRIUMPH OF ART.

WE perceive, by the daily press, that a magnificent Red Satin Umbrella, made as a present for one of the Eastern potentates, rejoicing in the name of the Sultan Abdul Medjid, has been submitted to the inspection of her Majesty. This rare piece of work unscrews into various portions, and contains in the handle, as we are told, a set of tea-things, a writing-desk, and lat-box; two decanters, a bottle-jack, a select library, hair brush, wash-hand-stand, and light camp-bedstead. This has given an impetus to native manufactures, and an elaborate specimen of the article has just been finished by Mr. Walker, of Hoxton, for the National Umbrella Art Union, lately alluded to in PUNCH. The canopy is of rich brown gingham, relieved at the edge by a double stripe of ashy gray, and secured to ribs of the finest whalebone, carved at the extremities to represent black cribbage pegs. The ferule at the end is struck out of pure brass. On opening it, a round piece of leather, curiously vandyked at the edges, is seen at the top; and the stick is exquisitely painted to represent rosewood. The handle unscrews, and presents a fine head of Dr. Syntax, of the purest tariff horn; and the whole forms, when opened, a perambulating print-shop of the most imposing description. The inauguration will take place immediately, and the shop will be opened on the first dull evening in Picket-street.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICE.

An interesting description of a process for the elimination of jokes was last Friday evening read by Professor Faraday at the Royal Institution. It consisted, according to the Professor, in lining the pockets of a literary gentleman with tin (not tin-foil), and introducing into his stomach a given quantity of venison or Welsh mutton, and a certain number of glasses of champagne. In some cases, the learned gentleman stated, good port, sherry, or an alcoholic mixture of brandy and water, or even malt-liquor, will answer the purpose. The administration of these substances to the subject of the experiment is speedily followed by an exhilaration of spirits, productive of a brisk ebullition of jokes. The foregoing process has been found much more effectual than the inhalation of the laughing gas.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.

THE following highly flattering testimonial has been forwarded to the Proprietor of Parr's Life Pills, from the Editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine."

SIR,—My long-protracted existence has for a long time been the theme of universal wonder; and many have been the theories propounded in explanation of a circumstance apparently so unaccountable. Allow me at once to gratify scientific curiosity, by stating that I owe an age far beyond the term of ordinary existence, to the use of your Life Pills; one of which, ever since my first starting in the world, I have taken night and morning. With full permission to you to make whatever use you may think fit of this communication,

I remain, Sir,
Your most obedient, humble Servant,
SYLVANUS URBAN, GENT.

ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL,
April 1, 1843.

Police Intelligence.

WEDNESDAY.—Last night, policeman 999, Z division, brought the alarming news to the Mansion House of the Comet having made his appearance in the neighbourhood of the House of Parliament. The Lord Mayor instantly called a meeting of Aldermen, to see what was to be done if he should come through Temple Bar. He proposed sending it to Newgate. Sir Peter Laurie recommended inviting him to a public dinner. The standing Counsel expressed a doubt if he had a mouth. Sir Peter said he must have a mouth, as he has a tail. Counsel then informed them that as he is one thousand times larger than the earth, there might be some difficulty in getting him into Guildhall, and they had better let him *star* it in the provinces. The policeman is to make a report every half minute to the Home Office. As it is so near Parliament, it is supposed that Sibthorp or D'Israeli are connected with it.

TO BUTTERMEN.

THE Anti-Corn-Law League having occasion for a quantity of pamphlets to stitch into the Magazines, and leave at the doors of houses, are ready to treat for large quantities of waste paper cut into octavo size, which it is presumed will answer the purpose of the prize essays and tracts that have been hitherto circulated.

INTERESTING COMMUNICATION.

Union Workhouse, April 1, 1843.

DEAR TOM,—They tell me if we looks out at eight o'clock to-night towards the south, we shall see some meat here.

Yours,
JACK PAUPER.

Advertisements.

IF LORD WILLIAM LENNOX will call at the PUNCH OFFICE, and ask for No. LXXXVII. of PUNCH, he will hear of something to his advantage.

WRITING.—Gentlemen, whose education has been neglected, are requested to try Gammon's *Grammatical Steel Pens*, which will write fluently upon any subject, with minute accuracy in the spelling and composition. Gammon's *Poetical Ink*, as used by the late William Shakspeare, is strongly recommended to authors, as well as the *Patent Automaton Writing Machine*, which being wound up at night, and set to any particular style, will write articles upon any subject by the morning, at the rate of a sheet an hour. Strongly recommended to Magazine Contributors and the Anti-Corn-Law League.

TRIUMPHS OF BRITISH VALOUR.



FAME'S trumpet says we've had victories enough, And our great soldiers leave their arms to follow the plough.

The officers first, and then the Afghanistan chiefs, All taken prisoners without asking leaf. [plete, Then to London they come, with their retinues com- Everybody makes a holiday to join in the fête. Gents' clothes now are cheap, buy if you have not, And go to Sholomansh's celebrated dépôt. For pages liveries and vests, with tunics and mournings

He'd like to loosh some monish wid you dis morningsh. To suit all climates from Iceland to Ararat, He'll dress you out, for ready money, with éclat.

LIST OF PRICES.

	£	s.	d.
Dress coats, warranted to wear three weeks	1	10	0
Do. trousers, stylish plaid	0	9	6
Celebrated pervious Pilots, warranted to shrink from rain	0	12	0
Boys' fashionable Monkey-jacket Costume	0	7	0
Young Gents' Rob Roy dresses	0	15	0
Splendid Waistcoats, in the revolving bottle-jack style—new fashions	0	5	6
York Wrappers, in the last horse-cloth out-for-the-day half-price-to-the-play style	0	16	
Army Cloak, 9 yds. round, to hide seedy clothes	1	10	
Metropolitan Sporting Dress, for the fields in the suburbs of London (complete)	2	15	0
Fashionable Epping hunting-coat	1	10	0
Racket-blouses, and morning Tenterdens, adapted to gentlemen of the Queen's Bench.			

A large assortment.

For ready money only.

Observe the Address, SHOLOMANSH, CHEAP TAILOR AND GOUT-FITTER, CITY.



À TOUS CEUX QUI DÉSIRENT APPRENDRE LE FRANÇAIS.—Plusieurs Messieurs, qui n'ont rien à faire, désirent employer leur temps à donner des leçons dans la Langue Française. Ou bien s'engager à traduire littéralement les ouvrages qui ont le plus de succès dès qu'ils sont publiés à Paris. S'adresser à la SOCIÉTÉ DES AUTEURS DRAMATIQUES, à Trinity-court, Charing-cross, Londres.

RAPID COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.—The aerial ship THE GULL, will positively start in the course of the week from the London terminus, at the top of the Nelson Column. She is expected to make the voyage in three days, touching at Egypt for mummy-fuel. For freight and passage, apply to Captain Walker, Rasselas Terrace, Hoaxtown.

PUNCH'S DERBY SWEEP, 1843, is drawn this day, April 1. As no future subscribers will have a share in the winnings, but merely contribute their money, PUNCH will be glad of as many as he can get. Last horse to receive 10,000*l.*, last but one 5,000*l.*, and 1,000 pounds to be distributed amongst the horses who do not start.

This is the last that will be drawn, as sweeps are no longer allowed by Act of Parliament.

NERVOUSNESS.

PUNCH'S SPECIFIC for all kinds of Nervousness, Blue Devils, Hypochondria, &c. Sold in numbers at 3*d.*, and volumes at 7*s.* 6*d.*, at the sole depot, Wellington-street, Strand. None are genuine unless sold by our boy.

FAMILY MOURNING.—Ladies and Gentlemen obliged to go suddenly into mourning, will find the quickest method is to be dipped in the reservoir of the New Mourning Bath Establishment, Oxford Street. Re-transformation is effected in one minute, in a tank of Dr. Wynn's Reviver.

THE Shareholders in Waterloo Bridge are respectfully informed that a dividend of forty per cent. will commence to be paid on and after the 1st of April. The day having been fixed, due notice will be given when the year is finally agreed upon.



TOOTHACHE EFFECTUALLY CURED.—Mr. CRACKMOLAR, Surgeon Dentist, begs to introduce his newly-discovered Cure for this distressing malady. It allays all pain, prevents the progress of further decay, and entirely supersedes stopping or scaling, the patient experiencing instantaneous relief; at the same time the recurrence of the disease is effectually put a stop to. Unlike other advertised cures, some of which end in smoke, this will be found infallible, as it consists simply in extracting the offending tooth. At home from 10 to 16. Crackmolar's Artificial Teeth are warranted without springs or ligatures, and will keep for any time, provided they are never put into the mouth. N.B.—Mr. Crackmolar is a Member of the French Institute, to which learned body he proposed the cure of toothache by the guillotine.

THE Creditors of the late Duke of York are requested to apply for payment of their claims to the keeper of the Column, who is charged with the care of the only available capital.

NEW PERIODICAL.

MEMOIRS OF THE MOULDY. Publishing in Weekly Numbers at threepence. By Joseph Mildew. "Powerfully depressing."—*Literary Gazette.*

NEW WORKS JUST READY.

THE KITCHEN BLUE BOOK AND AREA COURT GUIDE. Compiled from the latest authorities. By the Editor of the *Morning Post*. Second Edition, corrected to April.

"This a useful work, containing the names of all the cooks, ladies' maids, and butlers in fashionable households; which only a long acquaintance with them could have accomplished. We recommend it to our readers."—*Evening Paper.*

NARRATIVE OF A RESIDENCE IN THE ROOKERY during the summer of 1842, with the Journal of an Attempt to Discover a Northern Passage from St. Giles's Church to the British Museum.

"This work displays a good deal of social observation, but the composition is defective; the execution is elaborate, but the characters faintly drawn. Upon the whole, however, it is an interesting book, although it has many faults."—*Spectator.*

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4*d.*) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XII.—THE COUNTESS BLUSHROSE AND HER BABE—SLAVERY OF ST. JAMES'S—GARRICK'S "ROMEO."

"I beg your ladyship's pardon—but will your ladyship's goodness allow a word with your ladyship?"

Thus spoke Mrs. Pillow, the housekeeper, following the Countess from the apartment; and her ladyship, by a motion of the head, implied consent to the petition.

"I shall never forgive myself, never, till my dying day," said Mrs. Pillow, immediately she found herself closeted with the Countess.

"What has happened now, Pillow?" asked her ladyship listlessly.

"Matter, your ladyship! Well, was there ever such a kind, forgiving mistress! I'm sure, my lady, I"—but here the growing emotion of the housekeeper broke forth in short, quick sobs.

"Another robbery, I suppose?" said the Countess, with affected resignation.

"By no means, my lady," answered Mrs. Pillow. "Now Susan's gone—not that she shall leave the house, my lady, before her boxes are well tumbled—I'd answer with my life for the honesty of all us."

"Well!" said the Countess, in a fretful tone, and immediately the housekeeper knew she must be brief.

"But, your ladyship,"—and here the tears trickled down Mrs. Pillow's face like rain-drops down a window-pane—"when I think of my own assurance—my—my—my worse than that, in *lusting* in as I did before your ladyship and my lord"—

"Well, well, see 'tis not repeated. I suppose it was your zeal for"—

"That's it, your ladyship, that's it. I thought if that hussy—saving your presence—only had the first word, for first words with a brazen face go so far—she might deceive your ladyship; and, like her impudence, she would come to you—but then, what do such trollops know what Providence really made 'em for?—Then I followed her, your ladyship—and there she would stand in the hall, your ladyship, trying to cry, and aggravating me past Christian flesh and blood with her assurance—and then I—oh, my lady, character's such a jewel, and makes us forget what's proper to ourselves and our betters." And Mrs. Pillow concluded this fragmentary sentence with a new supply of rolling tear-drops.

"That will do—no more—that will do," said the Countess, and her lips almost broke into a forgiving smile. Magical was their effect upon the housekeeper; for Mrs. Pillow wiped her face which, on the instant, was smooth, passionless and glossy, as a face of ornamental china. "Mr. Inglewood leaves us," said the Countess.

"I am not surprised at that, my lady, if Susan goes." Her ladyship, turning quickly round, bent a haughtily inquiring gaze upon her servant. Mrs. Pillow felt she had been too abrupt. "That is, I don't think Susan would have stayed long after him. His reverence once gave the girl a prayer-book, my lady; well, would your ladyship believe it, the wench was always a reading that book. I always thought it strange, my lady, still I hoped it was nothing but religion. But when people turn thieves, and rob such a sweet baby—oh, your ladyship, what a darling, darling lamb his lordship is! So quiet, too! I'm the worst of sinners, if he doesn't cut his teeth like any blessed spirit."

This energetic praise of the baby seemed to touch the maternal instincts of the Countess; for, suddenly remembering that she had a child, she said—"Let his lordship be brought to me."

I would fain pass over the emotion of such a mother. The babe was brought; the mother kissed her child—kissed it as a nun would kiss her beads. Two or three minutes passed, and she was about to return it into its nurse's arms, when the fretful creature—it seemed wasting and pining, an offering prepared for death—threw out its tiny hand, and fixed its fingers in its mother's hair, whining and pulling with all its little strength. "Take him away," cried the Countess, with a slight laugh—"the—the little rebel!" and as the babe was borne to the nursery, the mother turned quickly to a mirror, and arranged a few disordered raven threads delicately, tenderly, as though they were vital as her heartstrings.

What knew such a mother of her child? She had heard its first wail—that inconvenience she could not avoid. It was from that moment divorced from her cares. It grew not beneath her eye, taking its hourly life from her; she never knew that sweet communion, when nature touches every nerve to tenderest music, still drawing forth new love, repaid by love increasing; by dawning consciousness; by looks of brightening knowledge; by fitful, broken murmurings, deep with a sense of brooding joy; by all that interchange of mother love and baby happiness; and more, by all those

pulses of the soul which, in the thrilling present, assure the blissful future. The Countess saw her child but at stated intervals; she knew she was a mother only by the clock. Her sole offspring was her beauty; that she nursed, that she watched, that she tended; that, with every furtive glance, she with deep affection worshipped. For her child, that was entombed in her face. It was this that to my thought made her hideously lovely—that threw the cankerous aspect of the witch upon the features of a goddess. Of all I have known, the Countess stood apart.

Whilst in the possession of her ladyship I saw all to be seen of the high world. Drawing-rooms—assemblies—balls—the opera—all the shifting scenes, all the beautiful and brilliant things, that make what is called society. I have seen true nobility of heart add lustre to the jewel on its breast; I have seen the man of birth, whose great ancestors were to him as continually present; whose memories were as protecting angels, denying aught of mean, or low, or selfish to approach the sanctuary of his soul; men with hearts and minds sweetened and purified by that everlasting fragrance breathing from good and great men's graves. And I have seen the caiff whose stars and trinkets, like blazoned coffin-plates, glittered on nothing but corruption; men, with souls dead and noisome, in moving carcases. With indignation did I first behold them; with scorn and a fierce hatred. I called fortune filthy names, and arraigned directing fate of gross venality. This was the passion of very ignorance. Since I have seen the world in its many inequalities, have known and seen how much the selfish lose in what they deem intensity of gain, I have looked upon them with compassion—with a deep, mute pity. Poor small things, infinitely small in their imagined greatness; men who, like the maggot in a nut, feed and grow gross in darkness, unwitting of the world of light and beauty, without that petty shell of *self* that circles them.

I have seen, too, woman in her sweetest, noblest aspect; a thing of highest thoughts and deepest tenderness, still elevated—made softer still by ministering tastes, almost refined away from earth—a creature priceless and unpurchaseable as the angels! Yet have I seen her sold—bartered; paid for with golden guineas—with tinkling title—with flashing coronet. I have heard something of the slave-markets of Cairo—of Alexandria: tales of snow-skinned Georgians and Circassians—of fairest victims veiled by avarice to lust. The tales were touching—very, very touching. But hearing them, I have smiled at the wilful ignorance, the smug self-complacency of Britons—I have smiled and remembered me of the slave-markets of Saint James's! "What!" cries the reader, and his lip turns slightly purple with indignation, "St. James's!" Yes, sir, Saint James's! I have seen blue eyes, pink cheeks, scarlet lips sold—ay, as you would sell a nosegay—fathers and mothers luring on the customer, but having by a bishop, who shall bless the bargain. There is this difference between the Georgian and the British merchandise—a small circle of gold wire about it, no more. Have I not seen creatures with seraphic looks—beings that in real loveliness of form and aspect, in living harmony of gesture—have almost made the imagination barren; have I not seen them sold to some paralytic Plutus—some half-palsied earl? No—not sold; they were married. Their parents made for them good matches; they were married in a church—married with all the honours.

The bells ring out a merry peal—look at the bride, her colour comes and goes, and her lip shakes like a rose-leaf in the wind; tears blind her eyes; and, as she steps from the carriage, the earth whirls about her! Is that the church-door? Surely, it is the entrance of a tomb. She fights with closed lips—mutely fights against her swelling heart. She raises her eyes—she sees, her father's stony face glittering with a smile—a statue in the sun; beholds her mother's simper—her weight of great content; she turns—more horrible than all—and catches then the look of him, in some brief minutes to be made her owner; he smiles, and her heart dies at his Pan-like leer! Well, they are married! The bargain is completed—the receipt, a marriage certificate, is duly passed. The happy couple start for his lordship's Hall. An ox is roasted—buts of ale are tapped—all is joy and rioting among his lordship's happy people; happy, too, the happiest of the happiest, is his lordship's self! What an excellent match for the bride! How many praise the wisdom—the policy—of her parents! How nobly they "have done their duty" by her. Is it not proved by after years? does not her ladyship make an immaculate wife? Is she not chaste as Iceland snows? Can even midnight drunkenness dare to pass a jest upon her? Is she not a pattern of all the choice proprieties? True—very true. Her father and mother are proud of the match—proud of the spotless virtue of their daughter. And she is virtuous. She may, with most serene defiance, think of Westminster Hall; but what has

her prudent father to answer, what her most politic mother to reply to that *harlotry of soul* they have forced upon her—to that inevitable, daily falsehood which they have made her act—to that constant lie—that agonizing ulcer eating in her heart, most eating when a smile is flickering at her lips?

Is she not a white slave—a Christian slave—a bondwoman bought in a St. James's drawing-room, albeit wedded after at St. James's Church? I have heard of women slaves toiling in rice-grounds; heard of the planter's whip winding like whetted steel around poor woman's form: of these things I have heard. But I have seen white slaves in carriages—have known the agonies inflicted on them by the scourge of their own mind, by the worm preying in their hollowing temples, by the very quietude of their despair.

These scenes I mingled in—these things I saw whilst in the possession of Lady Blushrose. I have, however, trespassed by a long digression—have again committed my usual fault of wandering from the direct line of my story. Let me hasten to return to it.

Some three months after I was stolen—no, taken is the word—from the palace, the Earl's infant, the heir of his house, fell ill, very ill.

"I am somewhat uneasy about Edward," said the Earl to his wife, who was drest for the theatre.

"I'm sure he's looking a great deal better—a great deal," answered the Countess, pressing her little finger to a beauty patch which threatened to fall from her chin. "But if you think it necessary, why not send for Doctor Wilson?"

"Madam," and the Earl slightly coloured, "after your conduct to the doctor this morning, I really have not the courage to send for him."

"Conduct! Was not the man insolent!—did he not accuse me of?"—"I fear, madam, his great offence was—he told the truth," answered the Earl.

"Doctor Wilson is, doubtless, a man of the world—a shrewd man, and passes off brutality of manner, that some people may mistake it for the independence of genius. For my part, I have no very high opinion of him. Did he not say that I should kill the child? The wretch!—kill it—because I had not nursed it myself! Has the man no feeling? Did not all my friends say that I should bring myself to the grave if I did nurse it? And you yourself, know my constitution?"

"Yes, madam," answered the Earl gravely; "I have often wondered at its excellence—often, too, after the labours of the card-table at four in the morning."

"Now, do not let us quarrel. You shall not spoil my evening—that I am determined. I have made a party with Lady Dinah to see Garrick's *Romeo*—I have not yet seen it, and really one might as well be out of the world. You might have accompanied me. I know the time,"—and the Countess acted a little pouting smile—"that to have seen *Romeo* and *Juliet* with me—ha! well, well, marriage turns the poetry of hope into the very prose of reality."

"And you go to see Garrick's *Romeo*?" asked his lordship sadly.

"I'm told it's delicious; so full of feeling!" answered the Countess.

"The carriage is at the door, my lady," said the servant.

"You will at least hand me to it," said the Countess, to his lordship, with a seraphic smile.

The Earl raised his eyes to his wife. Still she smiled, and held forth a fairy palm. The Earl sighed, and taking his wife's hand as he would have taken a thistle, led her to the carriage.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOUSEHOLD.

THE public will see with infinite satisfaction that the Prince of Wales is about to have a separate household. Some have imagined that a baby-house is alluded to, but we have ascertained that such is not the case, and the following may be relied on as being as accurate a list as it is possible to obtain of the projected establishment:—

- Master of the Rocking Horse.
- Comptroller of the Juvenile Vagaries.
- Sugar Stick in Waiting.
- Captain of the (Tin) Guard.
- Black Rod in Ordinary.
- Master of the Trap Ordnance.
- Clerk of the Pea Shooter.
- Assistant Battledore.
- Lord Privy Shuttlecock.
- Quartermaster-General of the Oranges.

It is not yet decided by whom these offices are to be filled, but there is no doubt His Royal Highness will manifest considerable discretion in making the appointments for the "separate household" which has been so properly assigned to him.

AN ACT

For amending the Public Department of certain Individuals called 'Gents,' abiding in London and other Places.

WHEREAS it having been represented that there are at present existing in the Metropolis, as well as the provincial districts, certain individuals known and spoken of as "Gents," whose bearing and manners are perfectly at variance with the characters, which, from a monomania, they appear desirous of assuming:

AND WHEREAS, in consequence of cheap clothes, imitative dispositions, and intellectual poverty, this class is greatly on the increase, it has been thought necessary that this Act should be framed to control their vicious habits:

May it therefore please your Majesty, that it be enacted: AND BE IT ENACTED henceforth, that all Gents not actually in the employ of the

Morning Post, or Mr. Simpson of the Albion, be prevented from wearing white cravats at parties, the same being evidently an attempt of sixth-rate individuals to ape the manners of first-class circles. And that no Gent, who does not actually keep a horse and is not in the army, be allowed to strut up and down the Burlington Arcade with a whip and moustachios, such imposition being exceedingly offensive, and amounting to a passive swindling of the spectators.

AND BE IT ENACTED, that all such things as light blue stocks, large figured shawls, cheap primrose gloves, white Chesterfield coatsacks, half-guinea Albert boots, in fact all those articles ticketed in shop windows as "Gents' last Style," be considered the distinctive marks of the class, (and condemned accordingly. And that every individual, moreover, smoking outside an omnibus, sticking large pins in his cravat, wearing fierce studs in his shirt, walking with others four abreast in Regent-street, reading slang publications and



adopting their language, playing billiards in public rooms, sporting dingy white gloves in the slips of the theatres, frequenting night taverns and being on terms of familiarity with the singers and waiters, thinking great things of champagne, as if everything at a party depended upon it, and especially wearing the hat on one side, be the signs of most unmitigated Gents, and shunned equally with hydrophobia.

AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED, that no Gent be in future allowed to

cross a hired horse with a view to ten shillings' worth of Sunday display in the Parks, the turn-out being always detected; nor shall be permitted to drive a gig, in a fierce scarf, under similar circumstances. Nor shall any Gent imagine that an acquaintance with all the questionable resorts of London is "knowing life;" or that trousers of large check patterns are anything but exceeding gentish.



Saving always that the Gents have not the sense to endeavour bettering their condition, which is exceedingly probable; under which

circumstances they had better remain as they are, in ignorance of their melancholy position. But on the other hand, it is commanded that people of common intellect henceforth cease to designate any of their male friends as "Gents," the word being one of exceedingly bad style, and equally objectionable with "genteel," which is possibly derived from it. And that if, after this, any one speaks of a "Gent," or "Party" he knows, it is ordered that such speaker be immediately set down as one of the unfortunate class in question.

CANDIDATES FOR THE LAUREATESHIP.

A MULTITUDE of aspirants are already in the field, for the vacant Laureateship. The authorities entrusted with the selection have ordered the various candidates to send in their samples to the *Punch* Office, as the most fitting reference that can be given for them. Our merry puppet, being renowned throughout the civilized world for his total absence of delicacy of feeling, unhesitatingly breaks the seals of their communications, and lays them before his subscribers and patrons—the public—as the best judges to decide upon the eligibility. The authorities wish it understood that they are not bound to accept the lowest tender per line—which in these days of retrenchment it has been found necessary to bring down the situation to—nor do they give any particular subject for the samples, but leave every author to follow his own bent or usual style.

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

Oh the Ship! the Aerial Ship,
That makes to Calcutta a twelve-hour trip,
And scuds o'er the mountain's or pyramid's tip,
If the ropes do not slip,
Or the canvass wings rip;
Which lightning, or eagles, or winds can outstrip,
With a whirl and a whisk, and a bound and a skip,
Ere a tumbler of grog the conductor can sip,
In whose cheering mixture his beak he doth dip;
When passing a cloud he himself doth equip
In a macintosh garment to keep off its drip;
'Till, nearing the comet, he's dry as a chip,
Or a fire-proof box of old India scrip.

THOMAS WAKLEY, ESQ.

Over the mountains, my gondolier, row,
Climb the dark waters and hoist the purple sail;
See, in the east, how the sun sinketh low,
Open thy pinions, and catch the blue gale.
Strike the light trumpet, and gaze from the tower,
Fly o'er the desert and kiss the cold star;
Araby's grandchild, for me, in her bower,
Sings to the blast of her pealing guitar.

LORD W. LENNOX.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool;
The moon on the east oriel shone,
'Midst slender shafts of stately stone
That rose beside the pool.
On seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons, deep and old,
Around the Holy Rood:
And blew—blew the wintry wind,
But yet it was not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
The early larks—the messengers of day—
Heard the loud noise, then, startled with affright,
With their moist cabinets flew all away;
Checking the eastern clouds with shades of light,
Like guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Which made all think—in erring reason's spite,
One truth was clear—whatever was, was right.

(N. B. The above verses are selected with much care from the works of Shakspeare, Byron, Pope, Scott, Hood, Chaucer, &c.)

OUR JENKINS.

The Post! the Post! the Morning Post!
Of whose critiques I rule the roast,
I rule—I rule the roast,
My observations know no bound,
I scan the opera visitors round:
I look with disdain at the plebs in the pit,
Where cantiff tradesmen dare to sit.

I'm on the Post—I'm on the Post,
I am there, in myself a host;
At public theatres quite a beau,
And in my attic but so so.
If food is dear, and herrings not cheap,
What matter—what matter—I go to bed and sleep.

THE "BRIGHT GUEST" FROM HANOVER.

THE king of Hanover is expected in London on the first of May. He will be received with a pomp, ceremony, and enthusiasm worthy of the event. He will be conveyed to this country in *The Immaculate steamer*, and will land at Woolwich, at ten minutes past six in the morning. The troops will have new clothing, to throw a proper lustre on the occasion. A magnificent foot-cloth, of white satin, will be spread over the steps of the arsenal, and will "be continued" at least a quarter of a mile on the road to London. This satin will be the produce of Spitalfields looms, and will, it is thought, more than rival the famous Bayeux tapestry, inasmuch as it will contain—worked in the most exquisite and elaborate manner—an allegorical representation of all the political and domestic achievements of the great man's life. *PUNCH* has been favoured with a private view of the work, and pronounces it admirable. His only regret is, that the limited size of his sheet does not enable him to give anything like *fac simile* of the woven wonder. Of course, Peace and Plenty are there; Justice, with the other virtues, and all, and that in the most astonishing manner, associated with the name of CUMBERLAND! That they could have been so harmonised has astonished every one. However, to return to the landing of his Majesty. The king will, on reaching English ground, be greeted with a salute from a deputation of ladies. A bevy of nymphs will then suddenly dart from their hiding-places, and casting garlands about the king, will lead him to his carriage. About a thousand children—dressed in the congenial purity of white—will sing a hymn of thanksgiving, expressly written for the occasion by the Marquis of LONDON-DERRY; showers of flowers will fall in the path of his Majesty, who will then pass underneath a triumphal arch entirely composed of back copies of *The Standard* and *Morning Post* (beautifully cut by the young ladies, pupils of the neighbouring schools), with here and there a brightening bit of drab, from the cover of *The Quarterly Review*. His Majesty, having received another salute from another deputation of ladies, will enter his carriage, and amidst the sky-rending cheers of an enthusiastic people, will proceed towards the metropolis. At Greenwich, it is expected that the populace will rush out waving green boughs, and throwing flowers under his horse's hoofs; here, too, it is expected that the horses will be taken from the carriage, which will be drawn to Deptford; where a new relay of enthusiasts will (it is expected) be in readiness, and so on to St. James's Palace. Here his Majesty will breakfast, and receive all his friends. For this reception the smallest room will, it is thought, be sufficient. After this levee, his Majesty will be conducted to Buckingham Palace, where will be shown to him—through a piece of ornamental lattice-work constructed for the occasion—the baby Prince of Wales and future king of these realms. After his Majesty has gladdened his eyes with this delicious sight, he will return to St. James's Palace; where will be waiting the principal Agent of the Steam Packet Company, who will present to the king of Hanover (on the part of the people of England) a bill, notifying to him the departure of the very earliest boat on his journey back again.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX AT THE LEVEE.

LORD William was presented (see Court Circular) to Prince Albert at the late Levee, on his Lordship's publication of *The Tuft Hunter*. His Lordship had the honour to present a copy of that laborious work (superbly bound in velvet) to his Royal Highness, who, on a due consideration of the vast merits of the book, was pleased to grant to Lord William a new coat of arms and legend, commemorative of the literary event. Thus, instead of his ancestral Buck and Unicorn, with the Richmond motto *En la Rose je fleurie*—Lord William Lennox will henceforth mount a Crow-bar in an inkstand proper, with the legend—

*The Lord as prigs not isn't his'n.
When he's catch'd don't go to prison.*

PUNCH is delighted at this honour conferred upon his own Lord William. It at once silences those malevolent grumblers who declare that literature is not duly estimated and rewarded at the court of Queen Victoria.

Important Discovery.

THE Society of Antiquaries have just given forth that artillery was known long before the battle of Cressy. Mr. Cob Webb has routed up an old Saxon chronicle, in which he finds it stated that "the canons of Edgar were brought out to restrain the clergy."



OUR "JENKINS AT HOME."

THE "POST" IN "PARADISE."

JENKINS—henceforth and for ever our own JENKINS—has, within the past week, been in Paradise. Why need he care for the contested Earldom of BLETHERANSKATE, so long as he can enjoy the delights of Fop's Alley? Why need he repine over the bread and onion, and the half-pint of porter left by his landlady on the stairs, when he can "pick up crumbs" from Signor LABLACHE? No—no; three nights a week JENKINS of the *Post* is in Paradise; though his washerwoman dun him, DUMILATRE sublimates him with a smile.

But let us hear JENKINS—for henceforth we have no taste for JOHN MILTON—on Paradise. JENKINS says—

"The opera is a sort of *antiparadise*, which loses all its rest—all its voluptuous repose, if your neighbours breathe on you the spirit of coarse mortality. On the one side you may have a box where *parvenus*, charmed with their own voices, drown with incessant uproar those of the *virtuosi*. On the other side, night after night, you may have your eyes martyred by the sight of some gorgeous City dame of overflowing *embonpoint*, dressed in gold and silver, mixed with all the colours of the rainbow—*staring you out of countenance*, and looking like a twelfth-night queen on a Christmas cake. You must have gentler neighbours to listen to such dulcet notes as Persiani uttered last night."

We trust that henceforth the ladies east of Temple Bar will not breathe a too "coarse mortality" on the sensitive plant of *The Morning Post*. How dreadful would it be if JENKINS were to die of a Lady Mayoress!

In another article, JENKINS calls himself a "quiet critic:"—

"It is the predominance in numbers of such gay votaries of her Majesty's Theatre that renders necessary the presence of us *quiet critics*, who have been for more than a quarter of a century devoted admirers of Italian lyrics, and have followed as their shadows, and in the intimacy of private life, the greatest artists—*picking up the crumbs of their opinions and judgments*, as the Turks say, and studying their physiology, as our Gallic neighbours express it."

Punch believes in the doctrine of metempsychosis, and, looking into futurity, sees the spirit of JENKINS informing the body of a blind fiddler's cur, wagging his tail, and "picking up the crumbs" that fall from his rosin-scraping master. *Punch* predicts that JENKINS will not be called Pompey or Cæsar, but *Post*—always *Post*!

A NEW COLONY.

In consequence of the increase of railways and decline of the road, the stage-proprietors intend emigrating to *Coach-in China*.

NEW "POST-OFFICE" REGULATIONS.

As the building opposite the English Opera-house is rapidly approaching completion, and as it is to be intended for the *Morning Post* office—the *Bureau du poteau du matin*, as their foreign correspondent calls it—the following Regulations have been drawn up; any neglect of the due observance of which will be severely punished, as by these means alone can that journal sustain the high repute in which it is universally held by all classes, from the "frowsy city dames," to the "ornaments of society,"—we quote Jenkins of last week.

Rules and Regulations.

1. That all common people be excluded from having any connexion with the paper.
2. That the compositors work in white neckcloths, kid gloves, and patent pumps, to remove any taint of vulgarity from their labours; and that the papers be damped with rose-water previous to going to press.
3. That the editor be acquainted with at least twelve words of French and six of Italian, upon which he can ring the changes repeatedly. And that, following the custom of Gray, he appears in full court dress whenever he writes an aristocratic article.
4. That every opera evening a handbox be in waiting to convey Jenkins from his attic to the three shilling gallery.
5. That no vulgar luxuries, as beer or pipes, be allowed in the office, but that *eau sucrée* and *fleur d'orange* be permitted to the press-men and compositors.
6. That every messenger coming from the east of Temple-bar be instructed to perform quarantine for ten minutes, under the portico of the English Opera; and that he be sprinkled with *bouquet de la reine* before he enters the office.
7. That Jenkins do continually carry a bag of patchouli round his neck, to overcome any aroma of his herring meal that may remain behind; his non-compliance to be punished with one week's confinement in the city. And that he be instructed to say that he resides in May Fair, over the alamo establishment, and not in Long-acre.
8. That the newspaper boys, coming for the paper, be taught dancing at a fashionable academy, to ensure their delivering the journals at the houses of the subscribers with becoming grace and deportment.



SANCHO PANZA TOSSED IN A BLANKET.

9. That this paper being avowedly the organ of, and patronised by, the higher classes, every endeavour be used to adapt its tone and language to their ideas and capacities.
10. That Jenkins be allowed three contract suits a-year—the old ones to be returned—to keep up a dashing appearance in public; to be paid out of the profits of the journal. And that his *mansarde* be moreover furnished with *une poitrine de caleçons* (a chest of drawers?) to keep them in.
11. That no "frowsy" persons be allowed to come near the different contributors when they are reporting in public assemblies.
12. That *Punch* be requested to make these rules universally known; as well as any other circumstances that may be connected with the paper.

The Debate on the Estimates.

Mr. HUME objected to the expense incurred in sending out the Order of the Garter to the King of Prussia. He (Mr. Hume) did not wear garters himself (*hear, hear*), for he always patronised socks (*cheers and laughter*); but he knew a friend who did wear garters, and who had received a pair by post which only cost him fourpence, yet several thousands of pounds had been laid out in sending the garter to the King of Prussia (*hear, hear*). Why, the King of Prussia had been over here himself, and might he not have taken his garters with him? (*Cheers and laughter.*)

Mr. Wallace had rather the garter had been conveyed by Pickford's van. The Messrs. Pickford were highly respectable men, (*Question*) and the garter would have been safe in their hands. Besides, when once booked it was at the risk of the King of Prussia. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. Hawes, upon the estimates being moved for keeping the Parks in order, complained of having been warned off the grass.

The Earl of Lincoln replied that respectable-looking people had free access to the parks, and even Mr. Hawes, by his own admission, had been let in, for he said he had been warned off the grass. (*Hear, hear.*) The boys had trod down the grass a good deal, and Mr. Hawes should have known better. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Roebuck wanted to know whether he might go through the enclosure of St. James's Park with a bundle. (*Hear, hear.*) He had been turned back once or twice, and as his washerwoman and himself lived on opposite sides of the park, he found it very inconvenient.

Sir James Graham said that he should be sorry to personally inconvenience any honourable member, but he thought if Mr. Roebuck's washerwoman had access to him twice in the week, the peculiar circumstances of the case would be met by that arrangement.

Mr. Roebuck admitted that this was satisfactory.

Mr. Hume was surprised at the large sum it had cost to get a Bishop over to Jerusalem. He (Mr. Hume) frequently travelled all the way from the Eyre Arms to the Elephant in an omnibus for sixpence. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. Wallace saw with surprise a large sum for stables at Windsor. He (Mr. Wallace), when he was a boy, had kept a donkey (*much laughter*), but now he (Mr. Wallace), was obliged to keep himself. (*Hear, hear.*) He thought it would be cheaper for her Majesty to job her horses, and he was surprised that her present Ministers, who understood those things, had not recommended to her the jobbing system. (*Laughter.*)

Sir R. Peel was sure that when the honourable member who last spoke, alluded to the expense of keeping a donkey, he (the honourable member), if he kept an eye to his own cost of living, must know what it was. He was sure the House would not grudge her Majesty convenient stabling, particularly as the number of horses kept had little else to do but to remain in their stalls, which ought, therefore, to be made as comfortable for them as possible. (*Hear.*)

The conversation then dropped.

QUESTIONS OR SUGGESTIONS.

Mr. EWART suggested that more attention should be paid to framing Acts of Parliament, when—

Colonel Sibthorp asked whether, if more attention were given to framing them, it would not be as well to think of *glazing* them also.

Mr. Hume suggested that the silent system was injurious, when—

Sir R. Peel asked the honourable member to try it for a little while himself, when he (Sir R. Peel), would engage that the honourable member would be all the better for it.

Fashions for April.

THERE is a great variety in umbrellas; but the last novelty had the form of an inverted extinguisher, fastened at the end of the stick, and gradually widening to the extremity. Several of them were seen on the bridges during the late gales. Hats are worn a good deal off the head; in fact, more so than bonnets.

THE LATE ROBBERY.

HEWLETT says it is fortunate that his name is now appended to his works, Lord William Lennox being already known in literary circles as *Peter Priggins*.

THE PUBLIC OFFICES OF LONDON.

THE PUNCH OFFICE.

IF London is beautified by its public buildings, it is certainly rendered important by its public offices. It is a passport into the best circles to be able to say, "I'm in a public office." Pitt and Canning could say so once; Peel can say so now; and our boy, as he enters the threshold of our public office every morning eight times, with a shutter in his hand, can say so also. The public offices of London are not all of them so remarkable for architectural beauty as for the interest and importance they derive from the purposes they are devoted to. Shakespeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon, was, architecturally speaking, "nothing out of the way;" and, by a recently expressed desire to have it pulled down, it would appear to be considered "something in the way." There are certain holes and corners about the metropolis pointed out with concise veneration as the birth places or haunts of illustrious men; and there is a certain flight of break-neck steps somewhere between the Old Bailey and the Fleet, which is pointed out as the place where Steele, or De Foe, or Hogarth, or somebody did something or other, but what that something is nobody seems exactly to know, though the place is visited by literary and antiquarian pilgrims, who make a regular shrine of it. There is also a clump of stinging-nettles on Hampstead Heath, under the shadow of which Steele is said to have written a number of the *Guardian*; and such is the sort of renown that will attach in future ages to the public office of *Punch*, in Wellington Street.

But it is now time to leave the discursive tone, which thinking of the British essayists has tempted us to indulge in. *Punch's* public office is of the coldly-severe style—particularly in winter—for the architect has neglected to put a fire-place. The exterior presents a series of glass squares, the uniformity of which is only disturbed by one of those at the bottom being devoted to a very fine specimen of the fine arts. It is an original sketch of *Punch*, done in oil, by Painter, after Carpenter. It is remarkable for its boldness of outline, and depth of colouring, we having bargained with the artist that it should stand a weekly scrubbing with soap and brush, which our boy has directions to give to it. Several artists have tried to give a representation of an open mouth, but our artist, with a vigour and decision unparalleled in the annals of the Royal Academy, has boldly cut the piece right out. A double effect is thus produced, for we get at the same time a perfectly natural representation of an open mouth, and a letter box!

The interior of the office is not very remarkable; but the extraordinary precision observed in all the departments, would do credit to the General Post Office. There is a Comptroller of the Till, an Accountant-General,



a Deputy Clerk of the Counter, an Inspector of the Letter Box; and, the most curious part of the matter is, that notwithstanding the arduous work in all the departments, "a man and a boy" get through the whole of it.

Punch's Legal Enquirer.

A SERGEANT in the Grenadier Guards was ordered to be reduced to the ranks for a year. At the expiration of that period, the commanding officer refused to restore him. Is the colonel of the regiment liable to be indicted for keeping him as a *private still*?

When a prisoner has been sentenced to be whipped, is it necessary that there should be a presentation for acceptance previously to the endorsement?

In case of a refusal to accept (in the above-mentioned case) can the holder of the instrument administer?

Is it compulsory on a juror to receive a challenge, though he may have "registered a vow" not to go out; and would it be contempt of court for a juror to measure the foreman for a pair of gaiters, on retiring to consider the verdict?

An innkeeper, having but a small leg of lamb in his house, sets it before three hungry guests, at eighteenpence a head. Has he a contingent reversion, or a conditional remainder in the lamb; or does his right amount to more than a bare possibility?

Where a person is told by his bootmaker's apprentice, in reply to an order for a pair of Clarence-Bluchers, that they cannot be delivered without the money, should the answer be referred to the master for impertinence, or could it be excepted to as scandalous?

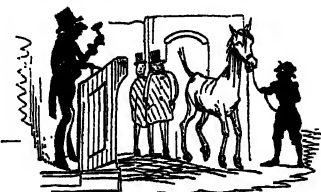
A. and B. are joint-tenants at sufferance of the crossing at Cockspur-street. A. (being an infant without guardian assigned) is collared by the beadle, whilst B. is suing in *forma pauperis*.—Now—which is seized?

PARLIAMENTARY PETITIONS.

THE schoolmasters of the Presbytery of Dunse have petitioned for an increase of salary. Colonel Sibthorp opposed the petition, on the ground that the fact of the place from which it came being the Presbytery of DUNCE was enough to show that the schoolmasters did not deserve an increase of salary.

On a petition being presented against the Gilbert Unions, Mr. T. Duncombe presented a counter petition from Miss Ballin, the celebrated dancer, in their favour. Mr. Duncombe explained, that Miss Ballin had long ago formed a matrimonial union with Mr. Gilbert, and both parties had experienced the happiest results from it.

A discussion arose as to the impropriety of keeping the public records in a cellar, and it was said, that though the cellars of Somerset House had been prepared, the place was wholly unfit for the purpose. Mr. Williams, of Coventry, immediately presented a petition, from himself, that the records should be removed to the



WHITE HORSE CELLAR.

Mr. Hume thought the Cider Cellars would be more central and quite as convenient.

SONNET.

SHE took the veil,—'twas at the vesper hour,
When day was gently melting into night,
When Earth's fair features fade from human sight,
'Twas then she took the veil—farewell her bower,
Farewell home, friends—as some transplanted flower
In a lone vase pines for the garden bright,
So she is reft from every dear delight,—
Shut from Love's sunshine, Joy's refreshing shower;
She took the veil, nor did she shake, nor blench—
She saw not him who fixed his glaring eye
Upon her every motion anxiously;
Silent awhile he stood. She took the veil!
Then loud he cried, "Policeman, here's a wench
Shoplifting, take the customer to jail."

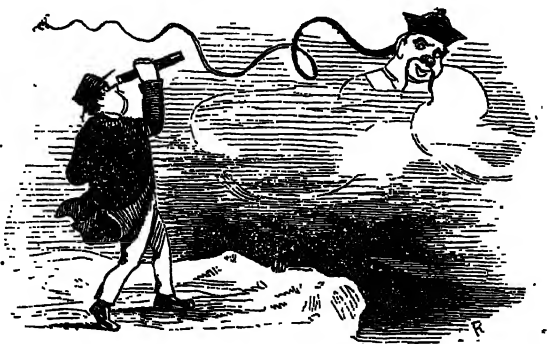
A LETTER FROM THE GENUINE COMET.

Over the White Bear,
Piccadilly.

DEAR PUNCH,—I have been a thousand years coming fifty millions of miles, at the risk of my tail, in order to give the artists of Great Britain an opportunity of introducing me in the forthcoming Cartoons.

True, I am an unexpected guest, but Herschell ought to have known I was on my way, (Murphy did).

I appeal to you, and claim a share of that attention which you have always bestowed upon other luminaries.

Au revoir,
THE COMET.

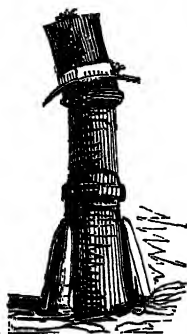
A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—A daily paper says—"Mr. Hume has given notice of his intention to move, &c."—If it is from the House of Commons, we are very happy to hear it.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REPORTER OF THE "MORNING POST."

INFORMATION has reached us that a "My Lady's Footman," in a distinguished family of *ton*, is about to make his *debut* at Her Majesty's Theatre. His noble mistress has kindly allowed him to appear at rehearsal—in his full-dress plush breeches.

We have seen a series of songs called, "Ballads of the Butler's Pantry." They are extremely touching, and will form a delicious pendant to the "Canzonets of the Kitchen." We have heard them sung by a lady's maid of our acquaintance with much grace and pathos. The "Lays of the Laundry" are a brilliant set of songs, and must become very popular. We heard one of them at a select reunion the other night, given by an influential valet.



PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER XII.—DEVOTED TO MOMUS.

OLYMPUS, and merry England in the olden time, seem to have been much alike. Eating, drinking, love and jollity, were in both the order of the day—especially jollity. In our own golden age, the barons were jolly, the knights were jolly, the squires were jolly, the friars were very jolly; and even the old saints were jolly—in their way. But, moreover, there was a particular personage more jolly than anybody else—the jester. Under the reign of Jupiter the heroes were jolly, the nymphs were jolly, the fawns were jolly, the satyrs were very jolly, and the immortal gods themselves were jolly old fellows. But the jolliest old fellow in all Olympus was Momus, the Court Fool and God of Fun. He was also the oldest jolly fellow; for he was the son of Erebus and Night. On this account he used sometimes to say that he must confess his parentage was obscure.

Momus, though a deity of the *ancien régime*, contrived, amid all the celestial revolutions, to remain in office. He was the Talleyrand of the skies—though Talleyrand is believed to have been no fool. One of Jupiter's first acts on ascending the throne, was to confirm Momus in his situation of Jack Pudding.

The vocation of Momus was just like that of the English jester. The fool of feudal times, that is to say, the professional fool—not the crusader or knight-errant—was retained in the establishments of people of consequence, to make jokes for their amusement; the making of jokes in those days being, like the making of anything else, except love and war, accounted beneath the dignity of a gentleman. Lest the jocosity of the fool should be restrained by fear of consequences, he was allowed to say whatever he chose; and accordingly he would often, without scruple, make a jest at the expense of his master. If, for instance, he belonged to a marauding baron, he would not hesitate to quiz the noble lord occasionally on his thefts and homicides; if to a haughty bishop, he would rally the right reverend prelate a little upon pride and hypocrisy. And the bishop and the baron would laugh at these jokes almost as much as they would at antics and grimaces, because they appeared so much nonsense to their understandings; and nonsense is laughable. Moreover, relative nonsense, that is, sense which people do not see, is as laughable as absolute nonsense. Thus, if some fool, in the present day, were to ask some pious individual of the superior classes, whether the ancient fathers were wont to go to church in their carriages? he would be laughed at as a matter of course. Well, Momus would often amuse the gods by nonsense of this kind. He would have fine fun with Jupiter and Mars about their respective gallantries; and "How about the dove cage?" was his constant query to the latter. He would twit Bacchus with his inebrieties, Diana with her prudery, and Juno with her temper. He would draw caricatures of Minerva in high-lows; and represent Mercury on the tread-mill. He used to call the latter, who, among other things, was Jupiter's lackey, "John Thomas;" and, in reference to a current joke upon earth, would ask of him what taxes were! Other pleasantries of an inferior order, but more, perhaps, to the taste of the gods, he was constantly making—such as inquiring whether their mothers knew they were out? whether those same ladies had sold their mangles? what was their state of health? and so forth.

The following sallies of Momus's may be depended upon as authentic; and, as such, they throw a valuable light on the character of ancient fun.

That ingenious deity, Vulcan, had made Pandora (to order) for Jupiter out of clay. All the other gods declared the work to be perfection itself; but Momus said, with a sneer, that there ought to have been a window in the breast, through which might be seen the workings of the heart. "A window in the breast!" exclaimed Venus: "La! what an idea!"—"How odd it would look!" remarked Minerva—"How ridiculous!" observed Apollo; "ha, ha!"—"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Neptune, shaking his sides. "Ho, ho, ho!" thundered Jupiter; and inextinguishable laughter shook the skies.

Minerva built a house, which she called "Minerva House." Momus said that it ought to have been built on wheels, so as to be movable at pleasure from a bad neighbourhood. "Why that," cried half a dozen deities at once, "would be like the gipsies' vans, or the houses that hereafter will stand for a long time on the right-hand side of Clapham-road as you go from town," and there ensued a general scream.

Neptune made a bull—of course you will say the gods laughed at that. No, they did not: it was not an Irish bull, but a bull *bonâ fide*. It was a prize bull; my Lord Spencer never raised a finer. "Umph," grunted Momus, when Ceres asked him if he had ever seen such an animal? "If the eyes were closer to the horns he would make a better hit."—"I think he had you there, Neptune," said his majesty, and smiled; whereupon all the gods laughed too; but whether at what Momus or what Jupiter said is not clear.

Venus, as we all know, was, like the lady who in after times was led to the hymeneal altar by a gentleman of the name of Dunois, surnamed the "Bravest of the Brave." The only fault to be found with her was, with regard to her steps—not her moral steps, (for they were thought very right and proper by everybody, except Vulcan)—but her footsteps. The latter were as heavy as the former were light. "Is she not, now," cried Apollo, one day after dinner, as Venus left the room, "is she not a thing of loveliness?"—"With all my heart," answered Momus; "'tis a pity she kills so many beetles." The immortals declared this to be bitter; but they chuckled at the insinuation.

For many an age Momus continued to play off his pleasantries in heaven, and to set the table of the gods in a roar. But, at last, the mind of Jupiter began to misgive him that there was danger in the god of drollery, and that there was rather less of the fool in him than the knave. His majesty observed that, whereas formerly when he thundered, all was consternation and awe, now his lightning was looked upon as a mere *brutum fulmen*, and that his sublimest peal were no more regarded by the gods than are the mimic rumblings of a melo-drame. No longer did the skies grow darker at his frown; no longer did Olympus tremble at his nod; and it became, by degrees, a question with him whether or not these alarming symptoms were traceable to the buffoonery of Momus; who, among his other pranks, had a knack of taking him off. Momus would frequently amuse himself and the other immortals by putting on a huge periwig,

scented with ambrosia, and playing Jupiter Iratus—shaking his head and looking the lion; which afforded great pastime to the gods. Being a ventriloquist, he could thunder to admiration; and whenever an explosion of the monarch's wrath took place, he was certain to burlesque it; and this he called "coming Jupiter Tonans." Jupiter had hitherto been the sublime

of gods; but he now found himself becoming rapidly ridiculous; he saw that his pomp was parodied, that his majesty was mocked, that the deities were beginning to analyse state and ceremony, and to entertain a glimmering notion that they were all humbug. He knew that their next step would be to weigh himself in the balance, and he felt what would be the consequence of that. He determined, therefore, to arrest the extending evil; and he accordingly suggested to Momus that the lower world, where the state of affairs was so particularly funny, would be a much finer field for him than the sky. So Momus came down among men.

On earth he introduced comedy, farce, and tomfoolery in its various branches. He chose certain favourites, whom he inspired with the sense of the ludicrous. They, like himself, were for a long time the mountebanks, the merry Andrews, the laughing-stocks of their fellows. They stood on their heads, and threw summer-sets, and made faces, and uttered absurdities. And, like him, they are now on the eve of revolutionising the world. They are rendering vice ridiculous. They are showing up to the light the "outward limbs and flourishes" of meagre dignity; the solemn absurdities of bedizened power. Even the charity boy now laughs at the beadle. Wisdom is no longer in the wig; the bishop wears his own hair; and periwig-pated justice on the bench, in her scarlet and ermine, is regarded as a monstrous scarecrow. Where all this will end, unless there be formed a Society for the Suppression of Jokes, who can tell? Let their Worship, and their Reverences, and their High-and-Mightinesses, look to it.

The traditions respecting the personal appearance of Momus are slender. We are told that he was generally represented raising a mask from his face, with a small figure in his hand. Was it hereby meant to convey to us what a small thing human nature is when we view it seriously—that is, comically. Perhaps so. In default of more ample information concerning Momus's externals, we may take the liberty of supposing them. It may be plausibly conjectured that motley was his only wear; nor would that artist outrage probability, who should represent him so arrayed, with a whitened visage, and his cheeks adorned with triangles of crimson. But it were better to exhibit him in a three-cornered hat,

adorned with bows of ribbon, a laced blue coat, red waistcoat, and yellow leather inexpressibles, having a large hooked nose, and a great hump upon his back, and bearing between his hands a baton or cudgel. For, beyond all doubt, the modern impersonation of Momus is (though he says it himself) the illustrious "Punch." May coppers long jingle on his altars!



GRAND INVENTION!

INDIA IN TWO HOURS!!—PUNCH'S AERIAL COURIER THE GULL!!!

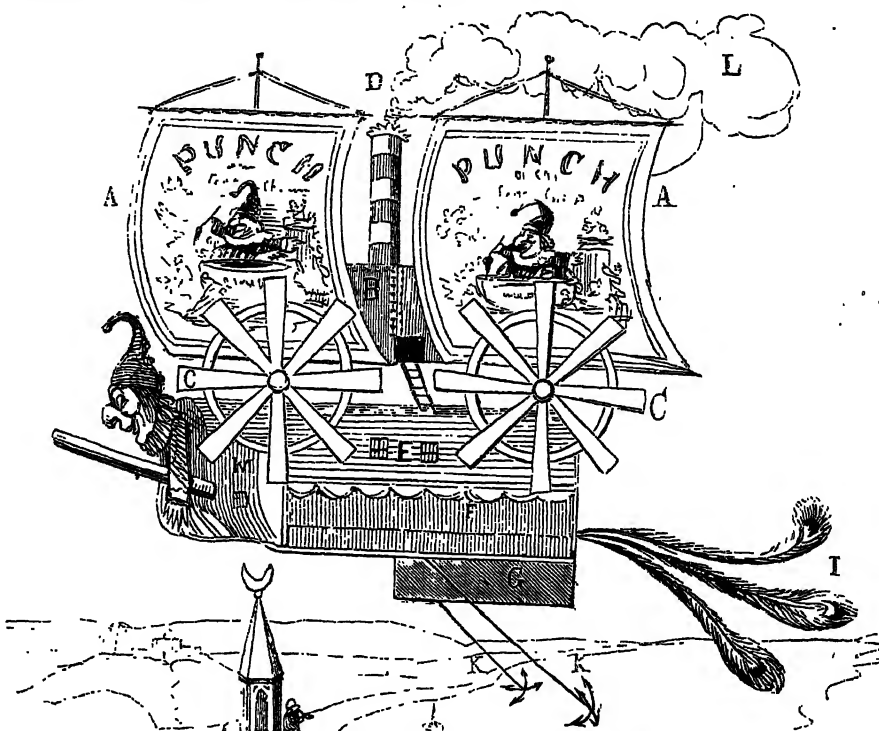
It is this week a task of the deepest and most gratifying pride to lay before our readers the present representation and account of our extraordinary invention. Time and space are now annihilated—an era has arrived in which all ordinary methods of locomotion are for ever subverted—and Punch's Aerial Courier—The Gull—will henceforth be the sole means of communication from one country to another, however distant.

The annexed engraving represents the vessel as she will appear, cleaving her way through the air with the velocity of a shooting star, and carrying upwards of an hundred passengers. The suspensory and propelling power is obtained by the union of Steam with Punch; and the following account of the manner in which these gigantic forces are brought to act, will assist the reader in comprehending the construction. The letters have reference to the illustration.

- A. The main suspenders, of a peculiarly light nature, being entirely formed of numbers of Punch, coupling power with volatility, and acting as shown above.
- B. The engine-room, in which are contained the principal steam-works, by the action of which are turned
- C. The propellers, or fantail revolvers, making 10,000 revolutions per minute, and fashioned like the sails of the windmill in common use.
- D. The chimney, for making a current of air in the fire-place, and carrying away the smoke.
- E. The saloon, provided with every comfort and luxury, from piano-fortes to bottled porter, fitted up to represent a castle in the air, with gossamer couches and cobweb tapestries.
- F. The promenade in fine weather, filled with company, and enlivened by a band of instrumental performers, who will, on the day of starting, perform the *Soarus Quadrilles*, composed expressly for the occasion by Jullien.
- G. The ballast-box and wine-collar. Arrangements have been made with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to buy all their heavy back stock, for ballast.
- H. The figure-head, being a colossal likeness of Mr. Punch, with apartments in the head for select passengers.
- I. Three gigantic peacocks' feathers of sheet brass, to act as a rudder, with immense power, and realize the "sturdy steer" of Spenser.
- K. Two grappels, for the double purpose of assisting the descent of the courier, (should such auxiliaries be found necessary, which some doubt), and also to clutch hold of anything on the journey worth taking. It is calculated a few statues, ships, and objects of art and value may be grabbed every voyage by these means, sufficient to pay for the fuel, which will be entirely formed of former inhabitants of Memphis, who burn beautifully.
- L. The smoke.
- M. Barracks for troops, and stores for the ammunition, removed to this part for the accommodation of those who dislike the smell of powder.

The fares will be regulated by the weight, and not by the age of the passengers. The line of road has been already determined upon, from London to Bombay, nearly as the crow flies; and the Courier will stop at intermediate stations for passengers. The whole voyage will be performed in two hours, including stoppages. For the use of commercial gentlemen we have added the following

TIME TABLE.		HOUR OF ARRIVAL.	
NAME OF STATION.		A.	M.
LONDON TERMINUS.—Top of Nelson Column		10	0
PARIS.—Column of Place Vendôme		10	15
SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC		10	30
VENICE.—Campanile of St. Mark		10	45
CONSTANTINOPLE.—Minarets of St. Sophia		11	7
BAGDAD.—Summit of Mosque		11	30
BOMBAY.—Wherever they can		12	0
GRAND JUNCTION BRANCH TO CHINA.		P.	M.
BOMBAY		1	0
HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS		7	10
NANKIN.—Porcelain Tower		2	0



Centrifugal Railways and Inclined Planes will be erected for the conveyance of travellers from all the stations, who will be so completely flabbergasted with wonder, that it will be a perfect matter of indifference to them whether they are upon their head or their heels. The branch lines will run as follows:

From the *Nelson Column* to the various hotels in the neighbourhood.
 From the *Column Vendôme* to Maurice's, Rue di Rivoli.
 From *Mont Blanc* to the Hôtel de Londres, Chamouny.
 From *Venice* to the Albergo dell' Europa, Grand Canal.
 From *St. Sophia* to the Great Bazaar, Gate of Adrianople.
 From *Bagdad* to the Grand Caravanserai.
 From *Bombay* to the Cabool Hotel.

There is no regular station on the Himalayas from Nankin to the Confucius Arms, Wang Square.

All persons flying kites, letting off rockets, or sending up balloons on the line, will be dropped down upon with the greatest severity.

PUNCH'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATIVE OF

"IN AT ONE EAR AND OUT AT THE OTHER."

A LUMINOUS ray, passing from a rarer to a denser medium, becomes refracted; the angle of refraction being equal to the angle of incidence.



A BRILLIANT sally from the encephalon of a rare wit, striking upon the denser medium of the thick skull of a block-head, becomes refracted; the angle of refraction being equal, &c.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office Order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand, in the precinct of the Savoy, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XIII.—DRURY LANE THEATRE.—A BROKEN-HEARTED WOMAN.
THE COUNTESS IS SUMMONED HOME.—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

THE Countess was in raptures with Garrick. Her friend, Lady Dinah, too—a widow of four-and-thirty, whose chief favourite in this life was her own broken heart—was softened to the extreme of tenderness by the passion, the energy, the enthusiasm of the little man. I have said it—Lady Dinah had a broken heart. Happy woman, that it was so: for that shattered organ stood to her in the place of a parrot, a spaniel, a precious pet, to be fondled and fed upon the choicest morsels. It was this attention to the craving appetite of her broken heart that brought Lady Dinah to *Romeo and Juliet*. Sympathy was a necessity of her nature—but then it must be sympathy with the wants and woes of love. At eighteen she had been married to a nobleman of large estate, sixty years old, and a pair of crutches. The daughter of a fox-hunting squire, she had been legally sold to his lordship—vended to the winter-stricken peer, like any peach in January. She had been a widow only four years; her husband, with a stubbornness often peculiar to the ailing, determining not to cancel the contract a single day before. “And so, my dear, that is how my heart was broken.” This was the constant theme of Lady Dinah; who would continually show her broken heart to her friends and acquaintances, as other women would show their china. It was, indeed, her only solace—her only comfort. Her face had in it frank good temper; her eyes were swimming in laughter; her lips ever curling with smiles—she was altogether a ripe, plump piece of frolic nature, yet to her five hundred bosom friends she insisted upon being known as “a blighted thing; indeed, a disappointed woman, with a broken heart.” And then she would hint at the mystery of an early passion—of what in her girlhood she had suffered for a first love. This mystery was never cleared; for I give no credence to the vulgar gossip of her nurse, who, as I heard, declared that her ladyship before marriage had “never loved anything that signified, except green gooseberries.”

The play proceeded, and with every scene the admiration of Lady Blushrose, the emotion of Lady Dinah, increased. “’Tis very nice,” said Lady Blushrose at a part of the balcony scene.

“Nice, my dear! it’s delicious,” cried Lady Dinah, and for a moment spreading her fan before her face, she sighed deeply. Very different were the feelings of the two ladies. The one sat as a patroness of the poet and the actor—now and then graciously according an approving smile; the other was in the scene; was, indeed,—or assuredly tried to think so—*Juliet* herself. “It’s very foolish,” said Lady Dinah, and with an attempt at vivacity, she brushed her handkerchief across her eyes, I do verily believe, thinking there was at least one tear in each of them.

“Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word.”

Thus spoke *Juliet*, and immediately Lady Dinah in a whisper to her friend exclaimed, “Just like me when quite a girl.”

“Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.”

Here *Juliet* disappeared from the balcony, and Lady Dinah, throwing herself back in her seat, slowly shook her head, observing—“If it doesn’t take me quite to my father’s orchard!”

“My dear child,” said Lady Blushrose, looking round the house—“you distress me, you do, indeed, to find you thus give way to your feelings. You know—it’s only a play.”

“Very true—I know that—but memory, memory, my dear! In this life we—ar’n’t they the Cleverlands opposite? Lud! no, I’m getting blind I think—in this life, woman has but one heart, and when that is broken”—

“To be sure. Why, there’s that wretch Huntingtopper,” cried Lady Blushrose, who, whilst sympathising with her friend, had carefully surveyed the boxes.

“He musn’t come into the box—positively, he musn’t come into the box. I wouldn’t have him see us for the world,—where is he?” Lady Blushrose immediately pointed out to her broken-hearted friend the situation of his lordship, who, on the instant recognising the ladies, kissed his hand to them, and left the box. “He’ll never come to us,” cried Lady Dinah, as though she expected a reply.

“No doubt he will—and why not?” asked Lady Blushrose.

“Oh, my dear—I quite loathe the man,” said Lady Dinah.

“He’s very handsome,” said Lady Blushrose, believing in *that* she had said everything.

“But then his sentiments, my dear; so coarse—so little respectful

of sympathy—so utterly ignorant or careless of the emotions of the heart.”

A knock at the box-door, and immediately enter his lordship. He seemed a man of about two-and-thirty. His features were handsome—very handsome; in point of regularity, faultless. A well-formed, well-painted lamp, but with no light in it. As I shortly discovered, his lordship was the veritable Huntingtopper, the lordly master of Mr. Curlew, whose generosity towards the little feather-dresser was so touchingly displayed in St. Martin’s watch-house.

“Well, ladies, how do you like it? Garrick wants a little of the dash of a giant for my notions of a lover. He’s mean—plaguy mean,” said Huntingtopper, plunging at once into the play.

“Does your lordship measure hearts by a foot-rule?” asked Lady Blushrose.

“Not exactly—but then, one wants a sort of style in these things—when we talk of heroic poetry, of course, we want people of heroic look to utter it—otherwise it’s nonsense, quite nonsense.” Thus spoke the lordly critic.

“But altogether, what does your lordship think of *Romeo and Juliet*?” inquired Lady Dinah, with a downcast look, and in the gentlest tone of voice—yea, almost in the accents of a sufferer.

“There’s some good things in it; can’t deny that—very decent things in it; but then there’s a good deal of stuff. Now, all that we’ve listened to about the fairy’s coach—can any reasonable person make it clear? Come, here’s the book,” and his lordship read in a loud tone,

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners’ legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces of the smallest spider’s web;
Her collars of the moonshine’s watery—

“Silence in that box!” roared a voice from the gallery, and looking upward, I recognised my old, honest friend, Luke Knuckle, Mr. Flamingo’s porter. Luke, otherwise a peaceable fellow, was too much interested in the fate of the lovers to pay any deference to anybody in any box; and therefore, almost unconsciously rebuked the talkers. His lordship cast a contemptuous look towards the audience, as though one of the dearest prerogatives of high box company—namely, to talk loud at a play to the annoyance of actors and auditors—had been most impudently interfered with. So indignant was his lordship, yet withal so defying of vulgar opinion, that he was about to continue the quotation, when a hurried knock struck at the box-door. It was opened, when one of the Earl’s servants delivered a letter to her ladyship.

“It’s impossible!” said her ladyship, with slight agitation, having read the note. Then, turning to Lady Dinah, she said—“My dear, you must excuse me—I am summoned home.”

“What has happened?” cried Lady Dinah.

“Oh, nothing; that is, nothing but his lordship’s groundless fear—I will be back in a short time.”

“Pray don’t miss the tomb-scene,” urged Lady Dinah, “but what—what is the matter?”

“’Tis only to frighten me, I know—it can’t be otherwise; but his lordship writes that dear little Edward is dying. But it can’t be—he was so much better this morning. I shall be able to come back, I’m sure.”

“To be sure you will,” said Lady Dinah, with a comforting manner; and very willing to be so comforted, Lady Blushrose suffered herself to be handed to her carriage by Lord Huntingtopper.

“You’ll have no cause to remain at home, I trust,” said his lordship; “and till you return, I’ll talk Shakspeare to the broken-hearted widow.” As his lordship, with a peculiar smile, uttered these words, Lady Blushrose raised her fore-finger in playful reproof of Huntingtopper’s intention. Ere, however, he could reply to this, the carriage rolled away.

Arriving at his lordship’s mansion, the door was already open, and servants already watching the coming of their mistress. There was a sudden look of real seriousness in one or two faces; in others, worn as a part of the earl’s livery, for the occasion; a look that convinced me death was in the house. Mrs. Pillow was on the staircase, having descended at the sound of the carriage-wheels. She stood with clasped hands, pursing her mouth, and striving to look smitten to the heart. All she said was—“Oh, my lady! so sweet a baby!” The countess slightly trembled at the aspect of the matron, then rapidly passed her. In a minute she was in the room where lay the dying child.

The earl sat at the bedside. Never shall I forget the look with which he met his wife—the mother of his infant. There was no reproof in it—none—but the very eloquence of pity. The countess was running to the bed, when the earl rose and folding her in his arms, led her aside.

"He's not ill—not so very ill!" cried the countess, hysterically.
 "Patience, Margaret, patience," said the earl, with apparent calmness. "He may be better—but he is, I fear so at least, much changed."

"My dear—dear child!" screamed her ladyship. "He will be spared us?"

"Let us hope it, let us pray for it," said the earl; "still we must be patient." He then led his wife to the bed-side; and instantly the grief and cries of the countess were redoubled. She threw herself upon the bed, and called Heaven to witness how she loved her child.

"A letter, my lord, from Doctor Wilson," said a servant, presenting a note to the earl.

"Where—where is the doctor?" exclaimed the countess.

"Be calm, my love; I sent for him—he sends this letter," answered the earl.

"A letter! Why does he not come?—a letter!" cried the countess.

"He will not come," said the earl. "Listen." His lordship then read the note of the physician;—

"My Lord,—It is with unaffected pain that I cannot feel it due to my professional character to attend your summons. After what fell from her ladyship this morning, I should forfeit all sense of self-respect were I again to do so. Her ladyship expressed a total want of confidence in my skill!—"

"I never meant it—he knew I never meant it!" cried the countess, in a rage of grief.

"Permit me, however, to recommend to your lordship, the gentleman who is the bearer of this. I have frequently met him in the course of my professional experience, and have great pleasure in herewith testifying to his high ability. I know no man to whose skill I would so readily entrust the health of my own children.

"I remain, your obedient humble servant,

"CHARLES WILSON."

"Conduct the gentleman here," said the Earl.

"Is he a physician?" asked the Countess.

"The doctor does not tell me, but I have all faith in Wilson, let the gentleman be who he may." As the Earl spoke this, the servant ushered in an old acquaintance of the reader's, no other than apothecary Lintley. The Countess glanced at his plain outside—for in the days whereof I write, the physician had a more marked exterior than in these one-coated times—and loudly whispered to her husband, "I'm sure he's not a physician."

Lintley, overhearing this, observed—"No, madam, I am not. Doctor Wilson has, however, informed me of the case; it is one I have treated a thousand times among the poor."

At the word "poor," the Countess looked toward her husband, as though, of course, he would instantly resent the insult. The Earl, however, immediately addressing himself to Lintley, said—"I am happy, sir, that my child will have the benefit of so much experience."

Lintley then approached the little patient: in an instant I saw in the eye of the apothecary the fate of the babe.

"He is not so very ill, sir?" asked the Countess.

"He is very ill, madam," answered Lintley.

"But not dangerous—nothing dangerous—you will answer for his recovery—of course, with your experience, you can answer?" cried the Countess.

Lintley did not speak, but glanced at the Earl. The father saw there was no hope, and endeavoured to soothe the mother, whose extravagant grief burst forth in the wildest expressions. She hung about the child, and vowed she would never survive it—no, she would be buried with it. She, who had loved it so—she who had so treasured her dear, blessed darling! At these words, the Earl hid his brow in his hands, and groaned bitterly.

"Is there nothing, doctor—nothing that will save him!" cried the Countess.

Lintley still evaded an answer; still the mother asked. At length the apothecary replied—"Nothing, madam—*no*."

"Oh! I know what you would say—Doctor Wilson has said so, but it was impossible. How could I nurse it—how could I, blessed, dear babe that it is,—but how could I nurse it?"

"Patience, patience, Margaret," said the Earl, taking his wife's hand. And so for hours they sat. As the clock struck six the child died.

And then again and again the Countess mother vowed she would be buried with it.

Punch's Police.

LITERARY MENDICITY.—BEGGING LETTERS.

YESTERDAY, a man named *West* (of somewhat "careworn" appearance) was brought up to this office, charged with haunting various suburbs of the town, and thrusting under doorways, flinging in at windows, bribing housemaids and others, to get placed before



"THE LADY OF THE HOUSE."

a certain mendicant opistle.

Policeman B 42 was on duty in Cumberland-market, and observed the prisoner for several days lurking about and watching the doors and windows in a very suspicious manner. At length, saw him yesterday morning about twelve o'clock accost a little boy who was carrying home a pint of beer. After some conversation with the child, observed the prisoner in the most adroit manner drop something into the beer. Believing that the prisoner had thrown some mischievous compound into the liquor, B 42 immediately took him up.

Adolphus Gubbins (of ten years old, and very intelligent for his time of life) deposed that the prisoner met him in Cumberland-market, and asked him what he thought of "public morals!" Witness replied, he didn't know; thought he preferred hardbake. Prisoner then asked him, if his mother knew he was absent from the maternal hearth; and before he could answer dropt the paper in the beer. The paper was taken from the porter at the station-house in presence of Mr. Oxide, the chemist. The subjoined is a true copy:—

Madam,—Perceiving, and lamenting, that the public taste has been seriously corrupted, and that the public morals have been grievously injured by the style of popular Literature which for some time past has issued from the press, I have desired, by the publication of a periodical with a *correct* and *moral* tendency, to advance to the best of my ability an improvement in these things, and have commenced a work entitled—[*Here Punch declines to give a patronising squeak, by giving the title of the "correct and moral" work*—designed to be completed in 52 weekly (3d.) numbers, or 13 monthly parts. Yet, as an author only slightly known, I fear I shall be able to do but little without the support of the *Ladies of the Metropolis*: but with their aid I trust very much may be accomplished.

May I be allowed, very earnestly and very respectfully, to call your attention to this subject? And that I may be enabled to effect an object which I am sure you desire to see attained, may I solicit the favour of your patronage, evidenced by your filling up the enclosed form, and returning it to me?

I have the honour to be, Madam, your faithful servant,

EDWARD WEST.

Besides this circular, which was rolled up into a very compact ball, there was another (a very business-like document) enclosed in it. We give a copy:—

Authorises Mr. EDWARD WEST to have the "_____"
 supplied to her in the* _____

Address _____

* The words "weekly numbers," or "monthly parts," to be filled in.

Lucretia Kagmag was next examined. Dealt in cat's-meat, and was intimate with the prisoner, living in the same neighbourhood with him. The intimacy began about a month since, when the prisoner waited upon her to make an arrangement for the circulation of his letters, by insinuating them into the bosoms of families, in the form of envelopes to her la'ports and penn'orths of horseflesh. The witness, however, refused to do so after the first fortnight; having, in the most mysterious manner, lost a great number of her best customers (cats) by death, in consequence, as witness verily believed, of something in the letters.

Here the prisoner, looking very loftily about him, denied the imputation. The letter was a truthful compound—an anodyne against the present

fatal diseases of the "periodical" press. The work it was his glory to put forth, might be worn in parts, like bags of camphor, round the necks of sucklings; so that, when they went alone, they should go in a pure literary taste.

The worthy magistrate asked if the contents of the letter had been analysed?

Here Mr. Oxide, chemist, of Osnaburgh-street, deposed that he had analysed the letter. He found it to contain a very dangerous quantity of *cant*, with a degree of *effrontery* calculated to produce in a healthful stomach extreme nausea. In allusion to the loss of Mrs. Kagmag's feline customers, Mr. Oxide observed, he thought it possible that the letter was bad enough to make even a cat sick.

Here several paper pellets and a very formidable elder pop-gun, found on the person of the prisoner, by Policemen B 42, were produced in court. The magistrate asked the prisoner how he could account for the possession of such deadly weapons?

Hereupon the prisoner, with a wan smile of something like contempt, proceeded to unroll one of the pellets, which was composed of very thin tissue paper, and on which was printed the letter quoted above. The prisoner observed, that when he found housemaids, cat's-meat women, and others, alike averse to circulate his proposals for publication, he had no other remedy than to work them into paper pellets, and being a very good marksman, to fire them into first, second, and third floor windows. He had often found the plan succeed to his infinite reward.

The worthy magistrate said, these proceedings aimed at the peace of families could not be permitted to continue; and therefore summarily sentenced the prisoner to six months' confinement in the office of the *Morning Post*, and during the term to be kept to continual grinding of the editor's scissors, with nibbing of the pen of ditto. The prisoner, who was much confounded by the sentence, was then removed to the office; and, as we understand, is at this moment confined in the same cell used by Jenkins.

THE TALLIPOT TREE.

SIGNOR PUNCH.—I had long been seeking in vain for a subject whereon to exercise my poetic vein. Opening a dictionary by accident, I embraced the following with enthusiasm:—

"*Tallipot sulst*.—A kind of palm which grows at Ceylon and Malabar, and the leaves of which are very large."

Primed with this knowledge, and in a glow of inspiration, which you will call happy, I wrote my lyric, which I beg leave to inclose:—

MASTER SLENDER.

Oh, the Tallipot tree is a kind of palm,
And its leaves are broad and wide;
They are still as death, when the weather is calm,
Which cannot be denied.
In Ceylon the isle, and in Old Malabar,
The Tallipots proudly grow;
And perchance elsewhere the Tallipots are,
But where I do not know.
Then sing to the tree—the Tallipot tree,
The Ceylon and Malabar Tallipot tree!

Oh, the Tallipot I have never seen,
Nor any kind of palm,
But sure it is sweet to gaze on its green,
And feed on its fragrant balm.
But never would I to Ceylon roam,
To bask 'neath the Tallipot tree;
No: upon it I'll think, while I stay at home,
As a pleasant mystérie.

Then sing to the tree—the Tallipot tree,
The Ceylon and Malabar Tallipot tree!

Punch's Re-admission into France.

THE readers of *Punch* can never forget that some weeks since he was banished from France—pushed by the point of the sword from the port of Boulogne into a Dover packet. Nor can the readers of *Punch* ever cease to remember the tremendous letter which he wrote to LOUIS-PHILIPPE on that disastrous occasion. Does *Punch* say a letter? Pooh! a whip of steel! This is some weeks since; and all the machinations of the THIERIS' party have all that time been exercised to keep that thunder-clap of a billet-doux—for it may be likened to anything tremendous—from the ears of the King of the French. Never mind. *Magna est veritas, et prævalet*! (which my dear dead son was wont to translate "PREVAIL A BIT!") At length, LOUIS-PHILIPPE is made sensible of the wrongs of *Punch*, and imme-

diately writes to him, as brother should write to brother. *Punch*, with a magnificent expansion of the heart, subjoins the original, and a correct translation thereof, done for him into *English* by a very promising British dramatist.

Palais des Tuileries, 7 Avril, 1843.

PUNCH, POLICHINELLE, MON FRÈRE!

Étonné, contristé, les larmes aux yeux, j'ai parcouru votre épître du 11 février. Je savais l'injustice dont vous étiez victime, vous, vers lequel je me suis toujours tourné lorsque les soucis, les travaux du pouvoir m'ont accablé! mais à dire vrai, j'ai été tellement absorbé par les intérêts de l'Espagne et par d'autres tripotages, que je ne pourrais vous confier qu'à huis-clos, que j'ai dû me servir du banquet intellectuel que la sagesse consolante, les folies ébouffantes de *PUNCH* offre toujours.

Cependant, il y a une heure à peine, que trouvant mon fardeau gouvernemental insupportable, j'ai demandé mon *PUNCH*, mon moniteur, mon ami: lorsque Mons. Guizot, d'un air ébahi, m'a soutenu que par ma propre injonction vous aviez été banni, exclu de notre belle France; et à preuve il tira de son portefeuille le numéro qui contient votre fulminante, votre pathétique, votre irrésistible épître.

Ah, mon frère, mon ami, compatissez à ma douleur et voyez ma peine! Donner des ordres aux douaniers pour interdire ce bienheureux paradis de France à certaines gravures équivoques, véritables pestes, ou exelure, vous, mon féal, mon meilleur, mon plus cher ami, le confondre avec les ennemis de l'ordre, de la décence, de la morale, de la pûbité!—les imbéciles, les ânes, les rustres!!!

Le fait est, Polichinelle, (un roi peut pour une fois dire vrai sans que cela tire à conséquence) que vous avez une réputation séculaire qui vous nuit, qui vous accable: vous avez été tenu si longtemps pour un grandissime vaurien, pour un franc-parleur éhonté, qu'il faudra nombre d'années pour désabuser le monde, pour que le préjugé s'efface,—enfin pour qu'on croie, à ce que vous êtes, mon gentilhomme,—c'est à-dire chaste, délicat, correct; disant bien par-ci par-là des vérités sévères, mais exprimées avec tant de recherche, de délicatesse, de suavité, de décence, que la récluse la plus angélique se laisserait aller à vous écouter sans soupçonner que son salut est en danger, que son cœur est complice.

Accourez donc, Polichinelle, venez, venez en France, venez aux Tuileries, venez à Versailles, moi-même vous montrerai-je ma capitale, les gloires de mes palais, de mes retraites princières! Oh! alors je n'en doute pas, vous pardonnerez, vous oublierez cette apparence, mais non prémédité insulte, infligée par la seule stupidité de mes subordonnés: car avec Béranger, je dirai pour ma justification—

"On prétend que je vous gouverne,
Mais vous devez voir, Dieu merci,
Que j'ai des ministres aussi."

Donc par compassion pour moi, mon cher Polichinelle, et prenant ma position en considération, voir même à quelle engeance je suis livré, accordez pardon et pitié, et que par le retour de "*l'Émeraude*" j'aie la satisfaction de vous presser sur mon sein.

Votre frère,

LOUIS-PHILIPPE,
Roi des Français.

P.S.—Il y a bien deux ou trois nœuds Européens tant soit peu serrés, compliqués, qui sont à délier, et grand besoin ai-je d'un ami dont les dents accérées m'aideraient à trancher les difficultés: ainsi venez, venez, car quand même. "Plus on est de fous, plus on rit."

Tuileries, April 7, 1843.

PUNCH, AND MY BROTHER,

With tears and astonishment, I read your favour of February 11th. I have always flown to you as my chief solace in the cares of government, I had known the injustice put upon you ere this—but to say the truth, I have been so perplexed with matters in Spain, and other affairs which I can only trust to your private ear, that even the comforting wisdom, the ethereal frolic of *Punch* have of late been denied me.

An hour since, however, finding the weight of government insupportable, I called for you, my monitor and friend, when Mons. Guizot—with rather a startled look—assured me that by my own orders you had been banished from *la belle France*. As he said this, he drew from his pocket-book the copy of *Punch*, containing your most pathetic, indignant, and irresistible letter.

And now, my friend and brother, sympathise with me. I had given stringent orders to the officers at the ports and frontiers not to admit certain poisonous prints into the happy paradise of France; when the fools—the asses—numskulls—confounded you, my best and dearest friend, with the enemies of all order, all decency, all truth.

The fact is, *Punch*,—nay, let a king speak the thing that is, for once—you have the weight of centuries upon your reputation; you have been held a vagabond and a somewhat too free speaker, so long—that even now, it will take a handful of years to entirely disabuse the world of a prejudice, and to make it believe you—what, in very truth, you really are—an orderly, gentlemanly person; speaking now and then a cutting truth, but uttering it with such a suavity of manner, and with such a decorousness of phrase, that even nuns might lose their hearts to listen to you.

Come, come, come, *Punch*, to France—come to the Tuileries—come to Versailles! I, myself, will show you the wonders of my capital—the glories of my palace retreat!

You will, I know, forgive the apparent slight that was put upon you by the stupidity of my servants. As De Béranger correctly sings—and you must take it for my apology—

"On prétend que je vous gouverne,
Mais, vous devez voir, Dieu merci,
Que j'ai des ministres aussi."

Hence, my dear *PUNCH*, out of compassion for me, thinking of the people I have to trust to, forgive me, and let me, by return of *The Émeraude*, fold you to my bosom. Your brother,

LOUIS-PHILIPPE,
King of the French.

P. S. There are two or three tight European knots which lack the friendship of your teeth to duly untie. So, come—come! The more the fools, the more the fun!



THE POST CONVERSAZIONE.

JENKINS, of the *Morning Post*, gave his first, last, and only *Conversazione* for the present or any other season, at his garret in Long-Acre, which he calls his Chambers at the West End, on Wednesday evening last. The object of the *réunion* being to advance the interests of the paper among its chief supporters—the footmen of the aristocracy—the proprietors kindly permitted Jenkins to draw a fortnight's salary in advance. Jenkins, who generally obtains his scent by walking into perfumers' shops and trying some on his handkerchief without making a purchase, had achieved the trick very successfully in the course of the morning, and the nocturnal onion of yesterday's supper was thus smothered by a most unfair plunge of Jenkins's nose into the open bottle of *Bouquet de la Reine* on Delcroix's counter.

Cards had been issued to all the fashionable footmen now in town; and the greater part of the company came in their cockades and shoulder-knots. Most of them were contributors to the *Post*, and among others we recognised the footman of an ambassador to whom Jenkins is indebted for his diplomatic news.

Jenkins's arrangements were on an unusually liberal scale. His shirt-front, which, under ordinary circumstances, he irons at home, was put out for (as the play-bills say) "this night only;" and his white handkerchief, tied expressly for the occasion by his friend the porter of the Carlton Club, was extremely *Beang meese*, as the whole company admitted. An influential butler having made a present of some wax-pieces, Jenkins stuck them into as many *bâtons de chandelle* or candle-sticks as he could muster together; and it was the general observation that the host had been *coupeying it excessiamong gras*—cutting it excessively fat—on this auspicious occasion.

The room was adorned with drawings of the divinities attached to the *Post's* Narrative, or, in other words, portraits of the ballet-girls, sent from Ackermann for the purpose of review, and after being spoken of as worthy of a *cadre d'or* in the most *recherché* of *boudoirs*, stuck up and fastened with ordinary gum on the walls of Jenkins's garret.

The refreshments consisted of *moitié et moitié*, or half-and-half, together with *nez de chien*, vulgarly called dog's-nose. *Bif stek à la frying pan* was distributed with some parsimony among the guests. And a

decoction of *comique avec eau fraîche*, or cold rum and water, was in constant demand during the evening. Jenkins having felt for something in his waistcoat pocket whenever it was called for, continued the supply until a long consultation in whispers with the *petite fille sale de la maison* little dirty girl of the house, after which no more was forthcoming. Cribbage was played until a late hour, and the health of Jenkins was proposed, but the compliment was not carried out, for want of something to drink it in.

The conversation turned chiefly on the Opera, where most of the company had been on the preceding night, waiting in the lobbies and avenues, for the various persons under whom they have condescended "to take office." Jenkins was a good deal quizzed on the painful nature of his position, which rendered it necessary for him to enter the body of the house, and come in contact with "frowsy" people from the city. Jenkins held a very animated discussion on the Italian poets, with a shop-boy at a celebrated Italian Warehouse in Oxford-street, and was kindly furnished with a list of articles called by Italian names, sold at his master's establishment, which Jenkins will no doubt introduce into some of his criticisms of the Opera. The *Conversations* was interrupted once by a political disquisition on the theory of rent between Jenkins and his landlady; and a short digression on beer, in connection with the precious metals, was commenced in the room by the girl, when Jenkins stepped outside to finish it. The company separated highly delighted with the intellectual treat that they had enjoyed: and Jenkins having flung the pewter pots over the bannisters, let down his turn-up bedstead, flung himself upon it, and was soon dreaming of the Opera.

The Weather and the Crops.

THE crops in our flower-pot were looking extremely well, until the windy weather blew it down into our back yard. We have heard that the fields are looking well; but as we have only seen St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, we are unable to speak with certainty. The barley, to judge from some barley-water we had last night, is indifferent.



PUNCH RECEIVED AT THE TUILLERIES.

Critical Essay.

"Then Thumast lifted up in the air his right hand, and put the thumb thereof to the gristle of his nose, holding his four fingers straight out, and closed orderly in a parallel line with the point of his nose, shutting his left eye wholly.
 "Ha!" cried Panurge."—RABELAIS.

ON THE SIMPLICITY OF FORCE.

HOWEVER much the phrase, "Simplicity of Force," may seem merely a transposition of words, having the same meaning as the "Force of Simplicity," the difference in signification is very great, the former being an outward manifestation of power acting on the body; the latter an abstract quality influencing the mind.

The force of simplicity has a moral, the simplicity of force a physical grandeur. True force is always simple, therefore simplicity is always the result of true force. Weakness builds up quantities of small stones into enormous palaces, full of ornament and complexity, and admires the vastness of the Babylon he has builded. But Time the devourer is already feeding upon it, and in a comparatively few years it becomes a ruin. Force got together a few huge masses of stone on a plain, set some on end, and laid others on the top of them, called it a temple, and worshipped there ages and ages ago; and men even now wonder more at the immensity of force used in putting these few rude rocks together than at the construction of vast edifices.

In all ages Force has been the tyrant of the world; elevating the man from the common level of mortality, and making a demi-god of him. In the old times, the simplicity of force chose kings, not because they were the sons of this or that other king, but because they were fit persons for their office; and as a king then led his army to battle, fighting at its head, his fitness consisted in superior force, and he was chosen as the most "goodly" man, the man of stature and strength, and went forth in the simplicity of force, fighting among his soldiers, and inspiring them by his presence amid the fury of onslaught—himself the foremost. Far different now is the machinery-work of our army; complete manoeuvres and instruments have superseded simple force, strength of arm, and valour of heart. When a catapult was first seen at Lacedæmon, Arclidamus exclaimed, "O, Hercules, now manhood is come to an end!" What would he have said to gunpowder, and Perkins's steam gun? And thou, King Lionheart of our own old times,—brave, true, simple, and forceful,—minstrel and man-at-arms! How would'st thou mourn over our effeminacy, and sigh for the beauty of chivalry departed, gleaming in polished armour from afar back, amid the dark ages! and even have joyed at its pale ghost "revisiting the glimpses of the moon" at Eglington!

How simply Force expresses what it has to say, is finely exemplified in the poem we shall now quote:—

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

"THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter,
 We therefore deemed it meet
 To carry off the latter.

We made an expedition;
 We met a host and quelled it;
 We forced a strong position,
 And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
 Where herds of kine were browsing,
 We made a mighty sally,
 To furnish our carousing.

Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
 We met them and o'erthrew them,
 They struggled hard to beat us,
 But we conquer'd them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
 The king marched forth to catch us;
 His rage surpassed all measure,
 But his people could not match us.

He fled to his hall-pillars,
 And ere our force we led off,
 Some sacked his house and cellars,
 While others cut his head off.

We then in strife bewildering
 Spilt blood enough to swim in;
 We orphan'd many children,
 And widow'd many women.

The eagles and the ravens
 We glutted with our foemen,
 The heroes and the cravens,
 The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
 (And much their land bemoaned them)

Two thousand head of cattle, [them.
 And the head of him who owned
 Ednyfed, king of Dyfed,
 His head was borne before us,
 His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
 And his overthrow our chorus."



"The mountain sheep are sweeter
 But the valley sheep are fatter."



That "But" is enough—they are not persons who would tickle their palates with food because it is sweet—they are warriors—they require substance, and "therefore" at once decided on the side of utility, "to carry off the latter." Immediately they set to work; they allow no grass

to grow under their feet. The "expedition" is "made," how concise! They "met a host," and "quelled it,"—powerful! Halting not to rejoice in their victory, they proceeded, and "forced a strong position, and killed the men who held it,"—savagely grand!

Then how "artistic" is the transition in the next verse, from these turbulent and bloody scenes to Dyfed's richest valley, with herds of kine sprinkled over the green fields; a "silver river" winding through the valley—now washing the bases of the wooded heights on the one side,—now passing across flowery meads to the other side, and cooling itself in the shade of the green trees, which there overhang its waters. Here a dreamy-looking cow "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy;" and there a heat-oppressed animal standing in the clear stream, whisking its tail about to keep the flies off. But the poet has only conjured up this quiet and peaceful scene to make us feel more vividly the desecration of that valley by the sanguinary fight which darkened the stream with the blood of the force warriors who "rushed forth" only to be conquered and slain! The cattle now changed owners, and,



"As we drove our prize at leisure,
 The king marched forth to
 catch us,
 His rage surpassed all measure."



This king was evidently a very hot-tempered fellow, and consequently rash; so not waiting to collect a proper force, he sallied forth with probably only his own household. But notwithstanding his rage, he conducted himself with proper dignity, not rushing, but "marching" out with his people, who, says the poet, "could not match us." So



"He fled to his hall-pillars,
 And ere our force we led off
 Some sacked his house and
 cellars,
 While others cut his head off."



From this last line we may form some idea of the sort of person they had been fighting against; he was evidently a hard and stiff-necked man, for we see it required more than one person to cut his head off; it also took a considerable time in getting through the operation, for the sacking his house and cellars, which could not have been done in a few minutes, we are distinctly told was carried on "while others cut his head off."

It appears to have been quite a *méléc*, very likely, fought in the dark passages of the king's palace, for the fourth stanza says—



"We then in strife bewildering,
 Shed blood enough to swim in,
 We orphan'd many children,
 (childring)
 And widow'd many women," &c.



In what a delicate manner are we here informed that they put to death all except the women and children! But in the latter part of the same stanza, with savage delight they dwell on the thought, that they have



"The eagles and the ravens
 Glutted with their foemen,
 The heroes and the cravens,
 The spearmen and the bow-
 men—."



intimating that all were killed, which idea receives further confirmation in the next and last stanza, in which there is no mention of prisoners, but only of the "two thousand head of cattle," and the head of the king of Dyfed.

The writer of this poem must have been accustomed to draw up "despatches," for there is no mention of any slain on their own side, but only the tremendous slaughter of the enemy. This amiable omission being intended to prevent any gloomy feelings from obscuring the splendour of the rejoicings which they made with the dead king's spoils; and to cast away all thoughts of death out of the minds of those who would join in some future "expedition," to procure fresh spoils and fresh laurels, and again to be the subjects of heroic song—while, till then, the "present" and the "past" suffice for us, and



"His wine and beasts supply
 our feasts,
 And his overthrow our
 chorus."

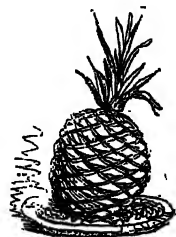


THE HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

IN consequence of the slow progress of the works, the high tide sweeps away daily nearly all that has been done at low water. If the contract is not soon taken by somebody with spirit to do the work, there is no doubt that Father Thames will walk in and finish it.

PUNCH'S PHRENOLOGY.

Philoprogenitiveness, or the Love of Offspring—is found to be very large in parliamentary agents who are employed in canvassing poor voters at the time of an election.



FORCED TO BE AGREEABLE.

It is sometimes so fully developed in these individuals that they have been known to make the most handsome presents to the children of persons with whom they have no kindred feelings.

Concentrativeness—produces "a desire for permanence in ideas of the mind, as well as fixedness of residence." It is supposed to be very strongly marked in the members of the Cabinet Ministry.

Cautiousness—"occasions doubt, irresolution, uncertainty, and the host of hesitations and alarms expressed by the word *but*." It is manifestly very large in the phlegmatic gentleman who writes the reviews for the weekly *Spectator*.

Colouring—"when very prominent, gives a passion for gaudy colours, without reference to their arrangement or harmony." It is developed to some extent in linen-draper's assistants, and in the people who furnish the costumes for the supernumeraries of a theatre.

Time—is an organ very largely developed in gentlemen's stewards and tax collectors, who are always punctual in their application for payments, but will never allow *time* to those whom they are employed to visit.

Tune—is very small in the vocal gentlemen who join in chorus at the various harmonic societies; and is not particularly large in the vendors of Bath-bricks and hearth-stones.

EPIGRAM.

MA'AMSELLE Bas Blue erudite virgin,
With learned zeal is ever urging
The love and reverence due
From modern men to things antique,
Egyptian, British, Roman, Greek,
Reliques of Gaul, or Jew.

No wonder that, Ma'amselle, the
Due to antiquity to prove
And urge is ever prone;
She knows where'er there cease to be
Admirers of Antiquity,
She needs must lose her own.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER XIII.—TOUCHING NEPTUNE.

His Marine Majesty, Neptune, who, as the reader knows, was the son of Saturn and Ops, had a narrow escape, like Jupiter, from the paternal paunch. Saturn would have swallowed him as soon as he was born, had not the crafty Ops expeditiously secreted him in a cupboard, and presented her husband, as a pledge of their affection, with a fine colt instead of him. Whether the colt was of the asinine or equine species we are not informed, but probably it was of the latter tribe; because, though what we should call monstrosities were by no means uncommonly the offspring of the immortals, yet Saturn would hardly have believed that his son was literally a jackass, however much, had such been the case, the child might have been thought by others to take after the father. As it was, he allowed himself to be crammed, morally and physically, with the alleged prodigy; he went the whole horse and the whole hog; and the following announcement appeared the next day among the "Births" in the "Olympic Times"—"Her most gracious Majesty Queen Ops, yesterday morning, of a fine colt. The infant, according to custom, was swallowed by its royal father with avidity. Their majesties, we are happy to say, are both as well as can be expected."

Her liege lord having retired to digest his meal in quiet, and the coast being clear, Ops forthwith despatched little Neptune,—who, during the deglutition by Saturn of his substitute, had grown several

inches in the cupboard,—to Arcadia; there to be brought up by a trust-worthy shepherdess. Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs run skipping about by the side of their dams was the happy lot of his infancy; but his tastes were not thereby rendered particularly pastoral: and he manifested an early inclination for a seafaring life; a circumstance which shows how much stronger is the natural constitution of the mind than the bias imparted by education.

When Jupiter sent his father to the right-about, he gave Neptune the office now discharged by Britannia as vicegerent—that of ruling the waves. The instrument with which he performed this operation was a trident; a three-forked sceptre, much like a common prong, but more ornamental, and more useful too, of course. It was richly gilt and inlaid with ivory, and was very considerably handsomer than the city mace. With it Neptune could do almost anything in the water; from raising a tempest to spearing eels. Neptune, moreover, had a chariot, to which that of the sheriff of London and Middlesex is a mere taxed-cart, made for him at the first-rate establishment of the celestial Long-Acre. It was constructed of an enormous scallop-shell; and the interior, which had the effect of decomposing light, reflected all manner of colours. It was drawn by winged horses called hippogriffs; fine tits they were too, and would have fetched a trifle at Tattersall's, if the Messrs. Tattersall had not been in the *pauca post futurum* tense at the time. Momus used to call the hippogriff a "tit for tat." One would think, now, that all this beneficence on the part of Jupiter would have been repaid by Neptune with the warmest gratitude; but though that virtue is a distinguishing attribute of the British tar, it does not appear to have held a very high place in the nautical bosom formerly. For "the waters wide" were not thought a wide enough empire by our friend Neptune, and he actually conspired with some other gods to dethrone his brother and his king. That a monarch whose own subjects, the waves, were themselves so very rebellious, should have had no more fellow-feeling—let alone gratitude and paternal affection—than to do this thing, is very odd: it was an impolitic line to take, moreover. Jupiter, with the sagacity of a James the First, discovered the plot as it was on the eve of exploding, and with a clemency which is more likely to find applause than imitators, was contented with condemning Neptune to build the walls of Troy; had he been a James the Second, he might have cut his head off and sent him to Tartarus without it afterwards; but as has been said, he merely sentenced him to hard labour, which is a trifling punishment for high treason. Perhaps he considered him a monomaniac.

Neptune having completed his task, a reconciliation was effected between the brothers, and the Sea King afterwards conducted himself, as a vassal at least, with propriety. Like his element, however, which is very prone to encroach, he was of a grasping disposition; he disputed, as we have seen, with Minerva respecting Athens; he had also a squabble with her for the altars of Trezene, which was settled by Jupiter, by assigning the worship of the place as joint-stock to both. Then he promoted a chancery suit against Apollo for the isthmus of Corinth; it was agreed, however, that the matter should be submitted to arbitration: and Briareus, who was chosen referee, allotted the isthmus to the proprietor of the ocean, and the promontory to mine host of the Sun.

Neptune was a god of high privileges. He presided over the whole world of waters, from the sea to the Serpentine; from the fountain to the gutter. By dint of his trident, he could raise islands from the bottom of the sea;—what a pity it is that he did not raise up the Royal George, and so save Colonel Pasley all his trouble! By a strong motive-power, with which that same instrument was endowed, he was likewise able to occasion earthquakes at pleasure; which he would often amuse himself by doing. His very step, according to Homer, would make the earth tremble, and the mountains (to personify their Eminences) shake in their shoes. As he careered over his watery domain, all the whales, dolphins, and porpoises, and the whole boiling of the finny tribes would throng round him like a human populace. "Strange things," as the poet beautifully expresses it in the song of "The Admiral," would "come up to look at him the master of the deep." "In his wake," too, "like any servant," as the same bard singeth, would "follow even the bold shark;" and, what was a great thing, the shark, if he had fallen overboard, would not have dared to eat him.

The victims of Neptune, besides various sailors, and a certain gentleman in particular of the name of Leander, were the horse and the bull; the former animal is now the victim of the cabman, and the latter of the beef-eater. The gall of these creatures was considered as his *bonne bouche*; because it was bitter like sea-water. For the same reason, bitter jokes might have been sacrificed to Neptune; but perhaps he did not relish jokes.

Neptune was himself a victim—of the tender passion. Like fire at the sacking of that city. *Æneas* saw him at work with his confederate deities on the walls; he told Dido so himself. The way of making love: Neptune had his. He courted *Amphitrite* in the shape of a dolphin, and that successfully, although she had sworn that she would never marry. However, she thought him such an odd fish, that she could not, for laughter, withstand his suit. He wooed and won *Ceres* in the form of a horse; *Ceres*, probably, priding herself upon being a horsewoman. He turned himself into a ram to throw sheep's eyes at *Theophane*; and they hit her. To gain *Tyro*, he dissolved his god-head into a river, and flowed into her good graces in that way. These are only a few of his gallantries. Considerably upwards of a dozen similar exploits were achieved by him. His family was numerous.

From his earthquakerism above alluded to, he was termed *Erosicthon* and *Ennosigaïos*, which appellations amount to Earth-shaker. He was also called *Gaieochos*, or "Circumventor of the Earth;" which he was supposed to circumvent,—as he really did circumvent the fair sex. Another name of his, was *Poseidon*; whether this was corrupted into *Possy*, *Olympus* only knows.

Neptune was as handy in stirring up strife with that trident of his, as he was in stirring up the waves. He stirred up the Greeks against the Trojans at the siege of Troy, as the blind old gentleman of *Scio's* rocky isle, whose name has appeared above, relates (see the eighteenth rhapsody of the *Iliad*) at large. He also had a finger in the

fire at the sacking of that city. *Æneas* saw him at work with his confederate deities on the walls; he told Dido so himself. The



reader will find the circumstance mentioned in the second book of the *Æneid*. The walls of Troy were not a very flattering memorial to him, so that it was very material that he should want to knock them down.

It has been stated, in the chapter on *Minerva*, that Neptune is the guardian of Great Britain; Little Britain is subject to the Lord Mayor.

Punch's Domestic Recipes.

To keep Currant Wine for any time.—Bottle off and stack in bins as usual. Then, at the head of each bin place a decanter of port, which keep filled, as it will evaporate quickly. And as long as there is any port your currant wine will be preserved admirably.

To make a seedy Cake.—Procure some common dough, the size of a quartern loaf. Put in half a pound of plums, two small bits of citron, and a tea-spoonful of moist sugar. Bake as usual, and keep until quite stale. It will be a very seedy cake.

A Chicken Stew.—Shut up the door of the hen-roost, and throw in lighted fireworks. It is soon accomplished.

To cure smoky Chimneys (an excellent way).—Lay the fire as usual with coal and sticks, but be careful not to light it. This hath rarely been known to fail, and is, at the same time, a great saving of fuel.

To Curry.—The readiest way of doing this is to buy a comb sold on purpose at the saddlers'. In France, where horse-flesh is eaten more than in England, this will be found a good method, the horse being the animal most usually curried.

To roast a Pike.—Go to the toll-house on Waterloo Bridge, and chaff the toll-keeper respecting that valuable property. You can dish him at the same time, by riding through behind a coach.

To make a Twelfth Cake.—Having manufactured eleven in any manner you please, make another, and you will have a twelfth cake.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

The statue of *Shakespeare* (from the portico of *Drury Lane*) this day dines with Mr. Charles Kean in *Bond-street*: the parties have never, under any circumstances, met before.

THE PHRENOLOGIST TO HIS MISTRESS.

THOUGH largely developed 's my organ of order,
And though I possess my destructiveness small,
On suicide, dearest, you'll force me to border,
If thus you are deaf to my vehement call.

For thee veneration is daily extending,
On a head that for want of it once was quite flat;
If thus with my passion I find you contending,
My organs will swell till they've knocked off my hat.

I know, of perceptions, I've none of the clearest;
For while I believe that by thee I'm beloved,
I'm told at my passion thou secretly sneerest;
But Oh, may the truth unto me ne'er be proved!

I'll fly to Deville, and a cast of my forehead
I'll send unto thee;—then upon thee I'll call.
Rejection—alas! to the lover how horrid—
When 'tis passion that *Spurs him*, 'tis bitter as *Gall*.

THE VERY LATEST.—There is a lawyer in *Down-East* so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out over night—so determined he is that every thing shall have *its dew*.

NO SUCH HOPE.—The *Britannia* has carried out 200,000 *sovereigns* to America. We wonder if *Jonathan's* republican ardour will induce him to send them back again. We rather "guess" not.

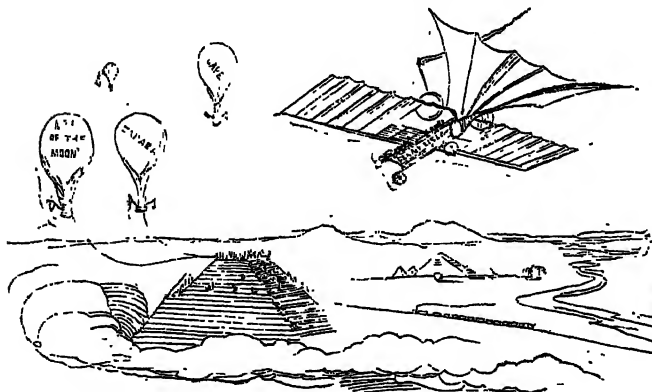
Why is the present century like an old maid?—Because it's on the other side of forty.

EXAMINATION PAPERS

FOR THE DEGREE OF B.A. IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. 1843.

- I. HAD the first Pearl Fishery, established at Ceylon, anything to do with the Early Purl House in the Knightsbridge Road?
- II. State the histories, and contrast the characters, of Alexander the Great, Alexander the oculist, and Alexander the coppersmith.
- III. What is the difference between being out on leg-bail, and being out for leg before wicket?—between Magna Charta and Carter of the Lyceum?—between the Bill of Rights and that of your tailor.
- IV. Mention what you know of the life and adventures of the famous Dog Billy. Did he bear any, and what, relationship to the Dog Bill, just kicked out of Parliament?
- V. Trace accurately the steps by which the invention of pickled cucumbers is referred to the reign of King Jeremiah.
- VI. Write a short essay upon club feet, club legs, the knave of clubs, and Mr. Joshua Jones Ashloy.
- VII. Has Mr. Henson, the inventor of the "Aerial," any pretensions to the title of the modern Diddle-us? Show, if you can, wherein the wit of this question consists; and state the difference between a pun spoken and a pun-dit.
- VIII. The whole is equal to all its parts. How do you apply this rule to the case of a blockhead (Joseph Hume, for instance) who has no parts at all?
- IX. Reconcile the expressions, "flat blasphemy," and "swearing roundly." Will squaring the circle assist you in the process?
- X. Compare the Persæ of Æschylus with the Percy Anecdotes, and the Pindar of Thebes with the Pinder of Wakefield. What and where was Lob's Pound?
- XI. Refute the calumny that there is something sheepish in the degree of "B. A.," conferred by this University. Consider whether its utter inability to take up a position of any elevation is, or is not, owing to its want of wings. Or whether its sickly state can be in any way laid to the charge of the patients in the hospital opposite. Give a sketch of its history, and present prospects; including in the former the speech of Colonel Stanhope; and in the latter, the North London and Grafton Street, East.

THE AERIAL STEAM CARRIAGE.



It is understood that the first line to be established, is that to India; the carriages leaving the top of the Monument, Fish Street Hill, every morning, and taking five minutes at the summit of the Great Pyramid, for refreshments, and to allow the passengers a short time to stretch their legs. From this point balloons will be continually starting for the most important cities of the African Desert.

The carriage is then to proceed to India, thus (should the weather be not foggy) affording to the traveller a delightful *coup d'œil* of the most interesting countries of the East.

The arrangements are in every respect very complete.

Lord Brougham is understood to have accepted the office of Patron, being himself of rather a flighty nature.

The provisions will be carried easily in the conductor's waistcoat; as by a new invention, the essence of three sheep can be concentrated into a small lozenge.

The waiting-room for the ladies at the Great Pyramid is of the most commodious kind, the ancient sepulchral chamber of King Cheops being fitted up in the Oriental style for that purpose.

Passengers who should wish to be dropped at any of the intermediate towns, may be lowered by small hand balloons at the usual cab prices.

N.B.—The "Rocket," Aerial Steam Carriage, will start on Monday next, for a tour round the Comet, proceeding by easy stages along the Milky Way. Sir J. Herschel has been engaged as conductor, being the only person who knows the exact road.

The fashions



THE unusually fine weather has caused a great change in the style of dress within the last week, especially in those for promenade. Chesterfield wrappers, Dreadnoughts, and Taglionis are now laid aside by those who have another coat underneath; and gracefully thrown open to the full extent of the velvet facing by those who have not. The most elegant spring fashion we have observed of late, and to which we give our decided preference, is a Doudney suit of *drap de verd* invisible, or invisible green; the body of the coat high and plain, the sleeves short, but worn full at the elbow, and the cuffs *retroussés*; a row of pins placed on the latter, one above the other, greatly increases the effect; and a yard measure carried negligently in the right hand, while the left arm supports a packet of superior calicos, forms a tasteful and agreeable ensemble.

At a *soirée musicale*, given by Mr. Smith a few evenings since, in the Borough, we could not fail to remark the *toilette* of the dashing Mr. C., of Bartholomew's. His dress was a printed cotton dressing-gown, of the bed-furniture pattern, so popular with the dummies at the leading *Magasins des modes*; the sleeves demi-large, the corsage made to button up to the throat; what was worn under this we could not ascertain, but the trowsers were gray tweeds, and the slippers *tapisés*. The *coiffure* was a German smoking-cap, with a worsted tassel, from under which the hair was suffered to flow *au naturel*, and to meet the whiskers, which were trimmed *à la-Sibthorp*. Several of our *élégants* are now in the habit of carrying two pocket-handkerchiefs, one for its ordinary purpose, the other to dust the boots previous to making an afternoon visit, though one sometimes performs the duties of both. There is no change in the *mouchoir*; the flags of all nations and the maps of London are perhaps the most popular.

THE POETIC LAUREATESHIP.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Pray contradict the report that has appeared in various journals, declaratory of the fact that I have—on the pressing invitation of Sir Robert—accepted the office of Poet Laureate.

Is it likely? Have I not already a pension of 300*l.* per annum as a literary patriarch; and is it probable—with my high poetic principles—that I should accept a further reward, when there are men like Campbell, Leigh Hunt, Knowles, &c., upon whom the pecuniary advantage of the post might be more fittingly bestowed?—Your obedient Servant,

Rydal Mount, April 7.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Two Great Public Questions.

MR. PUNCH,—Will you allow me to put a couple of queries to you? No. I. *When will the Aerial ship go up?* No. II. *When will Herr Staudigl and M. Duprez come out?*

Is the town to remain much longer in the madness of uncertainty on these absorbing questions? Yours,

?

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4*d.*) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Thursday Morning, and may be procured through any Newsman, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of this Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XIV.—I AM PURCHASED BY MADAME SPANNEU.—AN ILLUSTRATION OF HUMAN MOTIVES.

THE Countess being placed in mourning—such is the gentle, tender phrase that indicates the call of death in high houses—I was cast aside. Indeed, again and again before the Countess quitted London for Canaan Hall—the family country-seat—I heard her vow that she would leave the world for ever. Existence had lost its only value to her; what was life without her darling child? Most vociferous was her grief; whilst the Earl, with calm, deep sorrow, would gaze at her, as I thought, with doubting looks. However, the day after the death of her child, her ladyship departed to feed her misery in solitude. She would henceforth employ herself among her husband's tenantry; she would visit the sick, the widowed and the fatherless; again and again did she assure her husband that she would be quite a blessing to the poor! Hearing this, and finding myself cast carelessly by, I concluded that I, too, was doomed to a long retirement from the bustling world. In little less than a week, I found it otherwise.

One afternoon I found myself in the hands of Mrs. Pillow, who declared me to be, with other matters—gowns, and gloves, and cloaks, and shoes—her lawful property, by gift from the Countess. This declaration was made by the housekeeper to a short, thin, flauntily-dressed little woman, who evidently gazed at myself and my companions with the depreciating looks of a purchaser.

"There, Madame Spanneu," cried Mrs. Pillow, holding me daintily between her thumb and finger, "I call that a beauty. It's a bit of virgin snow, and never been in my lady's head but once."

"La, my dear," said Madame, in a most affectionate tone, "feathers fetch nothing. Indeed, I'm the greatest sinner alive if all business isn't quite gone to the dogs."

"Talking about dogs, Madame Spanneu, how's your husband?" Thus spoke Mrs. Pillow; and though the reader may feel that the inquiry, dictated by a thought of the canine race, was scarcely complimentary to Monsieur Spanneu, it was nevertheless the result of association of ideas in the brain of the housekeeper; for, as I afterwards discovered, Monsieur Spanneu, Parisian born, was an enthusiast in poodles. They were to him as his own flesh and blood. He was their "guide, philosopher, and friend;" though truth compels me to admit that he never hesitated to sell his pupils when he could obtain a purchaser. His fame, indeed, was widely spread throughout the fashionable world, and many were the declining maidens who owed the prime consolation of their lives to the delicate tending of Mons. Spanneu. Indeed, as I once heard him declare, all his dogs were "dogs of sentiment."

"How is Monsieur?" again inquired Mrs. Pillow.

"Bless your heart, my dear," answered the partner of his soul, "nothing ever ails the brute. Ha! my dear, it serves me right—I would try to learn French, and I'm rightly served for it. That satin, my dear, is stained in three places," and Madame Spanneu pointed to the spots on a rose-coloured gown.

"Well, I always thought it odd as how you could marry a Frenchman," said the housekeeper, sinking the spots of a garment in the blemishes of a husband. "I didn't think it's doing the right thing by one's own country."

"My dear, I had my scruples; but then he said he was a count. What shall I give you for the lot?"—and again Madame jumped from thoughts conjugal to matters of business.

"Why, you shall give me—but we'll talk of that down-stairs; I've a little something, and such a glass of Madeira!" Saying this, the housekeeper hurried Madame Spanneu from the apartment.

An hour, at least, had elapsed, and I, with the other perquisites, was carried to the housekeeper's room; where I could not but acknowledge the evidence of the potency of the Madeira. Mrs. Pillow's face was luminous; Madame Spanneu's eyes twinkled; and a gentleman whom I at once recognised as Mr. Curlwell, was chewing a bit of a song, in which there were "Chloe's eyes" and "Chloe's lips," and "Chloe's balmy kisses."

"Well, my love," cried Madame Spanneu, for wine had enlarged her heart and deepened her ordinary terms of affection—"well, my love, if I've any weakness in the world, it's music."

"That's me, all over," said Mrs. Pillow with a slight titter, and as I thought, an oblique half-look at Mr. Curlwell. Whether it was so or not, that gentleman took a deep respiration, and again burst forth in praise of "Chloe."

"And when does Lady Blushrose come back, my love?" inquired Madame Spanneu, between one of Curlwell's pauses.

"Bless your heart, nobody knows. She's a going to bury herself from the whole world. Poor dear thing!" Thus sympathised Mrs. Pillow.

Mr. Curlwell, leaning back in his chair and putting his thumbs in his waistcoat, roared over his neckcloth—"She'll be at Ranelagh in a fortnight."

"La! how can you talk so! And with that dear child upon her mind! To be sure, she knew as how it wouldn't live, if she didn't nurse it. Well, it's in Heaven," cried Mrs. Pillow with an air of satisfaction, by no means lessened by another glass of Madeira. "I don't know how it is; between ourselves, people haven't the hearts they used to have when I was a girl."

Madame Spanneu was about to press her lips to the glass; struck by this melancholy verity, she paused an instant: then shaking her head with deep significance at the housekeeper, she cried, "They haven't," and tossed off the Madeira.

"The world's a getting still wicked," was the opinion of Mr. Curlwell—"nobody now can trust nobody. I never thought much of the Countess. Some people says she's handsome; but she's not my beauty." Here, the valet looked dead in the face of Mrs. Pillow, who—with the corners of her mouth slightly curling—said, "You're so partic'lar."

"Poor thing! Still, you know, my dear," cried Madame, "now the baby's gone, the Countess must have something to like."

"Try a poodle," said Curlwell; "for my part, I hate a house with babbies."

"Well, what a man you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Pillow, smiling. "But after all, people with the money of the Countess can't feel grief like us as are poor."

"They haven't the hearts," cried the valet in a loud voice, expanding his chest.

"With a good deal of money, folks can bear a deal of trouble, and be none the worse for it," said the housekeeper.

"Trouble does 'em good—teaches 'em who's master," vociferated the valet, and again he drank the Earl's Madeira.

"Still, my love," said Madame Spanneu, "I pity the Earl; everybody says, my dear, he's so much feeling."

"Not a atom," exclaimed Curlwell; his charity towards his superiors fast vanishing with his sobriety. Indeed, I have no doubt that the valet's firm belief was that all human goodness had for ever quitted the drawing-rooms of the great and set up its "everlasting rest" in the butler's pantry. Thus, he continued, "The Earl feel! Pooh! Crocodiles, ma'am—crocodiles."

"But really, Mr. Curlwell," said Mrs. Pillow, "what motives, as we may say, should his lordship have—"

"How do we know! Motives! Who knows anything about 'em? I don't trust to anything or anybody: if the Earl was to give me five hundred a year to-morrow, should I thank him for it in my heart? No: and why not? Why, because I should be certain he'd some motive in it. Nobody does nothing without thinking of something." Such was at once the simple and enlarged philosophy of Lord Huntingtopper's valet.

"My dear Mr. Curlwell, I do think you're right. I'm sorry to say it: but something happened only yesterday at our house, that makes me suspect everybody; yes"—said Madame Spanneu with emphasis—"everybody."

"Can't do better, ma'am," cried Curlwell, again quaffing the Madeira. "What was it?"

"Why, you know, my dear Mrs. Pillow, we lost our darling cat three weeks ago."

"Dear me!" cried the sympathising housekeeper.

"Well, my dear, about the middle of last week, a woman—a very tidy, civil sort of body, comes to our house, and says to me, says she—Marm, do you want a cat? Why, my dear, says I, quite forgetting who I was talking to—I do. Well, then, says the woman, here's a sweet little cretur; and with that, she does no more than take a black kitten out of her basket, as she had under her cloak. There, said she—there's a little rose in June for you; black as a coal ma'am; search it all over, for I wish I may die if there's a white hair in it. Well, my dear, I'm not superstitious; no, I should hope not; still, I know there's luck in a black cat. So I says to the woman, you're very kind; I'll take the cat with pleasure: it's very good of you to have brought it. Don't name it, ma'am, says the woman; who would take no thanks at all for the matter. Well, I took in the cat, and the woman goes away. You'd see nothing in that, would you, my dear?"

"Nothing at all," said Mrs. Pillow.

"Cat was mad, no doubt," cried the charitable Curlwell.

"Not at all: as sensible and as well-behaved a cat as ever entered

a house," averred Madame Spanneu. "But what do you think, my dear? Yesterday, comes the very woman to me again. Marm, says she, I hope you like the cat? Very much, my dear, says I. You'll find it a beautiful mouser, marm, for I know its family. I've no doubt of it at all, says I. Well then, says the woman, since you like the cat so much, we can now come to business. What business? says I. Why, marm, says the woman, as I brought you the cat, you couldn't do less than let me serve it? Serve it—serve it with what? says I. Why, with cat's-meat, says the woman. Couldn't think of such a thing, says I, and I always feed my cat from my own table. Then you should have heard her impudence. Why, says she, calling me everything but a lady, I could have got the kitten a place in a respectable family, yes a place in a square—and you never could be such a fool—yes, my love, those were her words—you never could be such a fool—could never know so little of life, as to suppose I'd give you a cat, if it wasn't that I was to serve her with meat!"

"Like all the world," says Mr. Curlew: and here ended Madame Spanneu's chapter on human motives.

GREENWICH SAMARITANS.

AN idiot boy, named EDWARD WILSON—a hapless, miserable creature, robbed by a scoundrel, who was entrusted by the dying mother of the child with ample means to provide for it,—a poor, witless, helpless creature, whose peculiar sufferings should have made it almost a sacred thing to the sympathies of men, was a day or two since presented to the humanities of the officers of the Greenwich Union. He had wandered, hungry, houseless, and desolate—"His feet," says the report in *The Times*, "being literally dropping off from filth and walking many miles," when he was taken to the Union. The door of that sanctuary turned upon its harmonious hinges, and the boy was received for—*one night!* With the morning he was thrust from the house; flung, a noisome filthy thing in the sensitive nostrils of the Greenwich Samaritans, to rob, to rot, to lie down and die! What matters which? The poor wretch was an idiot; and still worse, he was a pauper; a tling of no more account in this world than the mud and mire crushed by the carriage-wheels of the rich. However, even poverty is tenacious of life—the greatest misery takes much killing. *West* did not die; no, he lived and still felt the fire of famine, the sores that crippled him. He was brought back to the Union, after three days' wandering, and was refused to be taken in. Oh, ye smug Christian guardians of the Greenwich sanctuary, what, when ye kneel at the gate of paradise, what if ye should not—be taken in?

NARRATIVE

OF AN EXCURSION TO THE FROZEN LAKE OF THE GLACIARIUM.

UNDERTAKEN BY MR. TIDDLEY WINKS, THE CELEBRATED TRAVELLER, AND COMMUNICATED BY HIM.

NEXT to the ascent of Haverstock Hill, and passage of Hampstead Heath, perhaps there is no excursion in the vicinity of London, requiring such great exertions or heedlessness of danger as the one I am about to describe. It should only be attempted by those capable of bearing intense bodily fatigue, as well as those favoured individuals to whom a shilling is not a coin of too great rarity, for at the very lowest rate of expenditure, the trip cannot be accomplished under that sum.

ANxious to discover how far the accounts of previous travellers were to be relied upon, I determined towards the close of the last month, upon making the essay, uninfluenced by the attempts at dissuasion made, by my too anxious mother, whom I finally resolved upon leaving in ignorance of my absence from home when the time arrived. I spent the previous day in making such preparations as the journey required, and as evening approached, I set off from home unknown to any one. I crossed the large expanse of Cavendish-square, in safety; and then hiring a guide to conduct me through the perplexing convolutions of Marylebone-lane, I at last arrived in Baker-street, where I dismissed my attendant, resolved to undertake the rest of the arduous task alone, or perish in the attempt.

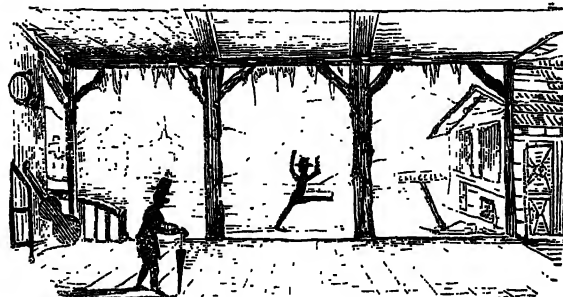
On entering the large portals which conduct to the Valley, a bandit rushed from some concealed fastness on my right, and demanded my umbrella or my life. He evidently imagined that I was some wealthy traveller bound for the gilded regions of Tussaud, for on my mentioning that my business was to explore the lake, he directly allowed me to pass on my way, eying me with a pitying glance, as if I had been a doomed pilgrim to the centre of the great desert. I passed between the two ascents conducting to the gorgeous realms just spoken of, and then directed by a



solitary placard on which was inscribed the chilling words "TO THE ICE!!"—the sole directions the voyager can find in these lonely regions,—I entered the dominions of gloom and solitude which conduct to the lake.

The noise of the peopled world now faded away, and in the faint light that reigned around, I saw evidences of what the storms had been in these savage districts. I counted nearly thirty travelling carriages which had been abandoned—doubtless before the snow thawed—and left to decay, presenting an appalling picture of loneliness. At the extremity of this pass, I arrived at the frontier, where my appearance created some surprise in the official there stationed. As soon as he had recovered from his astonishment at my hardihood, he demanded a shilling as a toll, and having inspected me minutely, gave me a provisional passport, which was demanded of me directly afterwards by another *douanier*, and I was then allowed to approach the lake.

Passing a rustic door ingeniously cut through the rocks that surrounded



it, I entered a wooden *chalet*, situated at the edge of the lake, and commanding an entire view of its expanse. A dead silence reigned around as I approached, but immediately afterwards one of the natives rushed from a gorge of brown paper and whitewash at the extremity of the lake, and performed several savage evolutions upon its surface. At this moment a curious phenomenon presented itself. A man's hat and portion of his head appeared over the snow-clad summit of a distant mountain, and, having remained there for nearly half a minute, disappeared again. This was doubtless a similar effect to the celebrated Spectre of the Brocken, of which I had read. I can offer no other explanation.

I was enabled to discover, during my short sojourn, that water, when frozen, becomes Epsom Salts; as I found out by tasting some of the hoar frost on the shrubs at the edge of the lake. The natives I take to be a musical people, as I perceived at the end of the gallery several instruments, but whether these were left there for visitors to amuse themselves upon in the absence of other entertainments, or really belonging to some society of the aborigines, I am unable precisely to determine. The curious fact of the contiguity of vegetable life to the edge of the glaciers, was also shown here, by some delicate exotics growing on the most exposed situations, nor did I feel, after a time, so cold as I had expected to be. This might, however, be owing to the approach of a thaw, as I perceived that the ice had already given way in one corner, and the water was apparent. A board placed over it and labelled "DANGEROUS," showed that every care was taken for the prevention of accident, and that English was understood in the canton. The clouds hung so low that I could almost touch them with my umbrella, and presented a curiously Vandyked appearance. As I inferred a storm from this circumstance, as well as from hearing various indistinct rumblings at a distance, in the direction of Madame Tussaud's, I hastened to take my departure.

Providentially my return was effected without any accident, although I was much exhausted, and tormented by a burning thirst, which might possibly have arisen from some salt-beef I had eaten for dinner. I reached the street in safety, where an omnibus, having doubtless heard of my attempt, was waiting to receive me, and with very little more worth mentioning, arrived safely at home, at nine in the evening.

(Signed)

TIDDLEY WINKS.

THE MARKETS.

BUTTER, which has been languid during the recent close weather, has become firmer since the temperature has diminished. Pigs went off slowly, and some which were taken by the leg hung very much on hand; and eggs, of which a large parcel formed the subject of a heavy transaction, suffered materially from the pressure. Potatoes with the jackets were freely quoted at the old rates; and greens were done exactly as usual.

To separate Mind from Matter.

Take Sacch:—Knob: iv.

Alcoh: Scotie:—Gill: ij.

Aq: fervid:—Quart: j.

Stir well together till diluted. Drink off suddenly. In a short time Mind will fly off with a brisk effervescence and a considerable noise, leaving a PRECIPITATE of Matter, generally accompanied by a little *spar* in crystallised fragments.

SAPPHO MADE EASY.

ACT I.

WHAT bustle, what row, what confusion, what fury,
Are prevalent now at the doors of Old Drury!
Every cab that goes by, every carriage that passes,
Is doom'd to sustain an attack on its glasses
From boys, who keep getting in every one's way,
With "book of the opera," "bill of the play."

How cramm'd are the boxes—how closely they sit,
From the right to the left—from the slips to the pit!
To the orchestra all now impatiently look—
When, baton in hand, in saunters Tom Cooke:
Of course of applause there's a vehement round,
Which Tom Cooke receives with obeisance profound;
Then, turning his back with an affable grin,
He strikes on the lamp as a sign to begin.
The band has proceeded to play a few bars
When behind the green curtain are heard loud *huzzas*.
The audience (although they scarcely know why,)
With applause of their own to the cheering reply.
The curtain is drawn: in a manner superior,
It shows of the Circus the massive interior.
The people are raising a horrible din
Of roaring, and clapping, and shouting within;
The row being aided, there is not a doubt,
By carpenters, dressers, and all who can shout,
And e'en the hall porter is called from the door
To help the effect of this classical roar.



The Circus is opened an instant, and then
We catch a short glimpse of a number of men
Applauding and shouting, with fury and might,
For the moderate sum of a shilling per night.
The Circus is closed—but it opens again,
When somebody from it is thrust with disdain:



At once we perceive, by the figure and face,
The outcast is Phillips, the principal *bass*;
From this it appears, that there's not a doubt,
The ancients would sometimes exclaim "Turn him out!"
And further inquiry, perhaps, might discover
A classical term for the cry "Throw him over!"
The part, by H. Phillips sustained, is Alexander,
A personage doom'd in affliction to wander.
That Sappho he hates is excessively clear,
But to him she once—he alleges—was dear,
Though greatly 'twould puzzle himself to say why
He loved her or hates her, unless, by the bye,
His feelings with those of the bard to compare,
Afford him a pretext for singing an air
Of which the slow movement relates to the past,
But his anger is taken exceedingly fast.
"Affection once cherished"—the hautboy and flute,
The voice to accompany, charmingly suit;
But when he expression would find to his rage,
Trombones and serpents he seems to engage.
When of "tender remembrance" he dolefully sings,
The accompanying instruments then are the strings;
But when he reverts to "the rack of his mind,"
The strings on a sudden give way to the wind:
His anguish he bellows—and nought can surpass
The roar that the orchestra makes with the brass.

Then Allen, the principal tenor, appears,
As Phaon, in flesh-coloured leggings and tears,
Declaring that Sappho has spurn'd and betray'd him,
In fact, an unfortunate devil has made him.
Alexander then asks why on earth he is reclining,
While Climene he's slighted and left to repining;
And tells him how foolish it is thus to bother
Himself about one when he might have another.
Then Phaon agrees he'll abjure her, and leave her,
For acting the part of a faithless deceiver.
Away then they go—and a general bellow
Announces the entrance of Clara Novello.
She slowly advances, right down to the float,
And even before she has utter'd a note,
The audience join in a boisterous round
Of applause, for which Sappho makes curtsies profound.
An air she commences, deploring her fate,
In the time of two-four, which is changed to six-eight:
She says that for Phaon she ever must burn,
And bids him, if not out of hearing, return.
Then Phaon comes in, having waited close by,
Though when he went out he had sworn he should fly;
A duet then occurs between Sappho and Phaon,
The latter abuse begins thickly to lay on,
Declaring that Sappho has desolate made him,
That sadness and madness with torments unmade him,
That jealousy's pangs he's unable to smother,
Because he is certain she favours another.
She swears it is false—and requests him to come.
He declares all her vows of affection a hum.
And the audience, not knowing which may be right,
Receives the duet with a storm of delight.
The Chorus takes part against Phaon, and warn him,
'Twould serve him quite right were the lady to scorn him.
And into the Circus they bid her repair,
For glory they tell her is waiting her there.
The anger of Phaon she tries to appease
By rushing to Allen and clutching his knees.



Poor Allen, of course, is unable to finch,
Such things on the stage must be borne at a pinch.
From Sappho's hard gripe he can't get aloof;
Like a jackass who carries a log to his hoof,
He stands in the centre—and, more to confound him,
The Chorus are angrily bellowing round him.
By plunging and kicking, with desperate strength,
His leg he succeeds in releasing at length.
And Sappho, poor creature! extended before us,
Sinks back in the arms of a man in the Chorus;
Who, thinking the fate of her ankles uncertain,



Retreats to make sure they'll be clear of the curtain,
Which, amidst of applause a tumultuous burst,
Comes down with a run on the

END OF ACT FIRST.

Conundrums of the Seedy.

WHY is the account of what is to be done by means of the Aerial ship,
like the account at my banker's?—Because it is considerably overdrawn.

WHY are my creditors like careful pilots?—Because they are on the
constant look out.

RATHER OMINOUS.

"COMING events cast their shadows before." We have been visited in
England by a comet and several shocks of earthquake, and it is said that
the King of Hanover is shortly coming over to this country.

TREASONOUS ATTACK ON HER MAJESTY.

Punch has been greatly shocked by a very treasonable letter in the columns of *The Times*. Whether *Punch's* friend, the Attorney-General, has had the epistle handed over to him, and contemplates immediate proceedings against "C. H.," the traitorous writer, *Punch* knows not: but after this information, the distinguished law-officer cannot plead ignorance of the evil, as an apology for future supineness. The letter purports to be a remonstrance to our sovereign lady the Queen; in a measure, accusing her gracious majesty of a certain degree of indifference towards the interests of London trade, of literature, the arts and sciences. The rebel writes as follows:—

"Buckingham Palace is neither so agreeable nor salubrious a residence as Windsor, but neither is the crown so pleasant to wear as a bonnet. I trust it is not necessary to remind Queen Victoria that royalty, like property, has its duties as well as its rights. One of these duties is to reside in the metropolis of the kingdom, the presence of the Sovereign in the capital being essential on many occasions. I could enumerate other duties of the Sovereign, such, for instance as conferring fashion on public entertainments that deserve to be encouraged by attending such places of amusement, and countenancing science, literature, and the arts, by honouring distinguished professors with marks of approbation; in which respect it is much to be regretted there is too much room for those remarks on the remissness of Her Majesty in these respects that are so frequently made in society. When we know how much discontent, engendered by widely-spread and deeply-felt distress, is expressed by persons not to be numbered among the lower classes, it is not without alarm that the influence of these acts of omission on the part of Queen Victoria can be regarded; and it becomes the duty of every friend of the monarchy and the constitution to warn the Sovereign of the danger, not merely to her personal popularity, but to the feeling of loyalty to the throne, that is likely to accrue from such neglect."

If all this be not "flat rebellion," *Punch* knows not the meaning of syllables. And then how basely unjust the insinuations! In the first place, is not her Majesty a constant play-goer? (See *Punch* for the long and faithful reports of the Queen's state visits to Drury-Lane and Covent-garden this season!)-Next for the "countenance given to science!" Why, was not her Majesty graciously pleased to express her satisfaction with the photogenic impression of the Chinese Treaty? And then for art, does not the Queen sit at least once a day for her portrait to Sir C. Ross, or some such national painter? Have we not, too, the very highest historical school royally patronized in Royal Christenings?—subjects, as Mr. Moon pathetically has it on his show-cards, "so dear to the heart of every English mother!" A neglect of art! Why, is there a puppy of six weeks old in Windsor kennel, that has not, by royal order, sat to an R.A.? Shall we not, at the opening of the Royal Academy, have the most gorgeous evidence of royal patronage of art, in the Queen's parrots, Queens cockatoos, Queen's monkeys, Queen's gold-fish, shining and glittering from twenty frames at least? And then, how has "C. H." the audacity to hint at an indifference to the persons of "distinguished professors" of literature, art, and science, at the palace? Why, was not Lord WILLIAM LENNOX presented a day or two since, solely on the strength of his *Tuft Hunter*? Is not the royal dinner-table crowded with poets, philosophers, astronomers, sculptors, painters, engineers? Has *Punch* published so many *Court Circulars* to so little effect? Can the world be all as ignorant of the realities of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle as "C. H.?" who—in conclusion—we once more recommend to the urbanity of the Attorney-general.

A "LOAF" OR AN "EYE!"

SOME time since, *Louisa Bolton*, in the frenzy of intense hunger—she had, too, a pining child in her arms—stole a loaf from a baker's in the Walworth-road. She was sent to gaol, and at the expiration of two months was tried, receiving sentence of four months' further imprisonment; in all, six months' incarceration. She took the child, it was then healthy, to gaol with her, where it "wasted away almost to a skeleton," and a day or two since died, the jury returning a verdict of "Natural death."

Last week, a man named *Bennett*, "gentleman," was tried at the Old Bailey for plunging a fork into a man's eye, by which the organ was entirely destroyed. We pass the suffering, the agony of the man, and come to the permanent wrong he is to bear with him to his grave. The offender *Bennett* is sentenced to six months' imprisonment; in fact (for he was out on bail), to the same punishment inflicted upon *Louisa Bolton*,—famishing with a famishing child,—for stealing a loaf. Sacred things, indeed, are the Corn-laws—sacred and thrice sacred is "property." Take a man's loaf off his counter, and you take his eye from his head. The punishment being the same, the offence must, of course, be equal.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.—It is rumoured that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has just completed a five-act play.

TRIBUTE TO MR. ROWLAND HILL.

MR. ROWLAND HILL, having taught the Government the proper use of its letters, is now cashiered by the Ministry; the Cabinet fearing that any further tarrying of the Post-Office reformer in St. Martin's-le-Grand would cause a convulsion among the authorities. We understand that at a meeting of London bankers and merchants, held on Thursday, it was resolved to present to Mr. Rowland Hill, the statuettes of PEEL, GRAHAM, and GOULBURN in the very best pewter. They are to have a sheet of music in their hands, written with the glee—which they are to sing with great vigour and accord

—or

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

IMPORTANT TO BARBERS.



A PERFECTLY NOVEL INVENTION.

Manufacture of Living Clothes Brushes; well-aired, and animated Hair Brushes, with Musical accompaniment.

Messrs. Metcalf and Co. have opened an establishment in this neighbourhood, for the cultivation of the breed of that highly useful and ornamental quadruped, the

ERINACEUS EUROPEUS, vulgarly denominated the HEDGEHOG.

Messrs. Metcalf and Co., who have for a vast number of years devoted their exclusive attention to the various departments of Brush-making, confidently anticipate that the use of the

LIVE HEDGE-HOG,

(with a muzzle) will be likely to supersede every other species of Brush, either for the Hair, Teeth, or Raiment.

* * * Old, half-worn Hedge-hogs, for brushing Boots, scouring Stairs and Street-door Steps, at unusually low prices.

☞ The best allowance made for "Sucking Hodgenigs."

WHYS AND WHENS.

BY AN EMINENT PROFESSOR.

Why are Publicans subject to imposition?
Because they are liable to take Inns.

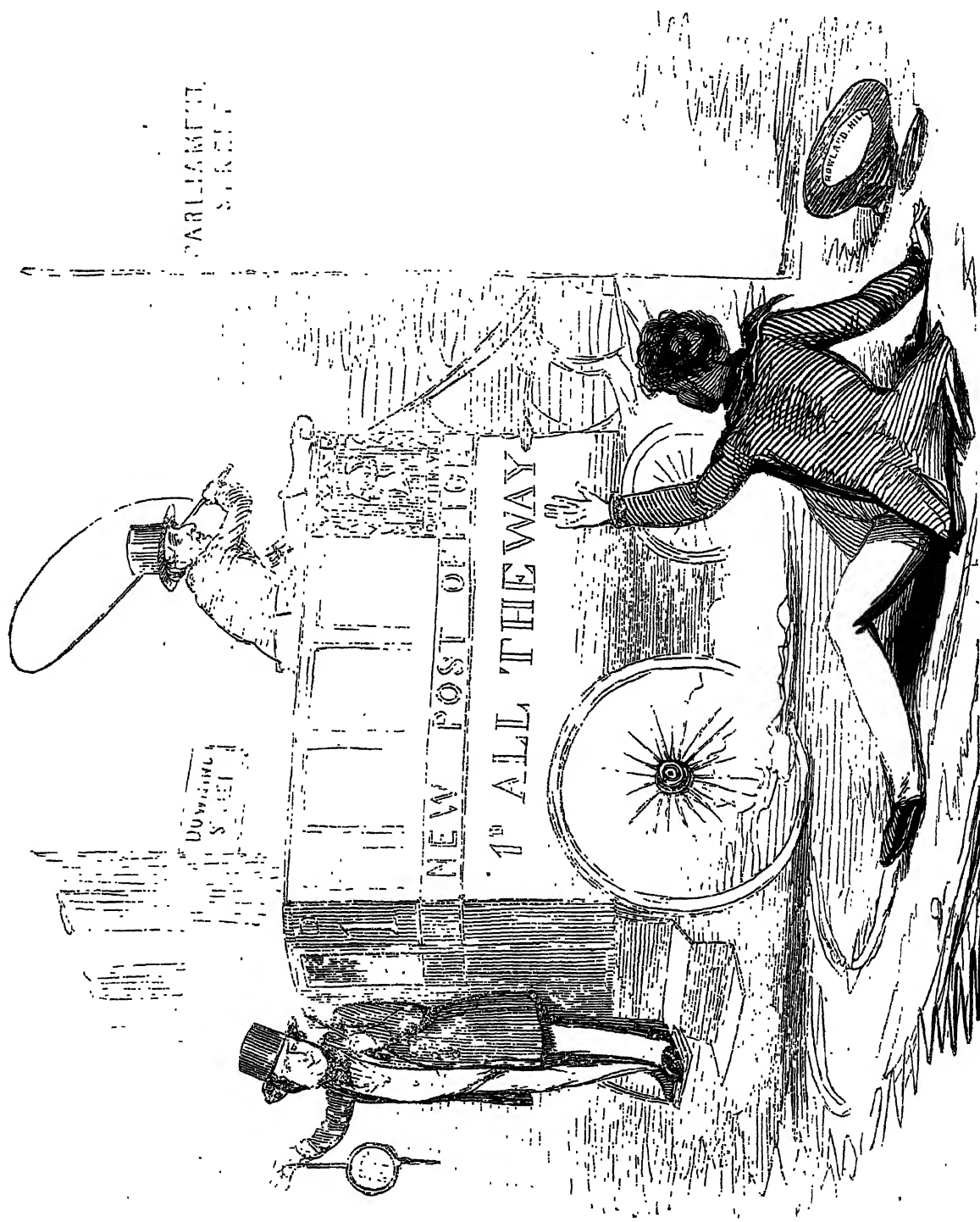
Why was Lord Huntingtower like an empty house?
Because he had such lots of bills on him.

Why does a penny pieman shed scalding tears?
Because he cries "all hot."

Why is the Isle of Wight like Whitechapel?
Because it's famous for its Needles.

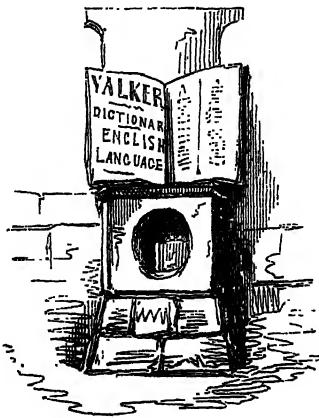
What is the difference between Punch and Judy?
A quarrel.

Why is the snow different from Sunday?
Because it can fall on any day in the week.



POST-OFFICE ROBBERY.

ON THE COCKNEY PRONUNCIATION.



AM a Cockney, Mr. PUNCH—a Cockney from the crown of my gossamer to the soles of my high-lows. Not a heart in all London yearns towards its native *wood-pavement* with a purer love than that which now beats beneath this "Co-razza."

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As in the Strand he proudly stood,
"This is my own—my native—*wood*."

I am no cosmopolite—but a metropolite in heart and pronunciation. The world is not my city; on the contrary, the

city is *my* world. I have none of those Indian-rubber heart-strings which will stretch from one end of the earth to the other, and make a man as ready to claim a settlement in the desert of Arabia, as he is in the parish of Simmery Axe. Nor am I even a patriot; indeed I look upon that *ism* as a kind of Whig virtue—a sort of finality measure of affection—saying to the flood of one's sympathies, "thus far," &c., as Canute the Dane did to the sea, when, like a marine beadle, he went out with his courtiers to beat the boundaries of the ocean. Either patriotism is a petty prejudice—a thing of roods and perches—or else it is an extensive swindle, calling upon a man to spread his heart over 57,000 and odd square miles, and to love 16,000,000 and upwards of individuals, which I freely confess my nature is not sufficiently amatory to enable me to do. It is true we are told that the increased facilities of conveyance have reduced the distance which formerly alienated one Englishman from another. But this I class as extensive swindle No. 2. For since the fares by the railroads remain the same as they were by the coaches; and distance, as metaphysicians tell us, is but the synthesis of space and time; and time, as every shop-boy knows, is money, I flatter myself I very logically conclude that John O'Groat's is now just as far from the Land's End as ever it was. Nevertheless, I readily allow that the great chancellor who presides on the coach-box of the Chelsea omnibus did, by lowering the fare from Battersea Bridge to Mile End from one shilling to sixpence, bring "the two great seas of Chel and Batter"* as near again to the metropolis, and convert Mile End into half mile ditto. But notwithstanding this, I am content to confine my affections within the walls of London, and to limit my love to the 80,000 beings they are said to include, which number surely is quite enough for a man—whose heart is not like a carpet-bag capable of holding any quantity—to contain in his bosom at one time. My sympathies never go west of Temple Bar. Tanner, the illustrious hair-dresser at the side of it, who shaves gentlemen with their toes in London and their chins in Middlesex, is the last link in the chain of my affections. The manufacturer of the incomparable ointment, who lives immediately beyond—Holloway—is to me an alien.

With this slight preamble, Mr. PUNCH, I, with your permission, will take up the cudgels and enter your lists as champion of the Cockney Pronunciation, in token whereof I now throw down my berlin. Having been some time in training upon the Indo-Teutonic languages, I am ready to back myself against any light weight in Sanscrit, Gothic, Icelandic, or Anglo-Saxon, to prove that there is no truth—no not one *iota*—and more especially one *w* (the London digamma, by the way), in the rules for teaching my fellow-citizens to speak English, laid down in the introduction to the pronouncing dictionary of Walker. I think I hear some of your readers at the West End cry "Walker." If, however, any one should feel inclined to give vent to sitch a hexclamation, I will shortly show him how hunclassical it is to adopt sitch a position as hisn. But I turn up my cuffs, and proceed with alacrity to the proof, merely remarking, by the way, that any opponent I may now have will, I flatter myself—if he but take the trouble to read on—soon be compelled to axe for Kevarter—instead of *Quarter*, as he in his ignorance, doubtlessly, would have termed it.

* I quote from a young barrister (would I could say rising.) I make this acknowledgment, because it would be base indeed to rob the briefcase.

In the first place, then, I must inform you that those great philological genealogists, who have busied themselves in tracing the pedigree of the different languages, agree in considering the Sanscrit as the great-grandfather of a very large family, and that his three principal children were the Celtic, or Welsh; the Hellenic, or Greek; and the Teutonic, or Gothic. The Greek gave birth to the Latin, while the Gothic had twins, which were christened Alemannic and Saxon—commonly known as High and Low Dutch. The High Dutch was the language of the Alemanni and Franks, or superior Germans, i. e. *polonies*; the Low Dutch, the language of the Angles, Friesians and Jutes, or small Germans,



i. e.—*sardoyes*. Now, the Gothic and Welsh being brothers to the Greek, it is evident that they each stood in the relation of uncle to the Latin, and while the Latin was first cousin to the High and Low Dutch, these two were respectively the nephews of the Greek and Welsh. But the next of kin to the Latin are the French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese—to the Old High Dutch modern German—and to the Old Low Ditto modern Flemish—hence the present languages of Germany and the Netherlands bear to those of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, the very natural relation of cousins-*german*. Respecting the English, a case of affiliation is generally made out against the old Low Dutch or Saxon; but as I consider our language far from thoroughbred, I shall for the present withhold the names of its supposed parents. Suffice it—it may, like all the modern European languages, be classed as the great-grandchild of the Sanscrit.

It now remains for me to apprise you it has been discovered that the words of the different languages above mentioned, in emigrating from one country to another, have found—like Londoners settled in the backwoods of America—considerable difficulty in the transmission of their letters; and that all the fun created by the far-fetched derivations of the etymologists of former times has arisen—as it invariably does in your cut-and-dry comedies of the present day—from an ignorance of the regular change of letters. These philological international laws have been accurately laid down by Dr. J. Grimm, in his "Deutsche Grammatik," and are known to the learned world under the name of Grimm's Canon, which you will perceive is something like Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol at Dover—carrying from one country to another. This Canon I now proceed to discharge:—

Greek and Latin.	Gothic and Anglo-Saxon.	Greek and Latin.	Gothic and Anglo-Saxon.	Greek and Latin.	Gothic and Anglo-Saxon.
P changes into F		D changes into T		G changes into K	
F into B	B into P	T into Th	Th into D	K into H	Gr.Ch Lat.H into G

To open the eyes of the vulgar, I give a solitary example—Greek, O-dous, o-dont-os; Latin—Dens, dent-is; Gothic, *Tunth*-us; Anglo-Saxon, *Tóth*; English, *Tooth*.

Hence, we may imagine the Goths and Anglo-Saxons singing—concerning the change of the Greek and Latin D, as in the example above cited—

Oh no, we never mention it,
As T with us 'tis heard,
Our lips the D object to speak
In a Greek or Latin word.

And as the liquids, l, m, n, r, appear in their several transmigrations to undergo no alteration whatever, we may, by a like stretch of fancy, conceive each of those letters joining in chorus, saying—

But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.

Having, then, erected "these desirable premises," and fortified them, moreover, with the Canon of the redoubtable Grimm, I come in due order to show that the friendly interchange of the *v's* and *w's*, which so pre-eminently distinguishes the Cockney dialect from all others, is in perfect harmony with the genius of the English language. But

as this involves a question of history as well as philology, I am afraid, Mr. PUNCH, that the tether you allow my pen will compel me to defer the consideration of that subject till a future period. For the present, however, I will conclude with a slight exposition of the infinite superiority, in purity and elegance, of the London verb, "to *axe*," over the Middlesex vulgarism "to *ask*." The Londoners take their word, neat as imported, from the Anglo-Saxon *Axian*, or *Acsian*, whereas the Middlesexons have, by their senseless and ignorant contortion of its intestinal consonants (changing it to *Acsian*), so disfigured the term, that, were Beowulf to be galvanized out of his grave, he would be obliged to consult Johnson to discover its meaning. As well might we talk of the world revolving on its *askis*, or translate the immortal line of Homer—

— while ruthless he
Spar'd not to smite them with his mur'd'rous *ask*.

But, to fell all doubts on the point, I lay the London *Axe* to the Anglo-Saxon root:—

Anglo-Saxon—Axian, axigean, or Acsian, acsigan, to inquire.
Middlesex—Ask.
Cockney—Axe.

Thus the Anglo-Saxon, "*nan ne dorste axigean*," is, rendered into elegant English—no man durst *axe*—vulgo, *ask*.

However—on Reason's head reasons to accumulate—I add a few quotations from the fathers of the English language:—

ROBERT LANGLAND, or rather LONGDALE, says, in his "*Vision of Piers Ploughman*," speaking of Mercy and Truth—

"when thyse maydennes mette
Either *axed* ether of thys gret wonder."

WICLIF writes—

"Ye witen not what ye *axen*."

And CHAUCER, in "*The Miller's Tale*," has the following passage, *vide* 3557—

"But Robin may not wete of this thy knave,
Ne eke thy mayden Gille I may not save;
Axe not why—for though thou *axe* me
I woll not tellen goddess privatec."

To bring the subject to a grand climax, I beg to present the reader with a literal but pure Anglo-Saxon version of that exquisitely London ballad, entitled



"ALL ROUND MY HAT,"

where, it will be remembered, the word *axe* is introduced with a most felicitous elegance. In gratitude for this offering, let the reader, who aspires to speak and write his language in its native purity, make the following entry in the Gazette of his Memory—"Axe to be Captain of the Interrogatives, vice *Ask*—resigned."

All round my hat I wears a green willow,
All round my hat; for a twelvemonth and a day,
And if any one should *axe* me the reason why I wears it,
It is all for my true love what is far far away.

Anglo-Saxon Version of the above.

Eall ymbe * minne hat ic worige grenne welig,
Eall ymbe minne hat for twelfmonð and aune dæg,
And gif ænig me were *axian*, þu me welig whi ic worige,
Hit is for minne treowne lufend hwæt is feor feor awæg.

SIBTHORP'S LAST.

WHEN does a street-scamp resemble a tattered tea-cake?—When he's a rag o' muffin. (Oh! oh!)

* "Round" is a Low Dutch and Danish word. The Anglo-Saxon has only *Rand* or *Rond*, signifying a shield, a border, margin, or rim—which, indeed, is one of the senses of the Danish *Rand* or *Rund*, round. Richardson derives the English *Round* from the Latin *Rotundus*—Bah! *Rot-undus* is from the Lat. *Rot-a*, a wheel; and this from the Angl. Sax. *Rid-an*, to ride (see Grimm's Canon), whereas the Dutch or Danish *Rond* and Angl. Sax. *Rund* are from the Dut. *Ronn-en*, Dan. *Rende*, Angl. Sax. *Renn-an*: all signifying to run, to flow. Hence the several meanings, a margin, or rim, round, and a shield.

Punch's Provincial Intelligence.

"This is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of the reckoning."—SHAKESPEARE.

Salisbury Plain.—(Second Notice.)

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE.—Since the New Stone-Henge Town has been erected, nothing whatever has more surprised the inhabitants than the appearance among the abodes of men of that scarce and solitary bird, the Bustard, a specimen of which, on Friday last, stalked leisurely through the new town, admiring the bonnets and other millinery in the shops. It took a peck of oats at the Griffin public-house (the Anti Corn-Law Hotel)—purchased a pair of Solomon's spectacles at the Bazaar; and, lighting a cigar, wended its way back to the uncivilised and remote corners of Salisbury Plain.—*Wills Chron.*

Ostend Rabbits.

Since the importation to this country of a vast number of Ostend Rabbits, without their furs, there is scarcely a cat to be met with in the Netherlands.

A correspondent has suggested, that they should in future be called OSTENSIBLE Rabbits!—*Yarmouth Reformer.*

Oxford.

INTERESTING EXTRACT FROM THE LAST BRIDGEWATER TREATISE. BY PROFESSOR KIRBY.—"Such is now the progress of general knowledge, that the nation is absolutely losing its ancient vulgarisms. No person, however limited his education, would now inquire the precise meaning of the phrase "*a brace of shakes*." No one, in these days, would observe that his risible friend "*grinned like a Cheshire cat*:" nor would any person, to express his alacrity, state that he would be with you "*in a pig's whisper*," or "*the twinkling of a bed-post*." The most simple child, in these times, would disdain to inquire for either "*pigeon's milk*," or "*strap oil*," and at the same moment would not acknowledge that he was "*as silent as a church mouse*."

Market Drayton.

It is, we understand, the intention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose several new taxes, to come into operation in 1844. Amongst which will be imposed a duty on Black-beetles, on House-sparrows, on broken Glass Bottles stuck on walls, at 2s. per foot; on posting Placards, at 18d. per yard. The hair-powder tax is to be repealed, as it produces nothing.

These enlightened measures will assuredly appease the vituperative wrath of the Parisian journalists; if not, why, the sooner the two nations come to open collision the better.

'PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER XIV.—PERTAINING TO PLUTO AND HIS PREMISES.

PLUTO was the monarch of the Shades below. The Shades below, like the Shades above, were wine and spirit vaults; the wine department corresponded to Elysium, while spirits were to be met with everywhere. The spirits, however, were not spirits of wine, but the spirits of individuals; though it is not unreasonable to suppose that in Elysium there was a little grog, too. The kingdom of Pluto was divided into two regions, one for gentlemen, the other for blackguards. The whole territory was encompassed by the river Styx, which must have flown with some remarkably good liquor, for we read that the gods used to swear by it. Its waters are said to have been very dark; perhaps, if they were not fit to drink, they may have served for blacking, which might have been sworn by, as men swear by Day and Martin. Over this stream there was a ferry, belonging to one Charon, who would have been the Tom Tug of the nether world if he had been "a jolly young waterman;" but he happened to be a surly old one. It was his office to row the dead over to the other side of the stream; but there were two classes of passengers whom he would not take, those who were not buried as well as dead, and those who had no money. What his fare was is not known, nor has what he did with it, beyond putting it in his pocket, which it may be plausibly conjectured that he did, been ascertained. That the old fellow, however, had an "itching palm," is certain. When Æneas went below to pay his respects to his governor Anchises, Charon, beholding him approach the bank, gruffly told him to get out, and wait till he was dead, and not to come there where he had no business; but on the hero's showing him a certain golden branch which he had in his coat pocket, and uttering the simple monosyllable "twig!" the sulky old rascal was mollified in a twinkling; grinned, cocked his eye, and let him in

immediately. "All the unburi'd and insolvent, however, who wanted to press after the warrior, he sternly repulsed with his oar, which he laid about their sides like a merciless Turk.

Pirithous, for similar impertinence to Juno and to Proserpine, had also this pleasant lodging assigned to them.

The prison attendants were those particularly agreeable young



Passengers were conducted by Charon to the gate of the infernal regions, where the first object that met their sight was a hideous and gigantic bull-dog, with three heads, answering to the name of Cerberus, who barked and flew at them of course; according to the nature of the beast. This elegant and gentle creature had a fillet of vipers round his throat, occupying the place of the pink ribbon with which a young lady encircles the neck of her Fidèle. When heroes during their lifetime had occasion to visit the Shades, they usually flung him a cake or a bone to stop his mouth. Orpheus set him to sleep by playing "Lullaby Bow-wow-wow" to him on his lyre. Hercules dragged him out of his kennel and cuffed him with a strong hand into civility.

Over the gates of the place never to be mentioned to ears polite, there was an inscription, which, according to Dante, recommended those about to enter to discard all hope. There are, however, good grounds for supposing that it really was no other than

"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS."

The ghosts, immediately on having passed the portal, were brought, as the phrase is, to book. They were placed, all hands, in the dock, before Lord Chief Justice Minos, Mr. Baron Æacus, and Mr. Justice Rhadamanthus, who, after giving them a fair and impartial trial, proceeded to pass upon them the sentence of the law, according to their several deserts. They were then conducted, whether in a van or not is uncertain, to their respective destinations. These were, as above stated, two-fold, corresponding to the two great classes into which mankind may be divided. The accommodations provided for the blackguards in Tartarus were appropriate, but not agreeable. Virgil says, that if he had a hundred mouths, with a tongue in each, and a voice of iron, he should be unable to enumerate them. The object in view was to purify the culprits of the stains which they had contracted during life. Some were ventilated on clothes-lines, others ducked, others roasted; and for all, fetters and whipping-cheer were abundantly provided by the Furies. The lowermost apartments, at a temperature of 612° Fahrenheit, were appropriated to the Titans, and to a gentleman of the name of Salmoneus, who had been impudent enough to mimic Jupiter by driving about Greece in a four-in-hand, brandishing a lantern, and roaring in imitation of thunder. Had there been a Covent Garden or Drury Lane at Athens, what would have become of the managers? Thunder was a patent Olympic property, and Jupiter was tenacious of his privilege.

With the other incorrigibles on the ground-floor, there was confined a certain Tityus, for presumptuously, sacrilegiously, and high-treasonably, daring to make love to Latona. He lay on his back, with a vulture continually amusing himself by preying on his liver; which grew as fast as it was eaten. The vulture had a great deal to swallow: so has the reader, particularly as he has to be informed that the said Tityus was nine acres long. Ixion and his son

ladies, the Furies, who had snakes for hair, goggle eyes, and tiger's teeth, among other personal attractions. They bore torches, and whips of scorpions; with which pretty playthings they amused themselves, at the expense of the prisoners. They would spread tables before the culprits, loaded with turtle, venison, game, ducks, green peas, and every delicacy of every season; and when the famished rogues attempted to help themselves, would yell, roar, scream, and drive them away. Could not the Poor Law Commissioners introduce this system into the workhouses?

Other individuals, consigned to places higher in situation, but lower in temperature than that above-mentioned, had, nevertheless, a pretty time of it. There was Tantalus, who, for pocketing nectar and ambrosia at the tables of the gods, to which he had been admitted, was stationed up to his chin in a pool of water, which, the moment he attempted to quench his thirst with it, was caused, by an ingenious hydraulic contrivance, to sink from beneath his lips. Then there were the Danaïdes, forty-nine princesses, who to oblige their papa, Danaus king of Argos, divided their husbands' jugulars on their wedding night, for which they were condemned to fill with water a vessel full of holes; a task calculated to take some little time. There was also a notorious thief, robber, and vagabond, of the name of Sisyphus, who was doomed to perpetual hard labour, which consisted in rolling a huge stone up a mountain; the stone no sooner reaching the top than it tumbled back, knocked him down, and fell bounding over the precipices to the plain below.

Rogues of less magnitude, and capable of reformation, were more lightly dealt with. Some were simply imprisoned for longer or shorter terms; others underwent a certain probation on the treadmill, or in the hulks on the Phlegethon, a river which ran through Tartarus, and which some wiseacre had set on fire. Almost everybody, as Anchises told Æneas, had a few scores against him to be wiped off, and there were not many, even of the best, who did not find themselves, on being brought before Minos, at least "in for three months."

Virgil does not mention that in the lowest pit of Tartarus there were any sharp practitioners, bill discounters, or sheriffs' officers; whence it is fair to conclude that those varieties of the scoundrel were unknown to the ancients.

Elysium, into which good people and reformed rogues were admitted, was a spacious and pleasant green meadow, with a sun, moon, and stars of its own, cool streams, quiet valleys, and shady groves. In fact, it was very much like a fairy scene at a theatre, except that the atmosphere, instead of being contaminated with gas and redolent of orange-peel, was singularly pure. The happy occupants of this region enjoyed perpetual amusements, which consisted in wrestling, boxing, and other manly exercises; skittles, among other things, of course. Some danced, others sang, others recited poetry, others, again, played the fiddle, and all hands made love. Those who liked philosophy, talked it; those who were of a facetious

turn made jokes. Elysium abounded in every luxury, from Tokay and pine-apples, to pipes and beer. Who would like to leave such a place if he once got in it? No work, plenty to eat, and unlimited "goes!" However, after a thousand years, all were obliged to turn out. One glass of Lethe cold, was served round to each. Lethe was a river of the nether regions, which had the power of inducing oblivion; a property which sages have also observed in brandy-and-water. The drinkers at once forgot all their happiness, and were born into the world anew. Surely there must be something in this. Who has not derived from a whisper in the trees, from a sparkle in the river, from a light in the heavens, but above all, from sad, sweet, solemn music, an indistinct memory of long lost, unutterable joy! Perhaps in some of us the dose of Lethe did not quite perfectly operate. But we are forgetting Pluto.

Pluto was one of the children of old Saturn and Ops. He was also called Hades, Dis, Clytophylon, Agelastus (which signified glum) Orcus, and other names. Herein he had a like fortune to that of the personage who, according to modern ideas, corresponds to him, and who is denominated, not to speak vulgarly, Ancient Henry, Antique Nicholas, and so forth. The complexion of this divinity inclined slightly to the sooty, and his features were grim and dismal; so that he looked like a stage Othello. He had a sort of pitchfork with two teeth, by way of sceptre; but the ancients, in depicting him, dispensed with horns and tail. Black bulls were sacrificed to him; their blood being converted into black puddings, by being poured into a hole in the ground and allowed to coagulate. The cypress, and other mournful plants, were sacred to him, as was everything unlucky, particularly number two—Heaven defend number one from his acquaintance!

SIMPLE QUESTIONS.

COLONEL Sibthorp had a simple question to ask. He merely wanted to know, in the event of Bedlam breaking loose, what would be done with Oxford and M'Naughten. Sir R. Peel said, he should not pledge himself to any particular course, but the Government would no doubt be prepared for the event whenever it might happen.

Colonel Sibthorp was glad that the Ministers would not be taken quite unawares, and the conversation ended.

Mr. Hume wished to put a simple question. He had heard the other night, that no damage had been done at the British Museum, through the admission of the public, except by a boy who had fallen through a pane of glass and broken a window. He (Mr. Hume) would ask for a return stating the boy's name, and the size of the glass; together with the position in life of the lad himself, and a biographical sketch of the glazier who had repaired the damage. He would also ask—since it was not the subject of a separate item—whether the glass had been paid for out of the secret SERVICE money. (*Hear.*)



TAKE CARE OF THE SPECIMEN.

Sir James Graham thought there was a sort of information, which it was better for the interest of the public to withhold. He should say no more at present.

Court Circular.

MR. JONES had an interview with himself in the little glass of the hatter's shop in Fleet Street, the result of which was a settlement of his shirt-collar and the amicable adjustment of a stray curl.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.



MR. LLEWELLYN PRICE, of Llanfairpwllgwynglet, passed his examination at the Apothecaries' Hall, on Thursday evening last, and was licensed to sell pepper and vinegar accordingly.

MR. Stubbs, late proprietor of the Bakedtatory, New-road, Rustom-square, has vacated his seat on the stone at the bottom of the enclosure-railings, in favour of Mr. Muff.

The Irish labourers at work on a house, building in the Hampstead-road, have lately been promoted to the third story, having finished the first and second.

The driver of Street-sweeping Machine, No. 2, attended by a numerous suite of little boys, on Friday last, promenaded up and down Regent-street several times during the day.

Answers to Correspondents.

FOR THE HEBDOMADALS.

J. H.—5 times 6 is thirty.

HISTORICUS.—Was Queen Charlotte ever Prince of Wales?—[No.]

THESPIA.—Mr. Harley never played Pollin to Miss Kemble's Norma.

We do not know how Mr. Widdecomb concealed himself in the Ark, unknown to Noah.

We have not heard that Perviani is engaged at White Conduit-House for the summer season; but we know that Labtache has refused six pounds a week at the Eagle.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Who wrote Cock Robin?—[Sir E. L. Bulwer.]

J. P.—How far is it from the Surrey foot of Blackfriars Bridge to Michaelmas Day?

[Multiply half the distance by two, and the product will be the answer.]

What relation is Old Lady Day to the firm of Day and Martin?

[We have answered that question before.]

MUSICUS.—Mr. Harper never played a solo upon an ear-trumpet, nor have we seen Mr. Gratian Cooke perform on a pottle of hautboys, but we think it possible.

E. H.—We should rather think that Prince Esterhazy's braces are elastic India-rubber; but we cannot undertake to say that they are not doe leather with swivels.

O. A. F.—Is there either a Swiss cottage or a conservatory at the Coliseum at Rome? We believe not.

QUERY.—The Lord Mayor has not a seat in the House of Lords.

P. U. M. P.—The natural history of the wild horse affords no explanation of the phrase "A mare's nest."

S. A. P.—Is a certain distinguished baronet called 'a great count,' by courtesy? We should say, not by courtesy, decidedly. In our opinion, the title cannot be meant for an honorary one.

A. GENT.—How many buttons of his waistcoat does His Royal Highness Prince Albert usually button? We imagine, from four to six. Opera ties are not very much worn at the opera.

F. L. A. T.—The Usher of the Black Rod will not, so far as we know, have to assist in the education of the Prince of Wales.

W.—What are the politics of the artist who makes Prince Albert's boots we are unable positively to state. Most probably he is ATTACHED TO THE WELLINGTON INTEREST, and consequently a Conservative. His Royal Highness's tailor, we believe, does business, like the generality of his professional brethren, on Liberal principles.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XV.—I AM OF MADAME SPANNEU'S STOCK.—GOSSIP OF GOWNS AND CLOAKS.—SHORT HISTORY OF A SCARLET-HEELED SHOE.

WHEN I next saw the light, I found myself among the cast-off finery which formed the stock in trade of Madame Spanneu. There I was, in tolerably good company, to be sure; but with fallen companions: with degraded silks; cashiered taffeties; expelled satins; velvets, thrust for ever from the society of the great. Nor was I alone—a solitary plume. There were feathers, thick as snow-flakes, upon Madame Spanneu's shelves. Thus, though at first I felt a sinking of the spirit—though, as I remembered my former glory, when I nodded above the baby prince, I felt a sort of sickness from the close, musty atmosphere about me, I soon became reconciled to my condition. Indeed, there was great jollity among us. For two or three nights—for it was only at night that the talk and fun began—I and my companions maintained the dignity of sulks. We were, however, speedily laughed into good temper; and then we ourselves laughed with the loudest. Every day Madame Spanneu added to her stock: thus, every night gave us fresh matter of enjoyment. We were wont to receive the newcomers as hardened jail-birds welcome culprits on their first captivity; grinning them out of their sorrow; jesting them into obduracy. Indeed, so hardened, so reckless was I become, that had I been selected for the head of even Garrick, I do not think—such is the infection of lawless company—I should have been sensible of the abasement.

I am not about to reveal the secrets blabbed by my companions: but this advice, my love for mankind—badly as I have been treated by the race—compels me to give. Never, gentle reader, so long as you have a stitch about your anatomy, believe yourself alone. If thoughtless people could only know what their left-off clothes say about them, sure I am, they would resolve upon one of two things; either to reform their lives, or to go naked. Let no man harbour a black spot in his breast, and believe that his waistcoat is wholly ignorant of the stain. Let no man drop an ill-gotten guinea into his pocket, and think the poke unconscious of the wrong. His very glove—though it reek with civet—shall smell and babble of the bribe that has burnt his hand. His cravat shall tighten about his throat, if that throat be seared with daily lies. Ignorance of man! to believe that what is borne upon the body has no intelligence with the moral good or evil dwelling in the soul; to think that the purple of a Dives knows not the innermost arrogance of its bearer; that the rag that flutters upon Lazarus breathes not the sweetness of a May-day blossom. I know that people who believe themselves courageous thinkers, may call this a superstition. I will not argue it: but I will say, there may be worse. However, it is perhaps well for poorer men that the rich put no faith in such bigotry; for if folks were once assured that their cast-off garments could reveal all the deeds and speculations of the wearers, great, indeed, would be the man who could afford to give away an old coat! No: we should have even prime ministers and kings' conscience-keepers burning their clothes in their bolted bed-chambers, cautiously and secretly as a gallant burns his Paphian letters the night before pistols.

The stories I heard whilst on the shelf of Madame Spanneu made the white down upon me stand upright as the down of a thistle. How the gowns were wont to discourse! How the short cloaks would giggle with merriment! How the very gloves would lisp their little adventures! Nay, there was a high scarlet-heeled shoe—an odd one,—can I forget the story with which it would make every gown and petticoat heave and flap again with laughter, as it told—and we had the story with every newcomer—the curious incident by which, in a scuffle, it lost its fellow! This shoe was a very old shoe: it had been in the possession of Madame Spanneu's predecessor, flung aside amongst other odds and ends, and having for many years outlived the fashion, and being in a state of widowhood, had no hopes of returning to the world again. Hence, the great delight of this scarlet-heeled shoe was to prattle all the scandal it could remember and, I believe, invent, of the sphere from which it was irrevocably banished. Nay, often the shoe would receive a smart reprimand from a peach-coloured satin, which would declare itself ready to turn red at the absurd prattle of "the old wretch," that would extend its sides with laughter, mocking the censure. Then, I remember, there was a grave long-trained pompadour that would continually beg to know what the scarlet-heeled shoe took them for; adding that its fittest place, after what it had seen, or professed to see, in this naughty world, would be a convent, and to go the rest of its life down-at-heel in penance for past iniquities. At

these rebukes the shoe would laugh immoderately, its high, glowing heel rapping, in a spasm of merriment, against the shelf like a street-door knocker. The worst of it was, the shoe would never let any other companion tell its history; the shoe insisting that the narrator had, in the course of the story, determinedly omitted various matters which the said shoe, with more loquacity than charity, would insist upon supplying. There was, I particularly remember, a darling little smoke-coloured satin cloak, trimmed with death-black lace—a beautiful, quiet, modest thing, that Diana herself might have worn of nights, when she slipped out to chat with Endymion; well, the envious shoe would never let the smoke-coloured cloak tell its story. Five successive nights it tried hard to do so, but still the shoe would so pervert the motives of the cloak—would so minutely finish particulars, where the cloak merely intended a general sketch—would so insist upon Dutch painting, when the cloak, for reasons of its own, merely wished an outline in the faintest chalk—that at length, the patience of the cloak was worn out, and the tender little thing in a rumple of passion that astonished a very staid lutestring—a late Lady Mayoress by-the-bye—began to use its tongue so rapidly, and to call such names, that there was a general rising and shaking of gowns to smother the invective. I particularly remember, too, that a pompadour, with all the majesty of the court of Louis Quatorze, begged the smoke-coloured cloak, if only for the sake of other ladies, to remember that "there were featherers present." And then there was a sudden hush—and then a murmur—and then whispering sounds, in which, however, I clearly distinguished the words—"don't know where it may go to"—"wretches of men"—"amongst all sorts of people;" and then, for the first time, a sense of my equivocal position—came upon me. I then felt myself as belonging to no party. To-day, I might be in the head of a chaste and gentle countess, to-morrow in the hat of some masque-hunting, unprincipled gallant. I could not but acknowledge the prudence of the pompadour. I felt myself a kind of being of a harem; endured, but never to be taken cordially into confidence. I own the thought saddened me; but I was speedily drawn from myself by the loud, saucy voice of the scarlet-heeled shoe, who cried—"Feathers be fiddled! I don't care what they hear! So swear away, little smoke-colour; say your worst, my darling; and then let me try if I can't beat you!"

The cloak, folding itself in dignity, deigned no answer; and for a time, there was a pause, only interrupted by the low, malicious chuckle, and witch-like snigger, of the scarlet-heeled shoe. I hope, however, that without being treasonous to my trust, I have sufficiently warned my beloved female readers. Again and again let me tell them, there is peril in silk—there is danger in satin—yea, jeopardy in a bit of riband. When they are assured that cast-off gowns can babble—that cloaks can give tongue—that gloves may turn a secret inside out,—nay, that I have known even the tag of a stay-lace stab a reputation,—when they know all this, let them be the "silver lining" of the silken clouds that swing between them and the world,—and in the innocency of their thoughts, defy the gossip even of those who have most closely known them.

Ere, however, I quit this part of my subject, I cannot refuse to myself the desire of giving, in the words I heard it—ay, more than twenty times:—

The Short History of a High-Heeled Shoe.

The shoe speaks.

"Once upon a time—for I shall give no other register—there was born in the English court a beautiful female child. She was the daughter of a king's minister; but whether the first or the tenth, what does it matter? I have heard it said, however, that it was the minister (whoever he was,) who first put a tax upon shoe-leather; for the which, if there be any truth in history, the punishment of corns was first sent down upon high people.

"This child was christened; and great was the revelry at the baptism. All the fairies then in England,—for upon some huff or other the greater number of the good folk had quitted Britain, flying, like a flight of swallows, from a cliff of Dover, like the swallows no one knew whither—all the fairies who were too old to travel, and so were left behind, came to the christening; and according to their custom, as shown in many histories, brought an especial gift of goodness for the little suckling. One brought the voice of a nightingale—one the grace of a fawn. One the simpleness of a lamb—one the gaiety of a kid. And then she had all sorts of fairy clothing; with a good gift and a blessing worked in every article. In truth, she was clothed from top to toe from the workshops of the good people. She wanted nothing, nothing but shoes. They had been forgotten; and great—great was the sorrow of the fairies; for unless the baby were instantly shod, and that by fairy hands, it was doomed that the child

should go barefoot all its life. Unseemly and most uncomfortable would this have been to the beauteous daughter of the minister of the king. Everybody was in grief, and everybody asking everybody what was to be done; when an old woman, where she came from nobody can tell, appeared in the court, carrying myself and my little sister, both of us then of baby size. 'Here,' said the strange old woman—'here, an it please you, are the shoes!' But all the fairies cried out witch—hag—devil,—and swore by all their fairy rings, by moonlight, and by whatever else the good people hold solemn, that the babe would be lost, if suffered to wear the old woman's shoes. 'What, however, was to be resolved! Either the child must have the shoes then provided, or go barefoot. Now bare feet for the daughter of a minister of a king was not to be thought of—the child might as well have been born a gipsy-beggar. Whereupon the king's minister rose, and with a passionate voice cried—'Put on the shoes, put on the shoes!'—and immediately all the fairy folk vanished with a howl; leaving the little old woman to fit her gift upon the child.

"Wonderful shoes were we; for we were no sooner on the feet of the minister's daughter than we became fixed as her flesh, growing hour by hour and day by day as her feet grew. And so we grew, and so we agreed, for about seventeen years. It was impossible that there could be a more loving pair of shoes. We were always whispering in each other's ear; kissing one another; and behaving with the greatest closeness of affection. This lasted for seventeen years: and then, I know not how it was, a sudden aversion arose between us—and, in the end, we never felt so happy as when we were apart.

"At length, it matters not how, I lost my companion, and the minister's daughter in grief, in misery died. She had received every good gift, but all was as nothing; what was each virtue under the sun, when a beldame fairy had bestowed upon her wrangling shoes!"

This was the story of the High-heeled Shoe. I heard it over and over again; but never without sounds of anger, contempt, or scorn from the gowns, boddices, cloaks, and stomachers about me.

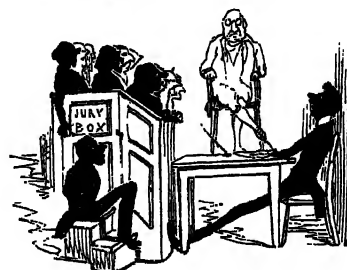
BRITISH COURTS OF JUSTICE.



the necessary materials to enable him to give a succinct account of the Court from the remotest periods. The structure itself is decidedly rude, but the clerks inside are ruder. From the style of architecture—the windows being square, and there being a door on one side, we should say the building was begun under George the Third. It was probably repaired under his successor George the Fourth, and fresh-painted under William, surnamed the Sailor King; while, from its dilapidated condition, we should say that it was going to the dogs under Victoria. There are no records as to the laying of the first brick; and on our requesting permission to examine the first brick, with a view to groping under it for coins and inscriptions, we received no answer from the underlings. We do not believe the excellent Secondary himself was a party to this extraordinary conduct, nor do we include in our censure the Usher of the Court, who readily told us all he knew, which unfortunately happened to be nothing.

On entering the door there is a partition on your right, behind which are two clerks performing the duties of the Secondaries Office, which we should say, must be rather light, for they did nothing but laugh and stare at us all the time we were collecting our materials and making our inquiries, with a view to this article. Over the chimney-piece is an eight-day clock after Barwise. Proceeding in a straight line, for nearly three yards, you come to an inner apartment, which is the Court itself, where justice is administered. It combines with the dignity of a public tribunal the snugness and comfort of a little back parlour. Immediately opposite to you on entering is the judgment-seat, ingeniously erected on a mahogany table, and unavoidably choking up the fire-place. So beautifully precise are all the arrangements, that when the worthy Secondary is seated there, you are no less lost in wonder at how he got up than at how he will get down again. He seems like the key-stone of an arch, which cannot be disturbed without the falling of the entire structure. If he moves an inch to the

right, it must be upon the heads of the counsel; if he stirs to the left, he must tumble into the jury-box. If he attempts to get out of his seat at the back he is blocked in by the chimney-piece, and as to moving forward he could not do so without trampling under his feet the usher of the Court, the suitors, and the audience. How the Secondary gets extricated from his position is as puzzling to us as the entrance of the apple into the dumpling is said to have been to George the Third, of simple memory. On the right of the Secondary sit the members of the bar, of whom one



or sometimes two may chance to be in attendance. It is, perhaps, the want of accommodation that precludes Sir W. Follett, Messrs. Kelly, Thesiger, and other silk gownsmen, from attending there. The seat is brought by necessity so close to the table, that if the advocate sits he must preserve a slanting position with his head against the wall behind him, and his feet coming in contact with the jury-box opposite.

If he stands to address the court his position is scarcely less awkward, for he is obliged to thrust his feet under his seat, and lean his head towards the jury.



The Secondaries Court is lighted by a square sky-light, and is ventilated by a cracked pane, which however is liable to the objection of letting in the rain, and the Secondary might be warranted in putting up an umbrella for the better administration of justice, at least if a dry point of law were under discussion. Opposite the seat for counsel, is the jury-box, but between them is a table and another bench to which the friends of the judge—or, in the event of his being without friends—the public are admitted.

On the latter occasions there is sometimes a most undignified collision between the public and the bar, for the comfort of each depends on having room enough between the table and the seat, which often causes a severe struggle, the public sometimes mustering strong enough to thrust the table with great violence into the stomachs of counsel, who seldom attend in very large numbers. This indecent contest frequently ends in an appeal to the bench, or rather to the Windsor chair, for such is the seat the worthy Secondary occupies. He, of course, as in duty bound, protects the bar; but these collisions between a noble profession and the people at large are greatly to be deplored, for we have seen them rankle in the minds of the public, who have sat quietly quizzing the bar, in a way that could not be well taken notice of during an entire sitting. Behind the bench for the public, almost flush with the chimney-piece, a little to the north of the sky-light, and exactly in the draft of the door and the fire-place, is the jury-box, built in conformity with Magna Charta, and grounded on the glorious plan laid down by the discontented barons at Runnymede. It is licensed to carry ten inside and two out, for when the jurymen happen to be corpulent there is not room for twelve, and two are compelled to hold on to the steps that lead up to the jury-box. There is no particular place assigned to the witnesses, but their general instructions are to push in as near as they can, for the better administration of justice. The usher is the officer of the court. He wears a gown, which is generally in rags from his being compelled to squeeze in and out of the court during the sitting. Counsel do not plead in their wigs and gowns, but why they do not, Bracton gives us no hint, and Fleta we have not consulted. Had we referred to Coke we should have found him obscure, while we have been too much flabbergasted by Hale on other matters to think of having anything further to do with him.

SET ONE TO CATCH ANOTHER.

LORD BROUGHAM intends bringing in a bill for the care of half-mad lunatics. His lordship has promised to be the head of the commission.

SAPPHO MADE EASY.

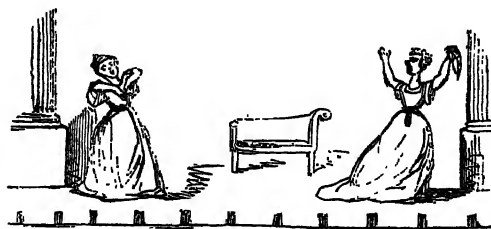
ACT II.—SCENE I.

In the house of Alcander, a room
Remarkable chiefly for neatness and gloom,
The back-ground obscurely reveals to the eye
A temple, a terrace, some water, some sky ;
Which we find, when the programme we come to explore,
Is intended for "part of Leucadia's shore."
The apartment, though otherwise pretty and neat,
Is nearly unfurnish'd, except by one seat
That's placed in the centre—and on it reposes
A lady, in jaconet muslin and roses ;
Around her, in dresses with her's made to tally,
Are tastefully grouped both the chorus and ballet.



The latter about her with elegance sidle,
And offer her garlands—to wear at her bridal ;
The former, with courtesy rather extreme,
In her ears a few lines complimentary scream.
She rises, comes forward, 'tis Mrs. A. Shaw—
Who as usual's received with a deal of *télat*.
She curtsies and curtsies again and again,
The lamp in the orchestra's tapp'd, but in vain,
Till back to her place she with modesty glides,
When at last the *furor* of welcome subsides.
The lady's Climene—about to be wed
To Phaon, who Sappho's affection has fled—
Mrs. Shaw, in a style that they only who've seen *her*
Can imagine, commences her first *cavatina* ;
It speaks of the sorrow she lately endured
When slighted by Phaon—the wound has been cured :
But Opera heroines always complain,
For sorrow best suits an *adagio* strain.
The chorus, with accents of comfort come in,
Because the *allegro*'s about to begin ;
And the music assuming a sprightlier measure,
Her heart on a sudden is bursting with pleasure !
Lysimachus enters—enacted by Stretton,
A singer who seems quite determined to get on.
He says, that a guest he would fain introduce—
Climene, adopting theatrical use,
Objects not an instant—and Sappho comes on,
Who motions she wishes that all will be gone.
No more than a hint does Climene require—
She makes—by a sign—all the bridesmaids retire :
Lysimachus then, without daring to speak,
Off, after the bridesmaids, does quietly sneak.
Climene and Sappho are left on the stage,
In general parley they quickly engage.
Says Climene to Sappho—"I'll make you a sister,
In place of the one that I lost—how I miss'd her !"
Says Sappho—"A sister, I fancy you said—
May I ask, if the sister you spoke of, is dead ?"
Says Climene to Sappho—"Just listen, and hark !
My father to Samos set out in a bark—
My sister was with him—a baby in arms ;
A tempest came on—with its awful alarms :
The vessel was dash'd on a rock—none were found,
But papa—"Then," says Sappho, "your sister was drown'd ?
That fate is a sad one, but nothing to mine ;
I'm Sappho—with hopeless affection I pine."
Such avowal ne'er came in an opera yet,
Without its involving at once a duet.
So to it the ladies with energy go—
Their voices combine in mellifluous flow ;
Together they'll live they proceed to declare,
Together they'll die—they immediately swear.
Then enter the bridesmaids—Climene they call—
On the necks of each other the vocalists fall ;
And promise to meet at the temple—anon—
Then, with the duet they go lovingly on :

Declaring how fond of each other they are—
In a desperate shake at the end of the bar ;
When both, with a spirit of rivalry true,
Each other's achievement attempt to outdo.—
As one the applause with the other divides,



They exeunt curtsying at opposite sides.

Punch's Provincial Intelligence.

"This is all true as it is strange ;
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth
To the end of the reckoning."—SHAKESPEARE.

To Agriculturists.

A LARGE quantity of the cast-off wardrobes of climbing-boys to be disposed of on reasonable terms. Our first chemical authorities have pronounced that they will form a highly nutritious manure for coldwet soils.—Apply to the PATENT RAMONEUR ASSOCIATION, 34, Foley-place, Portland-place.—*Blackburn Gazette*.

Hull.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM THE LATE THEOPHILUS TWADDLE, Esq.,
OF TWADDLE-TOTTER HALL.

"To MESSRS. SOLOMONS,
"Gentlemen,—I am within two months of my eighty-ninth year, and had the misfortune for some time past to be perfectly blind, but seeing the advertisement of your '*Patent Voice Conductors and Sound Magnifiers*,' I determined to possess myself of one of those instruments, which I had not made use of three days, before the mist and dulness about my eyes were removed, every object becoming clear and brilliant: so that my defective sight is brought to its youthful, natural, and original state.

"Having been so fortunate with the '*Invisible Voice Conductors*,' and finding that besides the affliction of blindness, I had from age become *stone-deaf*, I tried on a pair of your NEWLY-INVENTED SPECTACLES, which, after wearing a few hours, completely restored my hearing. I write this certificate in justice to you, and you are at liberty to make what use of it you please.

"I am, Gentlemen, your restored grateful servant from blindness and deafness,
"T. TWADDLE."

Leeds.

GREAT VOCAL EFFORT.—The Choral Society of this town on Monday last met in the theatre of the Mechanics' Institute, where they sung a triple-bob-major, consisting of 9998 changes, in two hours and a half. It was on Bell's system.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

Portsmouth.

VICTUALLING OFFICE.—The Honourable the Commissioners for Victualling Her Majesty's Navy HEREBY GIVE NOTICE, that they are ready to receive sealed tenders for the supply of the following articles, samples of which are to accompany the tenders, viz., poached eggs for sea-store ; Evington toffy ; raspberry ices ; chloride of boot-jacks ; parasols ; magpies ; pigs' whistles ; Moon's Art-union engravings ; mistletoe berries ; and toy windmills.

The tenders to be sent in before the 24th of the month, and two securities will be required for the due performance of the contract.—*Hants Telegraph*.

New Article of Commerce.

FRESH TRIPE FROM RIO JANEIRO.—In consequence of the alterations in our fiscal laws, tripe of the finest quality is now imported from Rio Janeiro, both double and single ; and is incomparably superior to any article of the like nature that can be supplied by the British markets.

The only *dépot* in London is at Philip Stone's "*Foreign Tripe Emporium*," Hungerford Market.

DECAYED POSTMEN.

WE perceive that a society has been established for the relief of the widows and children of decayed postmen. We have heard of decayed teeth and decayed cheese, but a decayed postman is an article we have never yet encountered. The individual who brings us our letters is certainly running to seed, as far as his wardrobe is concerned, but he gives no symptoms of personal decay, at least at present. A postman in ruins, must, we should think, have a very picturesque appearance. Whether Jenkins comes under the denomination of a "decayed postman," is, however, a question. His offspring, if he has any, must be certainly objects of the deepest commiseration. If our mite can be of any use, the Secretary of the Society may apply for it at the Punch Office.

NETTLES.



"At this season of the year young nettle tops make an excellent table vegetable when boiled, and they are excellent as purifiers of the blood."—*Morning Post*.

JENKINS is so convinced of the truth of this, that he has already proposed to the lessee of the Opera the necessity of having a constant supply of "nettle tops" boiled, that the "shoemakers, tailors, and their frowsy dames," who occasionally defile the Opera pit, may be compelled to eat of the vegetable at the pay-place, in order that their "blood" may be "purified" to something like patrician sweetness. Already Jenkins may be seen early in the morning, haunting Highgate ditches.

THE ASTLEY-NAPOLÉON MUSEUM.



NUMEROUS public journals have drawn attention, by advertisements and otherwise, to the Napoleon Museum at the Egyptian Hall; but the public may not be aware that there is in existence a fine collection of dramatic Bonaparte relics, being the property of Mr. Gomersal, the celebrated representative of the Emperor in all the equestrian spectacles.

By the kind permission of the proprietor, we were favoured with a private view of the interesting collection at his residence.

The museum occupies nearly the whole of a chest-of-drawers and three band-boxes. In the

TOP DRAWER

is the gray great-coat worn by Mr. Gomersal at the battle of Waterloo. This relic is greatly enhanced in value by the finger-marks stained with snuff on a portion of the skirt; all of which are in fine preservation. The public will appreciate the value of the snuff stains, when it is remembered that it was in taking large quantities of snuff, and wiping his fingers on his coat, the chief resemblance consisted between Mr. Gomersal and the Emperor. In the same drawer is a copy of the call to the first rehearsal of the piece of the "Burning of Moscow." There is no date to it, and it is without any signature,

but it forms an important link in the chain when taken in connexion with other documents.

SECOND, THIRD, AND BOTTOM DRAWERS.

In this department of the museum are the celebrated white pantaloons worn by Mr. Gomersal at Lodi, and afterwards torn in the struggle at Austerlitz. There is also the property-telescope, through which he was accustomed to declare that he saw Blücher and the Prussians galloping over the hills, while he was all the while winking at the prompter—a piece of coolness and self-possession on the part of Gomersal that would have done honour to Bonaparte.

THE UPPER AND LOWER BANDBOXES

Contain the identical hat worn by Mr. Gomersal in all the pieces where he appeared as Bonaparte, as well as the cotton-velvet and pasteboard crown which he received from the hands of Mr. Widdicombe, the representative of the Pope, at the end of the second act of the Battle of Waterloo.

THE MIDDLE BANDBOX

Is full of rare articles in tinfoil, including a fine messy-tinty daub by a young master of Mr. Gomersal as Napoleon Bonaparte.

To all who take an interest in the history of those remarkable times when Mr. Gomersal was so thoroughly imbued with the sense of his own Napoleonism, that, in a fit of patriotism, he one day went to the War-Office and declared himself a prisoner,—to all, we repeat, who feel delight in tracing the events of that very curious era, the Astley-Napoleon Museum will well repay the expense and trouble of a visit.

PUNCH'S OSSIAN.

DUAN I.

MORNING rose on St. Giles'. The sun, struggling through mist, tinged the summits of the Seven Dials with the yellow hue of autumn.

Sleepless was the wife of M'Finn. Gloom hung on her brow.—Gone was M'Finn, of the light heart. To join his countrymen was he gone. Sacred was the day to Patrick.

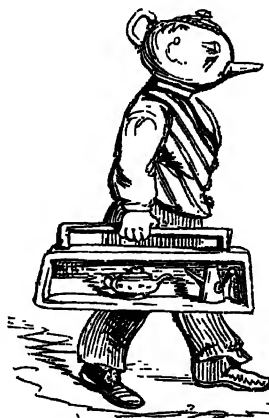
Why did gloom darken the brow of the wife of his bosom? Supreme in her heart he reigned. Great was her love. Why burst the sigh from her lips?—

Hearken.

By her not unseen was his danger.—Bereft was the wall of his black-thorn. His tongue was swift, careless his heart, and his arm strong. Neither was his soul patient of wrong.

—A vision wraps her. On her spirit gathers darkness. She foresees evil.—Is it Mac Finn they bear lifeless to his habitation?—Her breast heaves sighs. Her hair streams loose on the winds. She shrieks! She swoons!

Pledged was M'Finn to Matthias to drink the purling stream.—

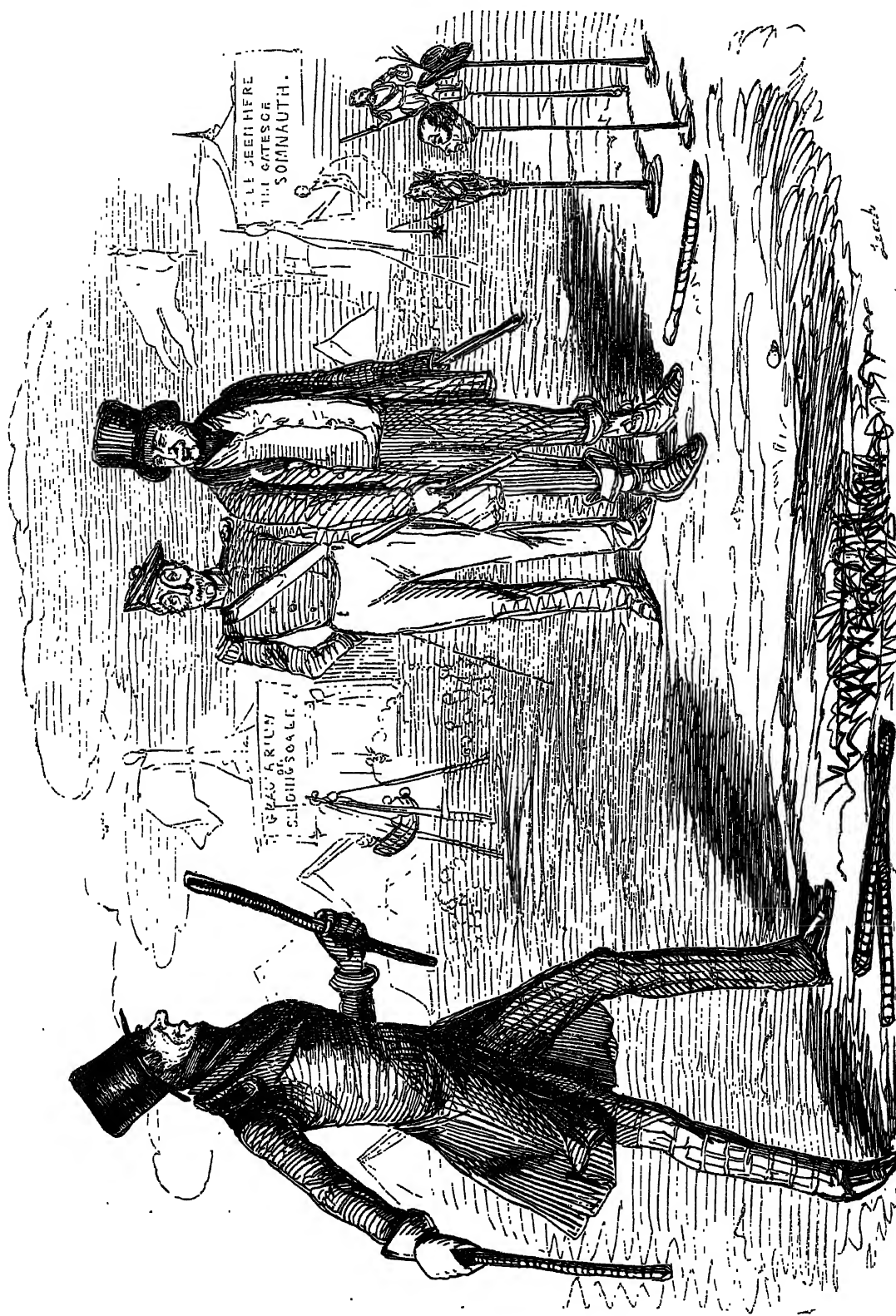


POTS.

Loud was the laughter of his friends. Broken was his pledge.—Thrice was the cup filled to the brim. Thrice raised to his lips. Thrice was it returned empty. His spirits rose. Loudly rang his laughter through the Hall.

His lips were opened:

"Sons of Erin," listen to the words of M'Finn.



A SCENE AT GREENWICH FAIR.

A Game of "Knock 'em down."

His soul is great within him. It swells. Unable is his body to contain it.—Where are his friends?—Hath he not one among all his brothers to repress his swelling spirit? Is he alone, that they heed him not? And despised, that they do not regard him?—M'Finn throws down his hat on the earth, cold as marble; is there no one to kick it? His coat, and will no one tread on it!—Is glory departed from Erin? Are her sons cowards?—

—Speaking, his rolling orbs flashed fire. Sore was his spirit moved.—

—Arose O'Flaherty of the anburn locks.

"Ye sons of Erin!—Sons of the sea-girt emerald!—Are we cowards?—Shall the cur snarl, and we not spurn it?—The wasp sting, and be not crushed!—Shame to M'Finn! and wooden shoes to his children!"—

—He spoke. And the gathering storm broke forth in thunder. Lightning flashed from opposing eyes.—Grasped was the shillelah, and the threatening arm extended.—In equal bands the sons of Erin form around their chiefs. Their souls are kindled.—The hall resounds with fearful crash of arms.—Like the hill-streams, roaring down,—the fierce blows of M'Finn descends.—Frequent as hail-stones are the blows he wards.—Stout is his heart; despising danger.—The walls, re-echoing groans, are sprinkled with the blood of the brave.—Hot is the fury of the battle!

Fast fall the mighty. One by one they fall. Overpowered, the friends of M'Finn retreat, heedless of the voice of their leader.—Turning to rally them, a treacherous blow brings him to the earth.

* * * * *

Sounds of mirth and misery, woe and gladness, fill the hall; groans and rejoicing.

* * * * *

The wailing is for M'Finn.

THE GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON:

PRELIMINARY.



We are perfectly convinced that the English people, with all their monied importance, think very little of what they are not allowed to pay for beholding. The Gresham Lecturers are ready to admit this fact: authors who give orders to their play-going acquaintances are also aware of it: street tumblers and conjurors have allowed the truth of it in their philosophy; and the crowds who compose the stream of gaping ignorance that flows three times a-week through

the apartments of the British Museum, would think far more of the precious objects therein treasured, were they compelled to leave a shilling with their names and umbrellas at the bottom of the staircase. The marvellous contents of the Egyptian Gallery, displayed in a temporary pyramid, built in a fashionable neighbourhood, with a good sum for admission taken at the doors, would be the leading talk amongst the very people who daily pass through Great Russell Street, without ever dreaming of inspecting its treasures, because they are to be seen "for nothing." The little man, the inmate of the perambulating caravan of Tottenham Court Road, or the New Cut, creates not half the sensation when boxed up in his doll's house, ringing his bell, outside the show, which he does when marching about the privileged interior of his travelling mansion, although the performance is not half so extraordinary; and the visitors to Windmill Hill, Margate, and other localities of marine migration, pay willingly to behold a faint image, in the Camera Obscura, of what they can see much better outside, and for nothing. We knew an individual some time ago, who was placed on the free list at one of the most attractive theatres. Although desperately fond of the drama, he used to yawn through the performances in a fearful state of ennui, until at length he discovered that the only way to enjoy the entertainments was to go quietly to the pit, paying the usual price of admission, when he found that he was as much amused as ever—even at the same pieces which he had gone to sleep over, when putting his privilege into use.

One exception only is there to this fact, and that lies in the performance of our own darling PUNCH. The minute PUNCH was paid to be witnessed, and anywhere else than in the free thoroughfare

of the King's highway, he would fall from his position. His squeak would be far less joyous and rollicking—he would not thrash the parochial authority with half his usual energy—and, above all, he would miss the comments and cheers of those very important members of street society, the boys, without a large proportion of whom no exhibition of Punch can ever go off well, or be received with becoming approbation.

If we paid but one poor penny to go into a hot mysterious caravan to see Punch, what a dull common-place fellow he would appear! his success must mainly depend upon his drama being optionally gratuitous. But of this, our much-loved puppet, by the way.

And at the same time allow us to state, *en passant*, that although you may think nothing of a gratuitous sight freely beheld, yet such is human contradiction, that if you obtain a glimpse of it in a surreptitious manner, for nothing, its worth is directly trebled. Little boys know this who peep through the ill-guarded corners of shows at fairs and races—so do playgoers, smuggled by the liberality of musical friends into the orchestra amongst the drums. So that this species of gratuitous exhibition must be excluded from our category of observanda, which we beg you to remember.

Well aware—in spite of all our talk about "throwing places open to the public," which the public would then think nothing of; and grumbling at various high prices of admission to places which, on the Continent, are open to every one—well aware that there are many rare objects of art in the metropolis, as well as countless natural curiosities, and all to be inspected free of charge, we are about to make them known. The very circumstance of their being perfectly gratuitous has tended to throw them in the background as unworthy of notice; but we imagine that, once chronicled in our columns, we shall confer upon them a deathless celebrity. But do not misunderstand us in the subjects we are about to take up. The British Museum is free, so is the National Gallery, and so is Dulwich College; but we shall not allude to any of them. The Tunnel dropped, in one day, from a shilling to a penny, which is next to nothing: anybody may look at the outside of St. Paul's without paying, and there is no particular charge for seeing men cut corks or stamp paper-hangings, or beat gold-leaf, through the shop windows; but these we shall not mention—more especially the latter, as they entrench upon the hall of manufactures in the Polytechnic Institution. But bidding you, expectant reader, open your eyes, and shut your mouth, we open the subject with



THE WORKS OF ART IN THE NEW ROAD.

These *al fresco* galleries of objects of *terti* are situated on either side of this great thoroughfare, between Tottenham-court-road and Cleveland-street, and will well repay the inspection of the traveller who may be led by business into the neighbourhood. They have no stated hours for exhibition, but are continuously open, both summer and winter, from sunrise to sunset, and all through the night. All ages and classes are allowed to visit them unconditionally, although reserved seats are sometimes taken on the tops of omnibuses, for which sixpence is usually charged. They can be seen, however, equally well from the road; and it is calculated that the number of

spectators in the course of the day considerably exceeds that of the opposition gallery at Charing Cross.

The union of arts and manufactures in these galleries rivals the Museum of Portici, the Chinese Collection, or the Polytechnic Institution. This is best demonstrated in the contiguous exhibitions of the statues and chimney-pots, which encroach one upon the other, and offer a striking contrast. In the former, there is a beautiful group of Eve inspecting a Pestle and Mortar, typical of the synchronous introduction of sin and physic. The visitor may also observe at the side of the collection the *tableaux* of the Faun dancing to the zinc Weathercock, as well as Ajax defying the revolving chimney-pot, both of them masterpieces of composition. Several Eagles, perched on the summits of fountains, columns, and outhouses give an air of picturesque grandeur to the exhibition: as also do the Wild Boars and Griffins lurking beneath the wash-hand stands, and in the recesses of the mantel-pieces.

The proprietors of museums, and committees of Country Literary Institutions, would do well to visit these galleries and inspect the casual *débris* of the objects lying about; for which purpose, in all probability, permission could be readily obtained of the proprietors, since, although gratuitously thrown open to the public, they are not government concerns. Many fragments having the appearance of petrifications might be collected, which would puzzle the keenest geologist, and stock any collection with organic remains of every description. A few second-hand Ionic columns might be purchased, and the volutes knocked off would pass well for antediluvian ammonites. Petrified heads of imaginary monsters made of freestone, would also prove capable of exciting considerable attention and argument; whilst the perpetual dust of the New Road, combining with the rain, forms an alluvial deposit of mud upon most of these objects, which would heighten the belief in their authenticity.

In conclusion, no visitor should think of quitting London, without viewing this very attractive exhibition.

PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER XV.—OF VESTA AND THE VESTALS.

VESTA was the goddess of fire and old-maidhood; consequently she presided over hot and cold. She both patronised and discountenanced matches; she delighted in, yet detested flames. Her parentage was the same with that of Minerva and Diana; and the triad were the three maiden aunts of the "*Dii Minorum Gentium*." These had no relation to "young gents," as the imperfectly classical reader may surmise; they were the gods of the lesser nations; the second fiddles of the skies, to compare Olympus with an orchestra; or, to liken it unto a cathedral, the celestial minor canons. Vesta, like Minerva, was a genuine nun; as to Diana, she, as we have seen, was none such; ask Mount Patmos else. The conduct of Vesta was even more unimpeachably strait-laced than was that of the goddess of Wisdom; for Minerva did have one lover; and how do we know but that she gave him some encouragement, although she said "No," when he popped the question! Whereas Vesta was never molested by the addresses of any one. The very queen of caloric, she warmed nobody. How is this circumstance to be accounted for? The most philosophical supposition is, that she was remarkably ugly. We know that cook-maids, who preside over kitchen fires, are apt very soon to acquire a rubicundity of visage and a platitude of person by no means calculated to inspire us with tender sentiments. As Vesta was the sovereign of fire, it is more than probable that she also ruled the roast, which, if goddesses were wont to get red and plump, will explain her freedom from annoyance.

The thinking mind, the more it dwells upon the accounts which have been handed down to us respecting this divinity, the more it is impressed with the conviction that her chief vocation was the culinary. We read that *Æneas* was the first who introduced her mysteries into Italy. Now, one of the first things that we find *Æneas* doing (see the first *Æneid*) is killing venison, of which his friend and Man-Friday, the faithful Achates, superintends the roasting and boiling. Virgil, by the bye, does not make any one of the heroes remark how much better the venison would have been if it had been a little longer hung; but heroes and dogs feed much alike when hungry. When *Æneas* got to Italy, of which country the natives were little better than savages, and dined, no doubt, like the carnivora in a menagerie, he, of course, imported the art of dressing victuals, which, it is natural to suppose, must, to the untutored mind of the indigenous yahoos, have appeared a superhuman revelation. Further, it is well known that *Æneas* brought a certain something

from Troy, which was called a Palladium, and which was preserved within the sanctuary of Vesta. The Palladium was a statue, which was said to have fallen from heaven. In one hand, we are informed, it held a pike, and in the other a distaff and spindle. No doubt, in the account of the Palladium, there is truth mingled with error. The writer hereof will bet any money that the statue was made at the brass foundry; that for "javelin" should be read "spit," and for "distaff and spindle," "poker and tongs."

It is recorded, moreover, that Numa Pompilius, the successor of Romulus, built our goddess a temple where no males are permitted to go. Now, the aversion of the presiding genius of the kitchen to masculine intrusion, at least during the celebration of her rites, is too well known to require comment, and too well known, also, by painful experience, to those whom the profanation of those mysteries has acquainted with hot dripping. Lastly,—which argument seems to be what is vulgarly called "a clencher,"—Jupiter, according to Mr. Keightley, in place of marriage, gave Vesta "to sit in the middle of the house receiving fat."

In the temple of Vesta, at Rome, a fire was kept continually burning by a certain number of maids. These, no doubt, were originally housemaids and maids of all work; but in process of time their office assumed a higher character; and they were entitled Vestal Virgins. Whether they bettered themselves by this change or not, let the gentle reader, that is, the reader of the gentler sex, determine: she is to understand that these young ladies, though well lodged and boarded, and "found" in frocks, et cetera, were not allowed to marry till thirty years, dated from the time of their initiation, had expired. Now, as they were initiated at from six to ten years of age, it was impossible for them to relinquish the altar of Vesta for that of Hymen, until they had arrived at that time of life when all hopes of a husband must be based upon the Three Per Cents. Then, at initiation, the first thing that was done to them was to shave their heads;—not an inappropriate operation, if they adopted the line of life from choice. After this piece of prison discipline, or lunatic asylum regulation process, the young ladies had to spend ten years in learning their business, ten more in discharging it, and the ten last in instructing the novices. Their employment consisted in minding Vesta's fire;—certainly, one would think, the use of the bellows and fire-irons might have been acquired in a shorter period than ten years; but the Romans were slow coaches.

If the fire of Vesta ever happened to be extinguished, the accident was supposed to "bode some strange eruption" or other calamity to the state. This philosophical belief, which was nearly as rational as that which some people still entertain with respect to the consequences of snuffing a candle out, necessitated great vigilance on the part of the vestals, lest the misfortune should occur. When a Vestal now-a-days is guilty of similar negligence, she gets a scolding, or perhaps a box on the ear; but formerly she got off less easily. She was tied up and severely flogged by the hands of his Reverence, the High Priest; and he it observed that a Roman flogging was no joke. Now since, according to our modern notions, the sight of a young lady writhing under the lash of an imbecile old savage, would make the blood slightly boil, and occasion, on the part of the spectators, an interference with the ceremony, which would be rather unpleasant to the operator; how, it may be asked, came it, that his Reverence escaped being torn in pieces by the mob? From a salutary and pious fear of Bogy on their sapient parts. The ancient Romans, we are told, were fine fellows—very fine! They were no mawkish sentimentalists. A religious duty had been neglected; and though the delinquent was, perchance, a pretty, innocent girl, they subdued their compassionate weaknesses like men, and allowed her to be whipped to death. Noble creatures! Perhaps, in the supererogation of their self-control, they laughed at her shrieks for mercy. Then, too, how fervent must have been that faith which persuaded them undoubtingly to expect an earthquake or an invasion because a girl had let a fire out! What a grand compound was the Roman character!—of the tiger and the jackass.

However, in some respects the Vestals were tolerably well off. They wore purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. They occupied the dress boxes and grand stands at plays and races; and whenever they walked abroad, a licitor with the fasces strutted before them in state; as "the verger," at the present time, "troops before the Dean." If they met a man by chance, who was going to be hanged,—a sight by no means uncommon in the streets of Rome,—they were empowered to pardon him if they thought proper—no matter how much to the disappointment of the populace. They were allowed to make affirmations at trials, instead of oaths, as Quakers are now; they officiated as arbiters in law-suits, and attorneys at making wills; whereby sundry six-and-eightpences were beneficially

saved to the public. To offer an insult to them was felony without benefit of clergy; and it was an insult to make them an offer.

If a Vestal infringed her vow, it will be of course imagined that she was hanged, drawn and quartered, or decapitated at the very least. No; in this case they did not "shed her blood, nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow," they only buried her alive. Merciful men!

The order of the Vestals—to the discontent, no doubt, of every true, truculent, orthodox Roman heathen—was abolished by the Christian Emperor Theodosius.

The temple of Vesta was round; it is now generally square; and the altar, wherever it used to be placed, is situated underneath the

chimney. The goddess was sculptured in long flowing drapery; a veil adorned her head; in one hand she held a lamp or a two-eared vessel, and in the other a javelin: at least so it is written. A modern fancy portrait of this divinity would more truthfully but with less elegance, represent her as wearing a morning-cap, a cotton flowered dress with the sleeves tucked up at the elbows, and an apron of white, diversified by several soot-marks. In her right hand she would hold a spit, in her left a fish-kettle.

According to Keightley, Vesta is described in "the Homeric hymns as going about the temple of Apollo at Delphi, her locks dripping with liquid oil." She now goes about the kitchen in a state

not very dissimilar. A poet, however, might, with more refinement, have represented her as pouring out her oil from a Florence flask.

The learned authority just quoted also mentions, "that mortals held no banquets at which they did not, at the beginning and end, pour out 'honey-sweet wine' to Hestia," which was the Greek name of the goddess. That custom has fallen into disuse; but ejaculatory praises of the performances of the culinary Vesta are still frequently uttered before and after dinner. They are usually accompanied by smiles, and smacking of the lips.

By some mythologists Vesta has been confounded with Rhæa, Ceres, Cybele, Proserpine, Hecate, and Tellus. In the present day, Mrs. Cook is often confounded, too, with sundry uncomplimentary epithets, when the mutton is overdone.

There were two individuals worshipped among the ancients under the name of Vesta. In modern times one only is recognised in well-regulated families; it being an axiom which philosophy has established, and which has been sanctioned by experience, that "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

THE MOAT AT THE TOWER.

WE never could see the use of the Tower. As to its defending London, it is all very well on the river side, but surely the enemy might pop down Baker-street on the North, or cut along Piccadilly in the West, while the great guns of the East would be altogether useless. It is true, that the artillery of the Tower could sweep the Minories at a moment's notice, and plant a few shells in the very heart of Rotherhithe. But as the Minories are inhabited by a peaceful population, and Rotherhithe is not a likely thoroughfare for an invading army—what the dickins is the use of being able to blow the inhabitants to atoms in the twinkling of a piece of ordnance? We are glad to find, that the humbug of regarding the Tower as a strong defensive fortress is given up at last, and it has been resolved to fill up the moat that surrounds it. The fun of playing at fortifications is rather childish, and the gammon of having a series of drawbridges, with sentries at each, to guard the access to the Tower, is at length to be put an end to. The moat was a farce even in its best days, for any one might have got across it with a little ingenuity by dodging the sentinel. We are very glad to hear that the filling up has been resolved upon.

WORKS AND OBJECTS OF ART.

NOAH'S ARK.

(WRITTEN WITH AN EYE TOWARDS THE PATRONAGE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.)

THE Ark, of whose construction and contents we are about to treat, is to be procured for the sum of one shilling.

The architecture of this edifice is simple and unpretending, resembling that of a plain modern church, or a barn. In length it is just five inches, in breadth two; its shape, therefore, is oblong. It is four inches in height. It stands upon a piece of wood, flat above and round below, which projects one inch and three quarters in front of either end of it, and a little more than a quarter of an inch on each side. This piece of wood terminates longitudinally in an equilateral triangle, which is also the figure formed by the roof. The material of which the structure is composed is Dutch deal, which has been preferred to oak as being easier to work, much cheaper, and quite as good for the purpose.

The roof is painted bright red on a chocolate ground, the former colour being disposed in two parallel strata, with their lower edges tastefully scalloped. A streak of pale green runs round beneath the lateral eaves; under that is a smaller streak of yellow with a line of reddish brown upon it, and separated by a similar line from the French pink of the walls and of the upper surface of the floor-piece. The angles are coped with white, and white bands also run up under the gable eaves. The windows are black, divided into squares by white lines, and edged with lake; there are three on either side, and one at each end, with a black circle, which may also be supposed to be a window, above it in the gable.

The door is formed by one half of the roof, which lifts up. It ought to have been in the side; but then it would have been impossible to put in Noah (who is half as tall as the ark itself), without poking him head foremost.

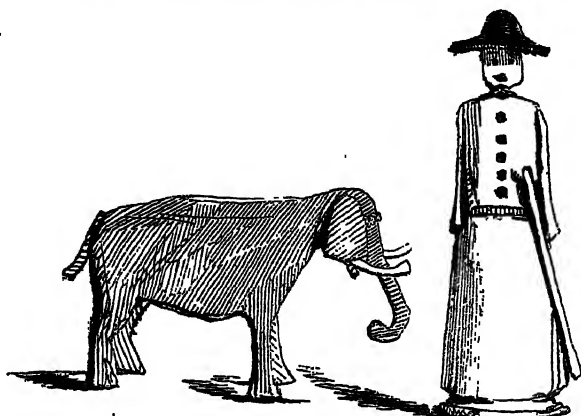
The total number of animals contained in the ark is sixty-four. At this, perhaps, the zoologist may cavil, and allege that the Regent's Park or the Surrey Gardens could make a better show than that; but let him reflect that, to the infant mind, untutored in arithmetic, sixty-four creatures are equal to an indefinite quantity, expressible as "ever so many." Some people, also, will complain that out of these sixty-four animals there are not above five or six whose species it is possible to discern; but such persons are to consider that this is a mystic toy, and as such, constructed on other and deeper principles than those of mere imitation. Each of the non-descripts, being equally like any one out of some hundred different animals, may be regarded as standing symbolically for the whole hundred; and thus, what at first sight appears to be a piece of carelessness or ignorance, is seen, on examination, to be the result of profound design. The creatures with which a child may be presumed to be acquainted (and where would have been the use of representing any others?), are for the most part sufficiently distinguishable. We have the horse, the dog, the cat, the cow, the sheep, the pig, the fox, the stag, poultry, geese, and ducks; the collection also includes an undeniable elephant and a decided ass. Perhaps the raven and the dove should have been done a little more accurately; for candour compels us to say that the former, *per se*, might



possibly be mistaken for a blackbird, and the latter as easily confounded with the tom-tit. However, perhaps the dove and the raven are supposed to be out of the ark.

The distinction between the genders of the eight human denizens of the Ark is very well marked; an hour-glass contraction of the waist plainly denoting the females, who, moreover, have no buttons in front of the breast, which the men have; and whose gowns differ from those of their husbands in being striped in front, in accordance with the decorated style characteristic of the dress of the fair sex.

It is worthy of remark, that Noah is about twice as tall as the



elephant. This superiority in point of stature is not intended to make Noah out to have been a giant, which every child knows very well he was not, but to typify his moral elevation over the quadruped; as man is a rational being, and therefore as high again as the half-reasoning elephant.

LAYS OF THE MYSTERIOUS.

'Twas morning, and the sunlight gleamed
On minaret and tower,
Yet still in sleep the city lay—
So early was the hour.
And silence reigned around, save when
That bird that shuns the haunts of men,
Poured forth its waking song
The streets along.

What is it breaks this peace serene,
What sounds of grief and fear?
Trampling of horse and shouts of men,
Assail my wak'ning ear.
And do my drowsy senses mock—
Or can it be an earthquake's shock,
Which seems to shake the ground,
And all around!

Is it some mighty river's stream
Escaping from its bed—
Millions o'erwhelming in its course,
Doth cause these sounds of dread
Or is it ———! Yes, as I'm alive,
It is the folks at No. 5,
Mr. and Mrs. Knowles,
Having in coals!!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.



BOUND IN CLOTH, WITH GILT EDGES.

We hear that the author of "The Great Metropolis" is writing a new work, which he intends dedicating to Lord William Lennox. It is to be called THE CRIBS OF LONDON.

Fashionable Intelligence.

THE lovely and interesting Eliza Snooks, the fascinating and accomplished daughter of the late highly-respectable and intelligent Mr. Snooks, who died leaving the kind-hearted and benevolent Mrs. Snooks to lament his decease, is likely to be one of the *belles* of the season. Her education, besides the usual branches, has comprised twenty-five lessons in French, for one guinea, and a quarter's dancing under Baron Nathan, Prince of



ENTRE-CHAT.

Cracovienne in Poland, Knight of the Order of the New-laid Eggs, and the Lord of Everybody's Manners in Kennington. The interesting Miss Snooks is said to be entitled to property on her mother's side, though we have heard of nothing but the watch looped to the side of the old lady, which is the only property on her mother's side that *la belle* Eliza will be entitled to.

Mr. Tomkins has returned to his lodgings for change of air, after a visit to his washerwoman for change of linen.

Mr. Widdecomb entertained his old and early friend the Wandering Jew to breakfast on Saturday. Mr. Widdecomb took the chair by right of seniority.

Advertisement.

TO PERSONS IN WANT OF A BROUGHAM.

HENRY VAUX respectfully informs the Public that he has on hire a very capital



HACK BROUGHAM.

It was considered a few years ago the completest thing upon town, although it is at present a little crazy. Any kind of jobs undertaken, and the respectability of parties engaging the "hack" of no consequence. For further particulars apply to H. V., House of Lords.

ON THE WRONG SIDE OF FORTY.—We notice that the House is always adjourned unless there are forty members present. Is not this number on a most suspicious parallel with that of the FORTY THIEVES?

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand, in the precinct of the Savoy, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XVI.—MADAME SPANNEU'S CUSTOMERS.—THEIR HUMILITY.—DOMESTIC PEACE AND PICKLES.

DURING my sojourn with Madame Spanneu, I had frequent opportunities of considering the various characters of her customers, who—I confess I was at first astonished at the discovery—were many of them most genteel and easy-going people; and, indeed, in their own esteem, co-parcel of the very best society. Still, whatever was their bigoted opinion of their own worldly consequence, their visits to Madame Spanneu gave pleasant proof of their humility of spirit, inasmuch as they all came to habit themselves in the left-off garments of their betters. And this humility was the more christianlike, inasmuch as I verily believe that many of the purchasers would have gone to the stake in cast brocade, rather than have confessed to the meekness which induced them to buy it. They were, it is true, lowly of heart, but would not for the world have had the virtue made public.

How often have I seen the gown of a peeress carried off by the wife of a tallow-chandler! How often has the cloak of an earl's daughter been doomed to the shoulders of the spinster of two rooms! Nay, the Countess's gowns—the rustling perquisites of Mrs. Pillow—I saw no less than three of them sold to buyers, whose brassy looks and bold voices made me tremble for the future destiny of the garments. And can I ever forget the cold chill that struck through me when I once felt myself taken up by such a customer, who blew through me and shook me, and—my heart of pith sank at the words—inquired, “How much?” Madame Spanneu, with a just estimate of my virtues, asked a good round sum, and thanking my stars for my escape, I felt myself dropped from the hand. “Feathers, *Jemima*, darling, isn't the thing; no, my rose-bud, they isn't indeed.” Thus spoke an old gentlewoman—dear Mrs. Gaptooth, as Madame Spanneu called her—to the girl, who desired to make me her own; but the reproof of the matron, though uttered in the calmest, most maternal voice, appeared by the very force of its sweetness—or certainly by some force—to convince *Jemima*. She sighed, pouted a second, then seemed resigned. “Gals of your tallness, *Jemima*, don't carry off feathers well; they makes you gawky; and in this wicked world, looks is everything.” I was quite charmed with the appearance—the manner of Mrs. Gaptooth. I thought I had never seen so venerable a woman; and even while she spoke of the necessary shows of life, she did so in so passionless a tone—seemed to have so just a value of all the fleshly vanities of the earth, that she appeared to me a kind of lay saint; a creature, doomed by the imperfection of human nature to eat, drink, and sleep, but at the same time never forgetting the real value of mere mortal beauty, when most beautiful. “Ha! Madame Spanneu,” the dear old soul would cry, “beauty, as I often says to my gals, is a flower—a tulip—Madame Spanneu, a painted tulip; now, a flourishing in a bed, and now on a dunghill.” “True, my dear; very true—beauty”—Madame Spanneu would reply—“doesn't last as it ought, not even with the best of us.” “Ha! my dear Madame Spanneu, the beauty I've seen come on and go off—beauty! it's like a guinea, Madame Spanneu; when it's once changed at all, it's gone in a twinkling. That satin, by candle-light, *Jemima*, will be worth any money.” And thus Mrs. Gaptooth—who was a frequent visitor at Madame Spanneu's—would discourse before her daughters, as I concluded they were, from the maternal tenderness which she would shed upon her mingled talk of the outward loveliness of humanity, and the glories, sold at second-hand, by Madame Spanneu. For Mrs. Gaptooth herself, I must repeat I had the very deepest respect. Charming, easy, loveable old woman; her eye had such a soft, half-slumbering look; her voice came like the gentle breathing of a flute; she always walked as if she trod a church-floor, and seemed fed on nothing coarser than marmalade and honey. As for her numerous family of daughters, I must confess I have often wished they had been a little more like their mother, they must, I am sure, have been at times most troublesome to the good old lady; they appeared so forward, loud, self-willed, and frolicsome. But be it understood once and for all time, that I write from the impressions of characters and scenes as they first rose upon me.

Mrs. Gaptooth on one of her visits came alone. Madame Spanneu, who was always with us, received the dear old creature in her show-room. One of Madame's young women—for there were two or three assistant dressmakers in the house—was present; and the conversation was carried on between Madame and her visitor in so low a voice that I could only catch here and there a few words. I was

convinced, however, that Mrs. Gaptooth spoke of Lord Huntingtopper with the air and manner of an acquaintance. “There's no accounting for taste Madame Spanneu,” said Mrs. Gaptooth in a somewhat piteous voice, “but where she's got to, I'm a sinner if I know.” “And you've come to tell his lordship as much, my dear!” “Certainly not, Madame Spanneu, Lord Huntingtopper's coming here to-day to see your husband—Mr. Curlwell told me as much—so I'm come just to throw myself promiscuously into his way, that I may know a little more about the business. One can't be too safe.”

Thus much I could piece out from the low-voiced colloquy of the ladies. Madame Spanneu was, however, fidgetty under the restraint of a third person, and so told the young woman to go down stairs, and see that those nasty dogs did no mischief. The girl being gone upon her delicate mission, Madame Spanneu talked freely. “Well, I did hear that Lord Huntingtopper was going to marry Lady Dinah Willowby.”

“What of that, my dear? Why shouldn't he? But after all,” said Mrs. Gaptooth in her mild, matronlike way, “who knows if the fellow's serious?”

“No doubt of it,” responded Madame Spanneu; “he must be in earnest, for he's bought her ladyship a poodle; *Julien's* teaching it all sorts of things. Ha! Mrs. Gaptooth, men are nice creatures, they are,” cried Madame Spanneu with bitterness. Charming, however, most charming was the charity of Mrs. Gaptooth, for she gently clasped her hands, twisted her thumbs, and a smile gilding her broad quiet face, she cried—“Poor fellows! silly things!” And then she chuckled, gently chuckled.

“Don't talk in that way, my love,” said Madame Spanneu, “it makes my flesh crawl to hear you pity 'em, it isn't standing up for your sex. Ha! you don't know what I've to suffer.”

“Anything new?” asked Mrs. Gaptooth, with that peculiar serenity which characterises the interest of some people in the misfortunes of their neighbours.

“New!” exclaimed the wife, and she closed her eyes, gave a spasmodic shake of the head, and seemed to swallow a rising emotion. Then there was silence for a moment, and then Madame Spanneu, with an alacrity that appeared to do her heart good, cried, —“But, my dear, I'll tell you all about the villain!”

I had not yet seen Monsieur *Julien Spanneu*, for his wife rigidly enforced his seclusion to his own room, and, as she would say, to his fittest company, his filthy dogs—his pupil poodles. I had, however, heard more than enough of him; and had formed in my own mind his outward man from the notes which proceeded from his fiddle as well as from himself: for really, they were so eternally blended, that man and fiddle seemed but one instrument. I have heard men declare that they have only to hear a voice to immediately fit it with an anatomy; albeit the fleshly instrument from which the voice is heard shall, in its reality, be in every point a contradiction to the body which has been, by the fancy of the listener bestowed upon it. I suppose this habit of men, not only when hearing persons but also when hearing of them,—this custom of endowing them with flesh and blood of some sort, arises from the difficulty that poor human nature has to consider mind in the abstract—to think of the human soul, without head and shoulders, legs and arms. Be this as it may; I had—from a too frequent overhearing of Monsieur Spanneu—made him a present of a long, thin, lizard-like body, a face sharp as a bladebone, twinkling eyes, grinning jaws, and a back bending like a willow in a breeze. His voice came with a cutting scream, far above his catgut. Hour by hour I heard him raving, stamping, singing, fiddling, at his canine pupils, withal so passionately, so earnestly, with such apparent consciousness of the importance of his function, of the great social value of his teaching a dog to go on three legs at the word of command—to limp as if wounded—to tumble head over heels—to feign the last mortal agony—and, above all, to toss a sixpence from its nose, at any given number,—that whatever might have been my opinion of the value of Monsieur's labours, I could not but respect the amount of sincerity, of real heart, he put into them. Then, how he would vociferate! How he would scream—“*Chien que tu es*”—as if in his indignation he told the dunce of a dog a startling truth, and then as the gender might be, crying, “*Chienne que tu es*,” as the worst opprobrium he could wreak upon a female learner. With these things fresh in my mind—for Monsieur *Julien* kept them day by day smarting like a new sore—I listened with all my ears to the coming narrative of Madame Spanneu, perceiving that—like a good wife as she was—she never felt so truly happy as when she could convince a dear female friend, who would keep the imparted secret locked for ever in her breast, what a villain she was married to.

When Madame Spanneu, as I have observed, promised Mrs. Gaptooth

tooth such happiness, the matron, decorously preparing herself for the pleasure, merely said, "Do."

"Well, my dear," begins the injured wife, "you recollect that creature, Louisa?"

"A very fine gal," answered Mrs. Gaptooth with some vivacity. "Beautiful flaxen hair, and eyes as blue as blue chaney. Where is she, my dear?"

This question Madame Spanneu did not answer, but waving it with a real or affected shiver, kept to the story of her wrongs. "And you know, my dear, that I'm a little particular in my pickles?"

In the name of the mummy of King Cheops—certainly one of the best preserves of the earth—what can there be in common with domestic wrongs and domestic pickles? This question stirred me, but not Mrs. Gaptooth. She evidently felt there was nothing inharmonious in the matter; for had she been a statue made to speak, she could not with more tranquillity have answered,—"My dear, I do."

"I'm not a proud woman, Mrs. Gaptooth; no; my worst enemy, my dear, if I have such a thing, can't say that; but I'll turn my back upon no woman for pickles. No; if I can stand upon anything in the world, it is my onions."

"Very true, my dear," was the corroboration of Mrs. Gaptooth. "But the gal?"

"Well, my dear, I was called to Leatherhead for a week, to see my aunt in the jaundice. She got over that, but she can't live long, my dear, and whenever she goes, there's something for us. Well, there was I, out a week from home, I may say, upon business; leaving that Louisa to keep the house. When I came back, there wasn't a walnut—a bit of cabbage—not a single onion, my dear, if you'd have died for it!"

"And all with Louisa?" asked Mrs. Gaptooth.

"My love," cried Madame Spanneu, most affectionate in her wretchedness, "My love, I afterwards found out she'd been altogether mistress of the house; and so the wretch had not only destroyed my peace, but ate my pickles!"

Gents' Fashions for May.

As dress is at all times the first consideration with the Gents, by which they think they maintain a position apart from the common people, who merely trust to their own abilities, unaided by tailor or haberdasher, to make themselves agreeable, we publish the following information for the Gents' own advantage.

The celebrated Twelve-shilling coat of pepper-and-salt blanketing is now very fashionable, and forms an elegant summer costume. It is usually worn with Berlin gloves and cheroots, which latter favourite articles may be purchased at a very cheap rate at various shops where a lithograph of Mr. Pickwick is inviting the Gents to buy.

Some very pretty stocks have lately appeared in the windows as the "Gents' New Fashion." They are of light-blue satin, ornamented with sprigs, and appear to be usually selected by fair Gents with auburn whiskers, upon whom they are exceedingly becoming.

White cravats which take to pieces and wash, may be purchased for two shillings each, and are remarkably stylish. To be very aristocratic, they should be worn with worked ends, the patterns taken from the stamped paper on the top of French plum-boxes.

We have observed lately, that when we have gone into a shop to buy white kid gloves, we have been invariably asked "if we should not like straw-colour?" This arises from the Gents usually patronising them at eighteen-pence a pair, which look equally stylish with three-and-sixpenny ones, and saying they get them at "Hoo-begong's."

The most fashionable Gents have appeared at evening parties with their shirt-fronts ornamented with lace-work like a lady's pocket-handkerchief, and a piece of something pink behind it: it looks very pretty. We have also seen them in ribbed and striped stockings or pumps, and beautiful fancy waistcoats of washable satin, with an under vest of some lively colour. The *tout ensemble* is very striking.

Some novel articles in Gents' jewellery have made their appearance in electro gold. Some of the ornaments resemble large white currants with gilt eels twisting round them, and others are like blanket-pins with water on the brain. We have also seen some sporting Gents with mosaic heads of horses and foxes stuck in their cravats. The majority of Gents at present wear their hands large and red, with flattened ends to the fingers.

Thick sticks are in vogue at present, especially with small Gents, which are usually carried held by the middle, with the handle downwards and forwards. Short canes are also exceedingly Gentish—about the length of a tobacco-pipe. They are carried with the top plunged into the side-pocket of the coat, and are considered by the Gents "rather the cheese."

The weather has been almost too unsettled for the introduction of the Blouse, but a few have appeared at the shop-doors. They may be looked for generally, in a week or two.

PUNCH'S OSSIAN.

DUAN II.

ARGUMENT.—Invocation to the Sun. Description of Cormac and Cutho. The Battle. Interruption by Beaks. King formed in next County. Cormac conqueror. Feast in Holborn.



HERE art thou?—Thou, who walkest the pathways of Heaven and faintest not?—thou, glorying in thy strength, and not weary?—Arise! and send night shivering to his gloomy cave. Arise! that we may be glad,—that our hearts may rejoice.—Come forth! and gild Britannia's helmet. Tip her spear with gold. Her sons prepare for the fight.

Now reach his rays the mountain top;—now the rill gliding through the valley.

Sons of Heroes, arise!—In the field is Burke and the thrice-renowned Winter; neither unmindful of glory are Walker and the son of Broomo.—The Giant of the West and Bun-Garee, of far-off-lands, await the hour when Albion's sons shall be called to the contest.—Let not scorn gather in the eye of the stranger. Let not his heart condemn.

Terrible in his might is Cormac, the slender. Rejoicing in his power

the dark-haired Cutho. Fearless in fight are both. To them is blood but as the juice of the vine. To them is the battle sport! Strong and generous as the lion is Cormac. Cutho surpassing the tiger in fierceness.—The son of Cormac fights for glory. Unmindful of gain is Cormac's son. From Holborn's echoing halls he cometh to the battle. Eager is he for the fray.

—"Do I fear," said Cutho, the fair-haired youth, the stripling of few years; "doth my spirit tremble?"—A shout arises;—"Brave as ten thousand heroes is Cutho. To him will Victory open her arms."

Prepared are the lists. They join in battle. Terrible is the struggle!—Blow re-echoeth blow. The voice of those around is hushed. They wrestle. They fall. An invocation is made to Chronos of the flowing beard.—They rest.

Again the battle rages with unequalled fierceness. Red with the blood of his foe is the hand of Cormac. A blacker hue surrounds the dark eyes of Cutho. The eyes of Cormac catch new fire. He thinks of Eda, the Hebe of Holborn. Stronger are his arms.—Fall succeedeth fall. Victory smiles now on Cormac,—now on Cutho.



A DRAWN BATTLE.

The voice of the breeze whispereth distant murmurs. Shouts, from afar-off, are borne on the wind. Nearer they approach, and still nearer.—Do spirits view the contest? Urge they on the combatants? Invisible, do they watch the fray?

Suspended are the adverse arms. Terror-stricken the multitude!—Approaching Harpies, with forms of men and mouths of birds—evidious of glory—pounce upon them. As, when a dam is burst, the waters flow around, so is the multitude scattered.—Fear in their eyes—terror in their hearts.

Thus spake Kribbe, of the aged locks:

"Men of mighty arms, leave we this unpropitious place. Let us go where Magic hath no power and Fates befriend.—Cross we yon murmuring rill; the Harpies dare not follow."

All obey the aged man. The rill is crossed. The fight resumed.—Cormac the young, the slender, the brave—is victor!—Glory, Stannum, and Renown are his!

* * * * *

In Hol-born's sounding Halls they sit.—

They laugh. They feast. They sing.—

Eda fills the wine-cups.

Great is the glory of Cormac! Humbled the pride of Cutho!—

SAPPHO MADE EASY.

ACT THE THIRD.

ACT THREE—Scene One—is a feast by night—
 Illum'd by a most mysterious light.
 A stage direction meant to denote
 That the prompter lowers the gas in the float.
 On the right is the Temple's penetralia,
 But so badly done it amounts to a failure.
 It seems that Sappho has come with the view
 Of ascertaining what she 's to do.
 From certain Aruspices, being *incog.*,
 In a forest surrounded with marsh and bog.
 To sacrifice she hath come to own,
 And for it expresses a wish to atone,
 Because in the scene that has gone befor
 She has pitch'd an altar on to the floor;
 And striking an attitude terribly fine,
 Upset an arrangement of spirits and wine.
 Lysimachus—after a horrible shout,
 In manner theatrical, somehow makes out
 That Sappho 's the child of Alcander; and *ergo*,
 Is unto Climene a sister, poor *virgo*;
 But the Priests have already determined her doom,
 Which over the matter has cast quite a gloom.
 But the doom is pronounced upon Sappho, and so
 Away they all screaming and bellowing go.
 Scene Two—is described as a part of the cliff;
 The sea is below—but the waves are too stiff,
 For the boys who enact them get playing their tricks,
 By poking the canvas about with their sticks;
 And nothing in caricaturing surpasses
 The scene of this *πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης*.
 Then Sappho approaches, and, after some singing,
 Prepares from the rock her poor self to be flinging.
 The platform Miss Clara Novello ascends,
 Each neck in the house most eagerly bends
 Expecting to witness of Sappho the tumble,
 The drums in the orchestra fearfully rumble—
 The audience shriek—for a figure in white
 Is seen to fall down from the terrible height.
 The women then scream with alarm, but what folly!
 The figure is nothing on earth but a dolly!
 Then down goes the curtain—and though it is thought
 That Sappho is crush'd by her fall into nought,
 She 's loudly demanded, and when she comes out,
 's welcomed, of course, with a vehement shout;
 And on her keep falling the usual showers
 Of threepenny bunches of yesterday's flowers.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. CLAREMONT,

OF THE T. R. COVENT-GARDEN, BY HIS GREAT-GRANDSON.

THE only professional anecdote I am able to relate with regard to my illustrious ancestor is this:—At the time when the affairs of Covent-Garden Theatre were in a very bad way, Theodore Hook happened to come into the Green Room, and addressing my great-grandfather, said he wondered to see him there when there was a talk of an execution being put into the theatre. My great-grandfather, who was a very simple man when not engaged in his profession, asked the wit why he (Claremont) should not be in the theatre at such a time. "Because," said Hook, "if an execution is put into the house they will certainly seize all the sticks." Everybody else laughed heartily, but my great-grandfather maintained to the last hour of his existence that he could not see the joke.

I have nothing more to add respecting my ancestor that would be interesting to the public; but on searching the bills of Covent-Garden Theatre for the year 1808, I find that he played on the opening night, which was Sept. 12th, the part of Malcolm, and that the cast included Messrs. Thompson and Wilde, whose names both appear in the bills as Officers, while the Gentlemen were sustained by Messrs. Brown, Grant, Louis, Powers, Reeves, and Sargant. Well may we sigh over the good old days of the drama! We shall never look upon their like again.

The Easter Holidays.

On Easter-Monday Mr. Jenkins walked across the room in which he lodges, going beyond the alcove or nook in which his turn-up bedstead is deposited. This is the only way in which he passed the recess. (Oh!)

Mr. Brown left town on Easter-Monday for Greenwich, where he partook of the gingerbread-nuts, and returned to town in the evening.

Mr. Horatio Tomkins was among the audience at Astley's on Monday evening. He seemed greatly to enjoy Mr. Widdicombe's personation of Lord Ellenborough in the spectacle of Cabul.

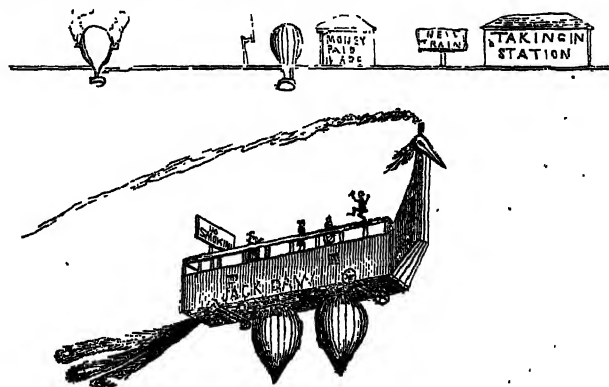
THE AERIAL STEAM SHIP MANIA.

REPORT of the Committee appointed by PUNCH to investigate the comparative merits of the flying machine, alluded to in recent numbers of his journal.

At the conclusion of their labours, your Committee have much pleasure in laying the following results of their investigations before you, being now thoroughly convinced of the flighty nature of the subject, and its close approach to a castle in the air, which has hitherto been considered as a mere imaginary building.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the Chronicles of Valentine and Orson, Peter Wilkins, Mother Bunch, and other accredited and authenticated histories, prove that the process of flying through the air was once perfectly feasible, but that the art is now lost in common with various colours, methods of embalming, and transmutation of metals. It is, therefore, not too much to affirm that this ingenious construction is on the eve of being found out, especially by its shareholders, and will be brought to as great a degree of perfection as it ever has been.

The analogy between the bird and the Aerial Courier is very properly made of the first consequence, for nature has ever furnished the best models that art could go from; but still your committee have failed, with all their energy, in discovering any British birds with steam-engines in their stomachs or whirligigs behind their ears; and as the patentee appears to think an inherent principle of life quite unnecessary for sustaining a body in the air, they recommend him to try and make a dead bird fly by clockwork before he proceeds much further.



Your Committee feel bound to state that, in furtherance of their experiments upon the principle, they purchased a clock-work mouse at the toy-shop in Holborn, and having wound him up and fastened some sails to his back, they allowed him to run down an inclined plane, which he did with great velocity; and in all probability would have risen into the air, but for some unseen, and therefore trifling, impediment. But as this occurrence might take place equally with the Aerial, inasmuch as it is started by the same means; and, supposing that Highgate Hill be chosen for this purpose, as it would be awkward for the voyagers when they expected to be at Calcutta to find themselves only at Kentish Town, at the bottom of the declivity, your Committee recommend that further measures should be taken to guard against such disappointment.

It is recommended then, that the patentees forthwith obtain the assistance of Mr. W. Bradwell, the theatrical mechanist,—he being the only man who has ever set the laws of matter and gravitation completely at defiance,—to superintend their construction. The very name of those parts of the house in which he reigns transcendent—the *fies*—prove his volatile powers; and the public have only to call to mind the numerous flying chariots and other aerial machines which he has from time to time constructed, perfectly under the control of their directors, to allow his great powers in this peculiar line. The mere fact of his being enabled to let ropes down from the clouds, or attach them to the sky, whenever he chooses, would make him a valuable guard to the machine, to sustain it in the atmosphere in the event of its machinery becoming disordered, which would at all times be a particularly unpleasant accident, and difficult to be repaired. For, according to the representation, all the crew and passengers appear to be shut up with the coals and steam-engine in a species of slipper-bath upon wheels with two windows.

It is also earnestly urged that Mr. Murphy be appointed conductor, from the good terms on which he stands with the weather; that the various winds required for its progress be under the control of Mr. J. H. Tully, from his aptness in arranging all kinds of airs to suit any especial purpose; even those very difficult ones which Miss Clara Novello gives herself; and that Mr. Bunn be chief manager, from his wonderful powers in keeping any concern afloat by unknown agency.

These things being attended to, your Committee have no doubt that the Courier will ultimately go up, but whether the atmosphere or the spout, time alone can determine. At the same time, they express their surprise that what appears to be the most formidable difficulty in the whole undertaking—viz., getting passengers for the first trip—has never once been alluded to.

JENKINS AGAIN,—AND BETTER THAN EVER!



DID we dwell in a habitation with closed shutters, we should know that spring was returned to us. JENKINS, like the cuckoo, crieth out of green leaves. We have but to read that column of *The Morning Post*, which JENKINS—unsurpassable JENKINS—makes his own, to know, as he himself would delicately say, that *le printemps est revenu*! Yes, JENKINS' sap rises with the season; he has burst out with the hawthorns—blossomed with the crab apples. But first, hear the melancholy philosophy of JENKINS. He is at her Majesty's Theatre, and—

"Cannot but be reminded of the mournful temporary cause of this falling off, [i.e. a thin house,] particularly when we cast a glance at the three spacious boxes which we so often behold graced by the presence of august and illustrious personages, on whom all true Englishmen look with pride, and whose presence alone would make the Italian Opera the most attractive, as well as the highest sphere of public recreation."

This is a comfortable assurance; because if LABLACHE, as JENKINS would say, have an *abbasemento di voce*, why, in default of hearing *il primo basso*, it would be quite sufficient to "look with pride" at the Duke of CAMBRIDGE in one of the "three spacious boxes." If a cat may look at a king, why, upon a graduated scale of right, we think JENKINS may stare at a Duke. That point, however, we leave for the adjustment of the cat and JENKINS themselves. JENKINS says of CAMBRIDGE—

"His Royal Highness, by the frank and open expression of his excellent judgment and musical enthusiasm, directs and forms listless fashionables in that just appreciation of talent so necessary to the advancement of art. Were we moralists—

—(Pooh, pooh, JENKINS—hang modesty, and pull up your shirt-collar: you are a moralist!)

instead of humble critics, we might descant also upon the lesson he reads to many of his countrymen, whose besetting sin is a *stilted pride*, which prevents their giving free expression to their opinions, and who appear to think they would degrade themselves were they to *faberize* [sic in *Post*] in courtesy and in feeling with their companions in the recreation of the passing hour."

We agree with JENKINS in part of this. There is, certainly, no man so prone to give "a free expression" to his opinion than CAMBRIDGE, for we heard him a night or two since at the French play, from his private box, out-talking poor Madame DOCHE on the stage, the actress standing no chance with the visitor. Besides, when the Duke comes to an English house, it is well known, that he always thus announces himself to the audience. "Hem—hem—hem—hem! Whenever I come to the play, I make it a rule of dining at five o'clock!" This piece of self-sacrifice, His Royal Highness always gives the most "frank and open expression" to.

We regret, however, to perceive that JENKINS, whose delicate sense denounced "the frowsy dames" of shopkeepers visiting the Opera pit,

should now talk of "stilted pride." Poor JENKINS! We see how it is; his tailor has served him with the copy of a writ, and he hopes to mollify him into a small and lingering *cognovit*.

Heaven forbid that JENKINS should be shut up! Ye gods, what powers of observation would the Marshal then have under lock and key; for mark the following—

"As to her [Fanny Ellaler's] Cachucha, in that dance, as the Italians say, *ha fatto fanatismo*, and we shrewdly suspect that many of the fanatics are practising in secret; for we observed no fewer than *two* pairs of castanets hanging in one turner's shop in Oxford street, a few days since, and we doubt whether so many have been employed until now by all the inhabitants of Britain, SINCE THE DAYS OF THE DRUIDS."

The Druids, as our readers will at once acknowledge, having always been celebrated for mistletoe, metheglin, and—castanettes!

And now, JENKINS lets us into an extraordinary piece of private history—

"We doubt whether we ever heard anything equal to Persiani's *Amina* last night, unless it were Malibran's, who sang the part in a totally different tone of voice, as well as style of acting. But then, poor Malibran, so full of genius, fire, energy, and feeling, was a *Sonnambula* herself! Even in broad day we have seen her thus, when her feelings have been deeply wounded [JENKINS would bore for an order] her orbits immovably contemplating the *chimera* conjured up in her mind; without 'speculation in her eyes'—and, unlike the *Sonnambula* of the stage, instead of walking unscathed over the precipice, sometimes unconsciously precipitating herself over a stone staircase, at whose foot we have seen her picked up—her beautiful pallid features streaming with blood."

Imagine JENKINS, like the Doctor in *Macbeth*, when watching *Macbeth's* wife—think of him, the marble-hearted villain, watching MALIBRAN precipitating herself over a stone staircase, merely, that like a second in a fight, he might see the woman fairly "picked up." We knew that MALIBRAN was eccentric; but we never thought she could be so jocose with stone staircases! JENKINS, you never saw this: never; but like a kindred genius, BYRON, you would fain affect a recklessness you have not, JENKINS! Now, come. Here's a pot of the very best marrow pomatum for you: confess at once the story all a flam. To be sure; we knew it was. Many things you may have seen; but never a prima donna picked up at the bottom of a staircase.



TOUCHED IN THE HEAD.

Now, however, JENKINS shows the effect of the spring: now he vindicates the rising of the sap:—

"Persiani's last feat, '*Ah! non giunge*,' left our musical reminiscences, of the moment, enveloped in a mass of the most bewitching *fortiture* in which joy was ever expressed. This feeling was general; and we could not help laughing when we afterwards stretched our limbs in the fresh air, followed by many other operative votaries, bent on a similar errand, [what errand?] hearing them all singing '*Ah non giunge*,' although in such different keys, and with such discrepant tones and execution."

Here JENKINS becomes solemn on the *bolera*:—

"We wish we could gladden our sight with the charming Guy Stephan's *boleras* at any other time than between the acts of the opera. We consider its *scena* as sacred ground, where none but singing angels should intrude; whilst the dancing *Houris* destroy the ensemble of the lyrical feeling."

We really think this matter should be represented by JENKINS to some of the bishops. We would have JENKINS left entirely to the "angels," and not "destroyed" there night after night by the "Houris." Help!—Murder!—JENKINS is in danger!

Literary Intelligence.



Understand that the enlightened Mr. Wollop has in preparation a work on the plan of the Wives of England, to be called "The Aunts of Hammer-smith."

The forthcoming work entitled "Social Life in Brixton," is from the pen of the talented author of "The Pumps of London." The latter is an invaluable guide to those who seek to regain their health by drinking the waters.

We have heard whispers of the intended publication of a "New Peerage," on an entirely original plan. It will embrace all the Piers along the River Thames, and will be dedicated by express permission to Baron Nathan. There is a curious chapter connecting the pearl in the coronet of the earl with the Early Purl, to be met with to the present day in several *maisons de pot*, or pouthouses.

The Prince of Wales's Arms.

Among the items of extravagance for the past year is one of 55*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* for altering the Prince of Wales's Arms. We presume this must refer to the necessary enlargement of the sleeves of all His Royal Highness' frocks. It is a curious fact, that as the sleeve comes down only an inch below the shoulder, His Royal Highness is literally out at elbows.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS. — N^o. LXXVI.



AFTER THE ORIGINALS IN THE QUEEN'S COLLECTION.

Legal Intelligence.

It is whispered that the promising young junior, Mr. Smoothover, has applied for the coif. If he should obtain it, he will offer a cognovit for the thousand pounds expense which the dignity entails, and he will give rings with the Latin motto of "*Curreat Ambulator*," or, Hookey Walker.

We have heard it stated as a fact, which may or may not be relied upon, that Mr. Briefless has at length persuaded himself to print his speeches at the bar in a cheap form, for general circulation. His flights of eloquence have generally been devoted to applications for rules to compute; but there have been one or two of his speeches on the more exciting subject of outlawry. He purposes giving to the publication the striking title of *A Voice from the Bail Court*. The speeches will be corrected by himself, and will comprise four leaves of small octavo. He intends dedicating them to the Usher, whose promptness in handing in the affidavits has been very serviceable to Mr. Briefless during the whole of his professional existence.

We have heard that Mr. Flounder is preparing a new edition of *Abbott on Shipping*. It will bring down the law to the end of last summer, including the decision of Mr. Minshall on the case of the *Anthracite* against the *Bachelor*. The intricate question of salvage, which was mooted on the picking up of a broken ear and a fractured skull by the Battersea watermen, will be very elaborately entered into.

QUESTIONS FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS.

NOT TO BE FOUND IN THEIR NOTE-BOOKS.

WHAT is the difference between the course of the femoral artery and the second course of a civic dinner?

Is the triceps muscle a lineal descendant of Charon's watch-dog?

Which is the more puzzling to Welsh students, the labyrinth of the ear, or the Cretan labyrinth of Dædalus?

Is the fenestra ovalis, or oval window, of the labyrinth framed and glazed, or is it not?

What is the area of the vestibule of the labyrinth? and is it paved with Roman tile or common brick?

Judging from its construction, is it possible to break your neck by falling down the "Scala Vestibuli," or staircase of the vestibule?

What is the relation of the aqueductus vestibuli to the semicircular canals?—Who are the directors of the latter?—Price of shares in ditto? What sized craft can they float?—Were they formed on the plan of the Styx?—How do they stand affected with regard to railroads?—And what will be the effect upon them of Mr. Henson's Flying Machine?

Are the sacs in the vestibule empty coal-sacks left there by the canal bargemen?—Or are they, as Breschet says, merely dust bags, containing otoconite or sweepings of the labyrinth?

Whether would it be more repugnant to your inclinations, to forego the pleasures of porter for a week, or in your examination at the college to be captured on the great unipedal saltation (*i. e.* caught on the grand hop) by a trap question in anatomy?

WIDDICOMB AS LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

In the new piece at Astley's, the part of Lord Ellenborough has been assigned to Widdicomb. Nothing can exceed the effect of his entrance on the back of an elephant, from which he reads the whole of the proclamations as originally issued by the Governor-General. Widdicomb seems to have entered into the character of Lord Ellenborough with a remarkable accuracy of conception. His calling on the troops to be firm while it is as much as he can do to retain his own seat on the elephant's back, is a magnificent touch of nature, which told immensely with the audience. His justification of his policy to the low comedian of the piece, and his bit of quiet nature when he walks down to the lamps and raps his heel with a riding whip were not lost on the house; while his undertoned growl at the equestrians in the final procession, was a bit of smothered feeling that will place him in the first rank of riding-masters. We understand that Widdicomb was so desirous to preserve an air of reality, and to give as much as possible an Indian air to his performance of the part, that he rubbed his moustachios with Indian ink, and studied the whole of the dialogue under the immediate direction of one of the Agents of the East India Tea Company.

Works of Art.

We are happy to announce the great improvement that has lately been made in the column at King's Cross. Within the last week the statue of George the Fourth has been taken down.

Notices of Motion.

MR. JOSEPH HUMR, to move for an address of condolence to the country on the birth of a Princess.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

At the late meeting of the Royal Society, a paper was read "on the reduction of metals by a solution of salts, within the voltaic circuit." It was calculated that six ounces of Epsom salts would reduce one shilling exactly one half; and the experiment was tried by sending for nine ounces, when the shilling was reduced to threepence:—Thus proving the uniform operation of the laws of chemists.

A member, speaking of the action of salt on silver begged to observe, "that when exposed to the air, silver, while in contact with salt, is sometimes completely absorbed by some invisible influence. A servant had left some plate on the kitchen dresser, (*Hear*) and happening to turn her back, while the area door was open, it was found on her return that the whole of the silver had either become fused in the atmospheric humidity, or had been subjected to some species of voltaic action, (*Hear*). At all events, it was no longer visible.

A member suggested, that it might have been the action of the salts. The member who introduced the subject, said it might have been, particularly as the salt-cellars, which were also of silver, had disappeared likewise.

Professor Toddledown, on being called upon to read a paper, took out the *Times*, in which he seemed to be engrossed during the remainder of the sitting. Mr. Twinkle—a new member—produced a copy of an inscription on a stone in the Kensington-road. It ran thus, "1½." After some deliberation it was decided that the hieroglyphic represented the distance from Hyde Park-corner, and was intended to designate one mile and-a-half from the place alluded to.

The following donations were then announced.

Mr. Twinkle. Several Elgin marbles, being a selection from those which Lord Elgin, when a boy, played at marbles with.

Professor Toddledown. A wheelbarrow-full of the earth dug from under the Thames in forming the Tunnel. (This announcement was received with much cheering.)

Mr. Chaffington. A piece of wood, cut into the form of one of the blocks used for the wood-pavement in Oxford-street.

Thanks having been voted to everybody in general, and nobody in particular, the meeting broke up.

BALLADS OF BLIGHTED HOPES.

I MET her where the merry bird
At morning, noon, and night is heard;
It was at Greenwich Park.
She'd come to hear soft music gush
From swallow, sparrow, tomtit, thrush,
I—to enjoy the lark.

I follow'd closely on her heel,
To where in country-dance and reel,
They rush'd their cares to soothe.
We stood together, hand-in-hand,
And soon were waiting to the band
Of Algar's well-known Booth.

I swore to laugh at fortune's frowns,
Defying all the



UPS AND DOWNS,

Which Time is sure to bring.
Together we declar'd we'd go,
Whether our lot be high or low,—
And got into a swing.

Now we are mounting to the sky,
Now down again to earth we fly,
Now balanc'd in the air;
And, interrupted by the noise
Of cheering from surrounding boys,
Fidelity I swear.

We walk'd from show to show about,
I drinking freely Barclay's Stout;
Ah! would I could refrain.
In station-house I woke next morn;
She had been somehow from me torn:
We never met again!!

"Derogatory" to The Drama!

THERE is something very amusing to philosophers, like *Punch* and his friends, to note the "periodical fits of morality," as MACAULEY names them, that attack certain bodies. The Committee of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane have suddenly found themselves ill-used and insulted. This discovery, however, the Committee must mainly attribute to the natural delicacy, the aristocratic fastidiousness of the Earl of GLENCAIRN, for on his "return to town," they—"immediately expressed their disapprobation of the theatre being used for any meetings whatever involving discussion upon political subjects, the same being in their judgment altogether foreign to the purposes, as well as derogatory to the character, of a patent theatre."



We believe there is a person upon town, who for some years ruled the destinies of Drury-lane theatre, paying of course a very heavy rent for the same (the receipts are no doubt in the British Museum for the inspection of the curious), and who in the time of his government, filled the stage with French and German singers. Surely they were foreign to the purposes of an English theatre. He, moreover, engaged Arab steeds to caracole and dance upon the boards. Were not they foreign? And more than all, he turned the house into a menagerie, filling the dramatic temple with the roaring of lions and the growling of bears. Again we put the same question—were not they foreign?

But no; the Committee have discovered that corn laws are more foreign than cages—that panthers and leopards may become national, but not the members of the League. Melpomene and Thalia are not to be alarmed by the roaring of tigers, but are excessively scandalized at the plain speaking of Messrs. CORBEN, FOX, and VILLIERS. However, we would fain judge charitably. The Committee may act upon the best of motives; they may fear the infection of politics spreading among the players: these fears at Drury-lane are we think foolish and unfounded.



PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER XVI.—DISPOSING OF VULCAN.

VULCAN, according to Milton, was a pretty sort of a god: "Men called him Mulciber," says the Bard, but adds,—though in other words, that he was no such thing, being, in point of fact, an ex-angel and actual demon. According to the ancient mythologists, he was not a pretty sort of god by any means, but a remarkably ugly one; a brawny, grisly, lame, deformed monster. He was represented in a state of semi-nudity, bristly and hirsute, with particularly shaggy hair, and a beard and whiskers which cried aloud for trimming. He was not at all "os humerosque deo similis," but rather more like an

ogre as to his head and shoulders than a god. Muscular he was, as the cripple in Raphael's celebrated Cartoon, and sturdy and strong as a rhinoceros. His "shoulder was ordained so thick to heave," like that of Richard the Third; but unlike that exemplary sovereign, (who was a bit of a dandy in his way,) he would neither "entertain a score or two of tailors," nor "study fashions to adorn his body;" hence his scant attire. Nay, he would not take the common pains to keep himself clean, (although, as a god, he was in easy circumstances in respect of soap,) and his hands and face were always begrimed with soot. Thus, albeit one of the celestial aristocracy—one of the "Dii majorum gentium," he was numbered with the Great Unwashed. And this the rather for that he generally appeared holding in his hand a hammer and pincers; implements significant of his craft, which was that of a blacksmith. However, he also presided over all workers in gold, silver, iron, and their kindred substances; and all arts and mysteries thereto appertaining, from metallurgy to tinkerism. He was likewise the deity of fire, in his way, as Vesta was in hers; but whereas her department was the roasting of joints, it was his to roast ores. She roasted the ox, he the oxide.

Some say that Vulcan was the son of Jupiter and Juno, others that he was the son of Juno *per se*, who excoagitated him in her head, as her husband did Minerva. On this supposition, Juno must have dreamt him after a pork-chop supper, or else she must have had a very distorted imagination: how otherwise could she have conceived anything so ugly? Homer says that Juno was so disgusted with her little prodigy,—for, such indeed he was,—that she pitched him, the instant he was born, into the sea, where he remained nine years. Homer does not add that all the Sea-Nymphs and Tritons voted him an odd fish; he forgot to mention that circumstance.

How, and why, Jupiter at a subsequent period kicked Vulcan out of Heaven, we have seen. Truly, this unlucky god appears to have received many more kicks than halfpence, which was probably the reason why the Egyptians represented him like a monkey.

The broken leg which our divinity got when the law of gravitation brought him down whack upon Lemnos was promptly attended to by an eminent practitioner in the neighbourhood. The case, however, was not a very successful one, the practice of the surgeon having been previously exercised on the human subject, not on the god. Lateral union took place between the divided bones, consequently the limb was shortened; and the arithmetical process, called "dot and carry one," attended the progression of the patient thenceforward for ever.

Lemnos being full of blacksmiths, and possessing other attractions, Vulcan found himself pleasantly situated there, and on his recovery built himself a palace on the island. So says Tradition: Conjecture suggests that he set up shop. He mended the pokers of the inhabitants, repaired their kettles, shod the horses, and otherwise made himself so generally useful, as to become a great favourite with them. Divine painters are—that is to say, were—common enough; but divine tinkers are rare: the natives of Lemnos, therefore, must have been sensible that they had a card among them.

The first job that Vulcan did on his own account was to make a golden throne, intended for a present to his mother Juno. This looks like filial affection, the returning of good for evil, and all that is right and proper: but hear the sequel. Having completed his work, Vulcan despatched the piece of furniture by a special aerial steam-carriage to the summit of Olympus. When Juno beheld it, her first thought was, "What a love of a throne!" her second, "How very kind of poor dear Vulcan!" and her third, "How cruelly I behaved to him when he was a little god!" Her next reflection was more of a common-place character: "Thrones," said the Queen of Heaven, "are made to sit upon,"—and she suited the action to the word; when instantly a concealed grating on either side of the cushion flew up and fixed her in her seat on the principle of a man-trap. She screamed; Jupiter thundered; Mars swore; Momus laughed; and there was a great row. Hercules, who had lately arrived in Heaven, tried with all his might to force the bars asunder, but they resisted his utmost efforts, although Momus advised him to try again, and he complied with the request. Juno was decidedly in a considerable "fix," and it was clear that the contriver thereof was the only person who could unfix her. Mercury, therefore, was sent to require his attendance, but Vulcan would not come. Jupiter at this flew into a towering passion, and was preparing to beat the immortal recalcitrant into as immortal a state of commination with thunderbolts, when the wise Minerva suggested to him that that precipitate proceeding would only render the extrication of Juno hopeless; and Bacchus volunteered to use his influence with Vulcan; so Jupiter put his thunder into his pocket again.

When Bacchus arrived at Lemnos, he found Vulcan at work among his men, who were hymning the "Harmonious Blacksmith" (adapted for the purpose) to his praise and glory. Vulcan was glad to see Bacchus, who was the greatest friend he had, and willingly acceded to the latter's proposition of a pot of nectar. So a table was

Mercury touched her tongue with French and Italian; and Minerva instructed her in geography, astronomy, and all the other branches of an elegant female education. Withal, Jupiter presented her with a box, by way of dowry to the man who should marry her. The reader will be beginning to wish that he had offended Jupiter; but

let him not be in a hurry. The charms of Pandora were mere "springs to catch woodcocks;" the box was full, not of the root of all evil, but of evil in branch, flower, and fruit; plagues, distempers, famines, and all sorts of miseries. How such things could be contained in a box it is difficult to conceive; but the box was a mysterious and metaphysical box: this, no doubt, will be a satisfactory explanation. Pandora, thus beautified and endowed, was conducted by Mercury to Prometheus, but that individual was far too extensively vigilant to be taken in. He accordingly transferred the lady to his brother Epimetheus, who jumped at her. They were married; Epimetheus, naturally concluding that the box was full of money, opened it, when out flew the contents, and converted the world into this uncomfortable, plaguy, vexatious penal settlement which we find it. Out of evil comes good. Hope, by some chemical process, had been formed during the fermentation of the evils in the box, of which it had sunk to the bottom;



set in the middle of the workshop, and down they sat. Bacchus proposed "Hammer and Tongs," "Success to the Anvil," and other toasts, and then sung to the effect following:—

Earth is darken'd o'er with woe;
Bid the ruddy nectar flow:
Then we'll have another go.
(Here he cut an eccentric career.)

Oh! of Nectar, a full pot
Is a nice thing, is it not?
Vulcan quaff the stuff before thee;
Nectar! Nectar! I adore thee.

(Whereat he repeated his former proceeding.)

"Fore Jupiter," cried Vulcan, by this time very tipsy, "an excellent song. Encore!" Bacchus complied; another toast succeeded, and Vulcan was easily prevailed upon to return to Heaven and let his mother out.

A reconciliation having now been effected between Vulcan and Jupiter, the former once more took his seat at the tables of Olympus. It was high time; for Vulcan was sole manufacturer of thunderbolts to his Majesty, and Jupiter's stock of ammunition was nearly out. Jupiter also wanted the assistance of Vulcan to punish the presumption of Prometheus, who had not only been concentrating in his own person the collective audacity of nine tailors, by making a man; but by means of an electrical kite had stolen fire from Heaven, where-with to animate the production. "I'll pay him for this," thought Jupiter; "I'll give him a wife:" and he ordered Vulcan to manufacture her. He was obeyed; and the result was the creation of Pandora. She was called Pandora, because she received presents from all the gods. Venus gave a bottle of Kalydor, in virtue of which she realised a delicate white neck, hand, and arm, and a complexion of the fairest hue; the Graces decorated her person and directed her steps; Apollo taught her to sing like Mrs. Alfred Shaw or the nightingale;

and amid all our bills and rates and taxes, the Income-tax inclusive, and aches and pains and botherations, it luckily remains to us still. Some authors maintain that the consolation which was left at the bottom of Pandora's box was, in reality, no other than tobacco.

Vulcan's forge, where he made thunder and chains for his Majesty Jupiter, was situated under Mount Etna; he had also a branch establishment beneath each of the principal volcanoes. His workmen were the Cyclopes, so called because they had great round eyes; they possessed one apiece, in the situation of the organ of "Individuality." This optical apparatus resembled, in size and appearance, a carriage bull's eye. The Cyclopes were giants, of large appetite, extreme ferocity, and singular ugliness—like master, like men.

Vulcan forged (without counterfeiting) the arms of Achilles, as also those of Aeneas and the Shield of Hercules, which was as handsome as the Waterloo Shield made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge. He also wrought a collar for Hermione or Mrs. Cadmus, which proved fatal to all who wore it, although it was not a hempen collar,—perhaps it was an anodyne necklace, rather too strong of the opium.

"The amours of Vulcan," observes Dr. Lempriere, "were not numerous." So one might imagine. It has been related that he became the husband of Venus, and enough has already been stated to show that his enjoyment of domestic bliss must have been particularly moderate. It appears, however, that he had a second wife, who was no other than one of the Graces. Whether the maid-servant treated him better than the mistress or not, we are not informed. Vulcan seems to have had a tolerable taste, though he did not show it in the arrangements of his toilette. Had he cultivated the Graces, all three, a little more, he had perhaps been a happier god. A good temper is an indispensable quality in a husband, but a sharp razor, and a well-used wash-hand-stand, are not less essential requisites for the enjoyment of conjugal felicity.

Having now given the memoirs of the more eminent of the

Immortals, *Punch* thinks that perhaps he has been lecturing long enough on Pagan Divinity. The Mythology might run a little longer—but then it might get out of breath; for a train of composition is not a steam-train. However, there is a certain person, it were improper to say individual, because he was a demi-god, one Hercules, about whom there is something to be disclosed. The world is not generally aware that the said Hercules achieved a second series of labours subsequently to the Christian era. When it comes to be informed of the nature of these exploits, which, if it has patience, it soon will,—if it does not say that Hercules was a trump, it will be as ungrateful a world as the poets assert it to be.

COCKNEY COLLEGE.

At the late general meeting, the secretary read the report. Out of eighty-six bachelors of arts, fifty had married, and become wranglers, as a matter of course. The college had sold a doctorship of civil laws for ready money, and had granted four fellowships, for which they had taken cognovits, all of which were being liquidated in true academical style—by degrees. The Polytechnic Institution was in treaty for a degree for the



SERVING A FRIEND.

man who shows the specimens of chemistry, in order that he might be entitled to lecture under the name of Doctor. Among the receipts was the usual allowance of ten pounds from the academical robe-makers of the metropolis, whose trade had greatly increased by the very liberal creation of LL.D.s, M.A.s, &c. which the Cockney College had indulged in. It being desirable that a bishop should be appointed master, the office was unanimously conferred on Bishop Sharpe, the pugilist. After a vote of thanks to the chairman for gratuitously scrubbing the floor of the room in which the meeting was held, it was adjourned *sine die*.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

Presumed to have been forwarded by Thomas Babington Macaulay, Esq., as a Specimen of his Poetry, when he sent in his Tender for the Laureateship.

[Livy relates, what is in all probability a tremendous "romance," that in the year 302, B.C., a vast chasm opened in the Forum at Rome; which the oracle pronounced could only be closed when the most precious things in Rome had been pitched into it. Marcus Curtius, crying out that nothing was more precious than arms or valour, galloped into the gulf, which directly shut up.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of this poem, he must imagine himself a plebeian standing in the Forum.]

THERE'S tumult in the Forum, and each heart with dread is sinking,
The pale plebeians palsied stand, or cut about like winking.
The Prætor on the justice-seat is thinking about flight,
And every hair upon his wig is standing bolt upright;
With corns tight pinched by highlows, from his feet he tries to tear 'em,
(Or rather might have done so, but the Romans didn't wear 'em.)
Sartorius, the tailor, quits his shop, and leaves a while
His Roman "Gents' New Togas"—ready-made, the latest style,
And joins a few Quirites now assembling in dismay,
Who prove by their loud wailings that there is old Dis to pay.

"What—what's the row?" a Tribune asks. Some subterranean shake
Has split the centre of the earth, and caused a mighty quake.
Before the incensed Oracle a priest its warning bides,
White to the gaze as cygnet's plume—as downy, too, besides.
For since the March of Intellect, the merest dolt believes
Those Flamens of the Oracles were nought but thund'ring thieves;
A first-rate pack of artful cards, who, when they chose to play,
Dealt out the honours where they chose—shuffled, and cut away.
"Stop all your jaws," the soothsayer cries, "this gulf will never close
Until within it are entomb'd the rarest things Rome knows;
Seek them forthwith, nor waste your time in vain and useless fear,
And see no rubbish be pick'd out—it may not be shot here."

Then up sprang Marcus Curtius, and thus spoke: "My bricks, don't fear
At what I'm going to say—I'm not in a 'state of beer';
But don't you know how bravery, with trusty arms combin'd,
Must be the things most precious that amongst us you can find.
I think no small beer of myself, which you may plainly see,
Give me a horse,—not worth too much,—and leave the rest to me."
Forthwith he vaulted on his steed—a sorry sort of knack,
Because the owner felt convinced he ne'er should see it back.
And spur and whip he plied, to reach the borders of the pit,
But thence, the horse refused to budge an atom—deuce a bit!

The Lictors lick'd him with their sticks—by Romans *fusces* call'd—
And rattled potsherds in his ears, and cried "Gee! gee!" and bawl'd—
The Tribunes push'd his haunches, and a crowd of little boys,
Bearing *amphoræ* fill'd with stones, kick'd up a mighty noise.
At length, when both the man and horse were scar'd at such a din,
All of a heap, head-over-heels, they straightway bundled in;



And scarcely had they disappeared, when, as the stories say,
The gulf closed up, like sliding-traps you witness at the play.
Then long live all this company—and Curtius long live he,
And when another leap takes place, may I be there to see,
And on it write another lay, wherever it may be.

COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.

ON ten thousand pounds being proposed to be voted towards building a house for the Ambassador at Constantinople,

Mr. Hume wished to know whether the Ambassador could not live in lodgings (*Hear*). He, Mr. Hume, had, at an early period of his life occupied a floor in the New Cut, and he thought he was as good as any Ambassador (*Hear*).



SEPARATE BOARD AND LODGING.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said it was necessary that the Ambassadors should live in a certain style.

Mr. Hume replied, that a person might live in England at a low sum in a certain style. For instance, there was Great Turnstile. (*Hear & laughter*.)

Colonel Sibthorp said he had heard that Mr. Hume lived in luxury, and in one continued round of gaiety.

Mr. Hume said it was a mistake. He did not live in a round of gaiety, nor in fact in a round of anything; for to say the truth, he resided in a square—Bryanston Square. (*Oh, oh!*) The matter here dropped.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Friday Evening, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand. In the latter case, Post Office Order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore. Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitehall, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, at No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand, in the precinct of the Navy, in the county of Middlesex. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XVII.—MONSIEUR SPANNEU AND HIS SCHOLARS.—I AM ILL-USED BY A POODLE.

DEAR Mrs. Gaptooth felt for the double calamity of Madame Spanneu all the sympathy of a sister. The heart of the matron, upon her own grave assurance, bled for her friend; albeit, no woman ever sat above a bleeding heart with sweeter composure. "It's a bad world, my dear," said Mrs. Gaptooth, "but we're in it—we're in it, and must make the best of it." With this expression of philosophy the old gentlewoman quitted the room, followed by Madame Spanneu.

I had that day been turned over and over by several hands, and had been carelessly thrown upon a chair, the price Madame Spanneu placed upon my beauty being considered too extravagant by those who came to purchase. I confess it, my situation became irksome to me: I longed once more to be in the world: I had had sufficient of retirement, and yearned for society. Whilst these thoughts possessed me, one of Monsieur Spanneu's poodles frisked into the room. The little beast was a most mischievous and volatile animal, despite the daily lessons of a master to correct the vices of his constitution. He was never so happy as when gnawing the edge of a carpet—jumping up and tearing at the maids' aprons—biting the cat in the nape of the neck—and, in fact, committing every license within the wicked powers of puppyhood; a more irreclaimable little dog was never born to the luxuries of life. As the poodle entered the room, I felt a strange shudder. He came in with a light cautious air, treading on the very tips of his toe-nails, and lifting up his jet-black nose, as though he snuffed delicious mischief somewhere; then, in very self-abandonment, he chased his tail, spinning round like any opera-dancer. Then, tired of the sport, he approached a table with sudden seriousness, and staring full at a blue riband or cap-string, twitched the muslin on the floor, and in an instant buried his head, fighting it the while with his fore-paws, in the cap itself. Never did a dog seem more delighted—never was puppy so completely caught by a cap. At length, by the very force of his admiration, the poodle tore the cap into strips, and sated with that peculiar pleasure, looked round about him for another victim. It was but an instant, and I was in the poodle's mouth. That I, who had helped to decorate the Prince of Wales, should be made the plaything of a dog! I felt that my last moment was come—that my ignominious end was near. How the poodle snapped at me and tossed me! Then, dropping me on the floor, he barked and barked at me; and then, after a momentary pause, he caught me up in his mouth, and ran with me out of the room. In another minute, the heedless puppy unseen by his master carried me into Monsieur Spanneu's academy, for there was the Frenchman, kit in hand, playing the Minuet de la Cour to a couple of poodles, stamping, vociferating, swearing, whilst he played.

I have no doubt that the action of the Frenchman had sudden operation on the fears of the animal that had carried me off, for the dog crouched under a chair with me between his paws, now pulling me through his teeth, and now contemplating in curious silence the motions of his canine schoolfellows. I have little doubt, too, that a somewhat ponderous whip, which the Frenchman remorselessly applied to the backs of his students, had its due effect upon the transgressing poodle; for as the whip cracked, and the culprits yelped and howled, the poodle trembled throughout every hair, and yelped in sympathy.

It was, however, delightful to witness the affectionate manner with which Monsieur Spanneu inflicted punishment on his students. "Ha! ha! *mon mignon*," he would cry, and the thong would wind round the darling's body with force enough to crack it. "*Viens, mon ami*," the master would exclaim, at the same time kicking the pupil to the other end of the school-room. He divided his time between soft endearing phrases and hard thwacks. His lips dropt oil, but his hand still bore a whip.

The poodle having left me beneath a chair, although I was somewhat flustered by the rough treatment I had received, I nevertheless soon recovered sufficient composure to look about me. I then noted, what I have since a thousand times remarked, the difference—even to extremes—between a man in his reality and a man as we may, in our imagination, have painted him. Here was Monsieur Spanneu, a short, obese Frenchman; yet surely never did man carry so much fat so lightly. He was about four feet six in height, with a face ample as the moon at the full, a broad forehead and bald head, its nudity half-discovered by a nightcap half-slipped from its resting-place. Nothing could have been more ludicrous than the aspect and manner of the

teacher, had they not been redeemed by an energy, a certain enthusiasm of purpose, that imparted to him something like dignity. It was impossible to laugh outright at Monsieur Spanneu; the earnestness of the teacher would repress the giggle of the scoffer. It is true he taught nothing but dogs; but then he convinced you that there were no creatures on this earth so worthy of teaching. "A dog," Monsieur Spanneu would say, "is de only true friend of de man," and this opinion the master would dignify by laying on the whip to the best friend of our species.

Whether Monsieur Spanneu's pupils were more than ordinarily dull, or the master himself more than usually irascible, I cannot determine; but never during my stay in the house had I heard such crackings of the whip, such yelpings and howlings from the dogs, as whilst I lay unseen beneath the chair, a witness of the discipline of my host. Monsieur had arranged his pupils for a cotillon, when, after the sweetest evidence of temper on his part,—after the master had twenty times called the dogs "*mes petits*," "*mes amis*," "*mes mignons*," "*mes enfans*,"—after he had lavished upon them all sorts of endearing syllables,—he lost his benevolence, and seizing his whip, he went in among the poodles and laid about him like a threshier.

It was at this moment, when the very tiles of the house-top were ringing with the howling of the dogs, and their master was raging like a tempest, his face scarlet, and his forehead straining with passion, when Madame Spanneu rushed into the room, ceremoniously followed by Mrs. Gaptooth.

"Monsieur Spanneu, I'll put up with this nuisance no longer," cried Madame; and if ever woman looked in earnest, it was the wife of the teacher.

Monsieur Spanneu was instantly composed. He stooped to pick up the nightcap which in his energy had dropped from his head, and folding it delicately, tenderly between his hands, he suffered a smile to break all over his face, and bending with graceful devotion, he said—"Ma belle Elise." There was nothing in the words. Any other husband might have called his wife his beautiful Eliza, but in the manner of Monsieur Spanneu there was the devotion of a life. Never was there such fealty paid to the wedding-ring. I saw it at once: the poodles, whatever were their sufferings, were fully revenged by the wife of their tyrant and teacher. The meekest, poorest dog there, was a lion in heart and independence before Monsieur Spanneu, compared to Monsieur Spanneu before his wife. Hence, the husband met the ferocity of his helpmate with nothing more than a deprecating bend of the back, and "*Ma belle Elise*."

"None of your nonsense," cried Madame Spanneu,—that lofty-minded woman rejecting what the weakness of her sex might have deemed a compliment. "I won't have my house turned into a kennel any longer. The dogs shall pack; and all the better if their master packs with them."

"*Mon ange!*" cried Monsieur Spanneu, his meekness, if possible, increasing with the violence of his wife.

"Yes, you're a pretty fellow to call anybody your angel, you are; I'm none of your angels, I can tell you,"—exclaimed Madame Spanneu, with a vigorous tossing of the head.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Gaptooth, apparently with the best spirits in the world, "now, don't go on so—though, to be sure, so many dogs must put any house in a most terrible pickle."

"Pickle!" cried Madame Spanneu, with intense shrillness of organ; "Pickle!"

"Ma chère," said the husband with a lost look, as though that one word pickle had conjured about him a throng of terrors which he felt it were in vain to struggle with. Had Madame Spanneu not been the poor man's wife, she must have pitied him; as it was, pity was the last feeling to be wasted on him.

"Pickle!" for the third time screamed Madame Spanneu, and I could perceive as she moved from the door, that her husband shifted himself, preparing to make a retreat. "I wonder that the floor doesn't open and swallow you at the word," she cried.

"Ma belle Elise!" said the Frenchman, but he spoke in vain.

"I wonder that you can have the impudence to exist—you, that I have given house and home to—you that I harbour, with your filthy curs—you that—"

The Frenchman was about to fly, when casting his eye about, he observed me lying tumbled and bitten beneath the chair. The poor man turned ghastly pale when he saw me. He was at once assured of the ill behaviour of one of his dogs, and of the increased abuse which would fall upon him, should his wife discover the accident. He must suffer anything, rather than permit the chance of such disclosure; hence, with false courage, he approached the chair beneath which I lay, and seating himself, so arranged his legs as to keep me out of sight.

And then Madame Spanneu began again to abuse her husband, whilst he—poor man!—began to tune his fiddle. Again did the wife call out “False, vile wretch!—miserable Frenchman!” whilst the Gaul, affecting philosophy, drew his bow, and sang—“*Nous n'avons qu'un tems à vivre.*”

Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Chemistry.

PROFESSOR GRUBENUP, who was in the chair, congratulated the meeting on the fact that this noble science is looking up; and that people who have gardens never think of employing a gardener, but send at once for their medical man in case of anything being required.



TAKING A BLACK DRAUGHT.

Mr. Kidney Tatur related a curious case which had fallen the other day under his own observation. A daisy was in a very delicate state, having caught cold from being placed in a damp flower-pot. Active astringents were tried, and bandages of twine were promptly applied in the hope of keeping the patient up; but it was too late, and the plant expired.

Mr. Water Potter observed, that a few days ago some cabbages were carried off from his garden in a very unaccountable manner. It was at first supposed to be ordinary consumption; but having sat up by the side of the bed all night, he found that the plants were subjected to abstraction. Having a dog with him, Bark (not *quinine*, but *canine*) was tried with some success; and being followed up smartly with *agogistic* treatment, the remedy was effectual.

The chairman called attention to the gratifying intelligence received a few days ago from Dover. It would appear that powder, in large doses, had been found very useful in opening the bowels of the earth, on two recent occasions.

Mr. Grubemup reported, that as some peas he had set were in a backward state, he had applied blisters to the earth, which he thought had succeeded in drawing them up earlier than might have been expected.

Mr. Kidney Tatur laid before the meeting the result of some curious experiments on some sweet peas and other annuals. He had dug in a quantity of Parr's Life Pills, but had in no case succeeded in prolonging the existence of the plants beyond the natural period. He had likewise discovered the following cure for Sleepy Apples:—Water with an infusion of green tea; and before it is taken let the branches be well shaken. The Meeting then separated.

Notice to Everybody.

The projectors of the Aerial Ship are now prepared to take contracts for regulating clocks and watches by the day, week, month, or year. Their facilities of constant access to the sun will enable them to set chronometers nearer to it than has been attempted before. Ships at sea supplied twice a day with the mean time at Greenwich.

A POLYGLOT POT-POURRI.

“HINC ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ”—as the Cook said of the Onions.

“No vous dérangez, je vous en prie”—as the Cockney sportsman said to the sitting rabbit.

“I'll be even with you some day,”—as Father Thames said to the parlor at Wapping.



PUTTING HIS SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

“Thus far have we penetrated into the bowels of the earth”—as Quintus Curtius said to his horse when they leapt into the gulf.

“Ce jeune homme donne beaucoup de promesse”—as the tailor said of the young lord who never paid him.

“I only wish you may get it”—as the lawyer said to his client in a Chancery suit.

“Noli me tangere”—as the electric eel said to the shark.

“Why is a butcher's cart like his boots?”—“Because he carries his calves there.”

Foreign Intelligence.

We have received accounts of the riots at Dantzic, but we are glad to hear the effervescence is not connected with the spruce, which, considering how long it has been bottled up, might have led to a frightful explosion.

Akbar Khan is still at loggerheads with the Imaum of Muscat. The former, it is said, will ultimately prevail. If this be true, Akbar kan and the Imaum can't.

In Spain, matters are looking black, particularly liquorice. Espartero appeared at the windows of the palace; there was a crowd beneath, but he did not seem disposed to throw himself upon the people.

Some uneasiness was manifested at the White Horse Cellar in consequence of the non-arrival of Cloud's Kensington Omnibus, which had been due nearly fourteen minutes. Our correspondent's patience being tired out, he left the spot without waiting for despatches; but he was soon overtaken by an extraordinary courier, in the shape of the crossing-sweeper, who notified the arrival, at the same time announcing that there were no letters.

Advices from Brook Green speak of an inundation, but we have no reason to put any faith in the rumour, for the facts which have reached us from that quarter are all of the very driest character. Our annual letter from Islington speaks of the continued tranquillity of that extensive district. Bread was selling at sixpence halfpenny the four-pound loaf; and the parish clerk remained in undisputed possession of his office. A circular, signed “A Rate-payer,” had been left at the principal dwellings, but the good sense of the people, combined with the firmness of the civil force (whose civility is, by the bye, rather on the increase) had prevented all disposition to an outbreak. There was, however, a rumour of an eruption among the younger part of the population, but on inquiry it turned out to be a very mild form of nettle-rash.

THE BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

This excellent institution had a very numerous meeting last week, when the secretary was absent without notice, but left a very clever paper on French leaves, which was read by the chairman, but it did not appear to be by any means satisfactory. A member produced a very interesting specimen of the *gramen lapidale* or *vegetabilis viatica*, being a clump of spinach picked out of the middle of the High-street, at Sandwich. It was a remarkable fact that it had not been affected by the traffic, which, by the last returns had consisted of five vehicles and twenty-four foot passengers within the last fortnight.

Mr. Snoodles read a paper on parsley in connexion with butter, and illustrated its effect on calves' heads by a variety of experiments carried out with reference to the members present.

A lengthy discussion then took place upon lettuces, and a deputation to undertake an expedition to *Cos*, with a view to cultivating a closer knowledge of the *cos lettuce* than at present exists in this country.

THE GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON:

No. II.—THE OUTSIDE OF THE PROMENADE OF WONDERS, HIGH HOLBORN.

THERE are very few people in the world who do not keep a show of some kind or another,—and this, more especially at the present time, when getting a livelihood by any old-fashioned, plain-sailing occupation has gone so completely out of fashion. We do not mean to assert that the majority of our fellow-creatures in all conditions of life travel about in yellow caravans with green shutters picked out with red, or vaunt the wonders of their collections through speaking-trumpets, to gaping crowds of spectators, whose pence they are desirous of transferring to their own pockets; but still they strive by mountebank performances to attract the mob, and hang forth specious representations to astonish the vulgar; being, at the same time perfectly aware of their utter inability to make good the vaunting promises of their showboards. But this is to them of little consequence; they have succeeded in creating a sensation and attracting a multitude,—the rest of their task is comparatively easy.

Acting upon this principle, the proprietors of the perambulating pavilions that attend our fairs, usually render the performances upon the platforms of their temporary museums of an enticing character. Their pictures, too, are equally alluring, for besides a highly-coloured representation of the marvels to be seen within, the eyes of common people are dazzled by views of costly apartments and gorgeous draperies, wherein most elegant company,—officers, wealthy landed

proprietors, fashionable ladies, and even jewelled Turks, are inspecting the curiosities, whatever they may be, and evincing their wondrous astonishment by unmistakable and strongly-marked gestures of surprise. The character of the interior,—its close and cabined proportions and poverty-stricken appointments, present a curious contrast; not more decided however than may be found in everyday-life, when actually admitted to the *penetralia* of what are apparently its most inviting features,—those features being usually an attractive mask to cover a face of a far different aspect.

Aware of the power of external display, and deeply imbued with a knowledge of human nature, the proprietor of the *PROMENADE OF WONDERS*, which we are about to notice, rivets the attention of passers-by by the gratuitous exhibition which his unbounded collection enables him to set forth. We do not however mean to say that his in-door display is inferior to the *al fresco* one. It may be much better for aught we know—but we have never seen it: we have always been so content with gazing at those curiosities which his liberality allows us to see for nothing, that we never felt inclined to enter, for fear the charm of mystery which invests each window of his establishment, as transmitting light to the depository of the real sights so dimly shadowed forth upon the external showboards, should be rudely broken.

The first view of this great establishment is obtained on arriving at the top of Drury Lane, where that interesting thoroughfare *debouches* in High-street, St. Giles's; and the first object that causes the visitor to pause and draw his breath with awe, is the representation of a mighty giant,



fixed against the front of the house. He is of vast proportions, and his foreign costume increases the interest felt in contem-

plating him, especially when we reflect that his prototype dwells within. From the size of his model, which is not a mere picture, but cut out of flat wood, he must evidently occupy two floors at once, and doubtless the ceiling between the first and second story has been knocked away to accommodate him. The artistic Frankenstein of the establishment has succeeded in throwing into his face an expression of contempt for the pigmies who pass and repass in the streets below. He has evidently sympathy with but one object, and that is the Brobdignagian Dust-pan opposite, over the door of the ironmonger's shop. It would be a fitting implement in the household of so mighty a creation. But that his disposition is contented, we learn from the humble look of the rooms which are probably assigned to him: that his nature is gentle, we perceive at once, from the freedom from apprehension which is exhibited in the countenance of the gentleman visitor of ordinary stature, who is kneeling upon one knee to measure the girth of his calf. But with all this, the somewhat damaged appearance of the right side of his head evinces former injuries, received doubtlessly in some of those Titanic skirmishes which we have learnt from our earliest infancy that the giants loved to indulge in.

Below this imposing image the spectator may behold some pictorial *fac-similes* of other wonders. The two Fat Boys—brothers, as we are told—are here the principal objects, and worthy to associate with the great character above. Doubtless they had the same elements of grandeur in their composition; but from impending circumstances, which kept them from shooting up in a similar manner, they grew sideways instead of upright, like ivy in a cleft of masonry. They got in breadth what the giant did in height; and thus did nature balance one freak by another, and restore her universal harmonious equilibrium. They evidently form a great feature in the collection of the interior, for there are evidences of other graphic *tableaux* in front of the house, but they are nearly hidden by the illuminated canvass on which the two adipose brothers are limned. We have a vague recollection that on one of them was formerly depicted a young lady with pink eyes, which the showman informed us gratuitously were constantly in motion; and flowing tresses of long white horse-hair, the which she was industriously brushing, to the evident delight of the bystanders. Once she was the card of the exhibition; but now, like other successful candidates for popularity, she has had her day, and passed away as rapidly as the card of the Wizard of the North.

On the ground-floor, in the window of this magazine of curiosities, is a still further interesting collection of marvels, which will more than repay a few minutes of inspection. They may be classed under four heads: viz., the Architectural, Mechanical, Anatomical, and Unintelligible. The first is comprised in an elaborate model of "The Castle of Doune, on the banks of the Forth, Stirlingshire;" from, or in, or near which, somebody or another was beheaded: but the spectator has not time to find out who, before the showman approaches him, and announces in a low voice, as if the intelligence was not meant for the vulgar world, that the exhibition is just going to commence. This interruption prevents his paying great attention to the curiosities. He will perceive, however, two wax dolls sitting on the tops of the turrets; and a monkey, nearly as high as the building, smoking his pipe in front of it.

The Mechanical objects are rather select than numerous. There is a representation of the Spotted Boy in a glass case, as well as a group of small figures which the spectator will not be able exactly to comprehend; but the triumph of art is shown in a railway-engine and tender, shut up in a bottle, without any visible means of explaining how it got in there. In the Anatomical department, we find two skeletons of cats' heads, and a preparation of a singular pig in spirits: whilst the Unintelligible division is composed of various wonders which we cannot describe, being perfectly ignorant of their uses or intent; but which we recommend the ingenious spectator to go and inspect himself.

By looking in at the door, you obtain a dim view of the interior, whose portals are guarded by a wax-work figure of such Protean existence, that the doctrine of metempsychosis is no longer so vague a theory, inasmuch as this representation has been by turns every leading or notorious character of the day. But this surreptitious view of the *penetralia* is by no means to be recommended, inasmuch as you are liable to be driven, by the constant tide of foot-passengers, first one way, then another, and, finally, into the gutter under the omnibuses.

We have not yet heard whether the Government has it in contemplation to purchase this valuable collection; but we should not be surprised at this, since the expense of moving it from its present site to the rival establishment in Great Russell-street would be but small—the distance being comparatively insignificant.

THE JENKINS' "NETTLES."

OUR readers cannot forget that *The Morning Post*—(nay, *The Morning Jenkins* for by such amended name, thanks to *Punch*, is that great diurnal now known to all men)—recently recommended a plentiful meal of "young nettle tops" as the very best thing for purifying the blood, and thereby purging all the land of what dear JENKINS would call its *canaille*. Great is JENKINS, whether he wield pasteboard thunderbolts, or, pant and dilate upon the glories of his own *virtuosi* and *ballerine*! JENKINS—like another most meek and most domestic animal—cannot open his mouth without being heard around. The prescription brayed by JENKINS has penetrated the recesses of Whitechapel—has struck upon the heart-strings of Shoreditch. *Punch* feels glorious that he can produce proofs of this, and here they are in grateful letters from correspondents.

MR. PUNCH.—I am a tailor, sir, married, with a family of two sons and two daughters. I have, in my time, been called a very



BEFORE TAKING THE NETTLES.

common-looking man, and my wife a ditto woman. Our children, sir, did also partake of the look of that sort of human mud, of which Mr. JENKINS would insinuate, common folks are made. Sir, the mud is gone—I, my wife, my sons and daughters, are now tip-top clay. The "frowsiness" of which Mr. JENKINS spoke is utterly evaporated, given place to a delicious smell of something between lavender-water and musk; this, as I am told, being the real odour of high life. Well, sir, and how do you think all this blessed change has been brought about? By nettle-tops, nothing but nettle-tops. There was a long-standing (though small) account between Mr. JENKINS and myself for turning an opera-waistcoat, and I therefore put myself and family under his treatment as a sort of set-off. For a whole week, sir, Mr. JENKINS came to Whitechapel, to superintend the boiling of the nettles; and the result is, my blood is purified to something very like the blood of a baronet—



AFTER TAKING THE NETTLES.

my wife's blood (as she herself declares) feels very like the blood of a baronet's lady whilst my dear girls, Margarita and Sophinisba, full of nettles, consider themselves no less than the daughters of a marquis. My boy Ralph has changed his name into Alphonso, and Dick goes now to the Opera gallery as Ella, the door-keepers verily believing him to be the tenth in a zig-zag descent from a German prince!

And all this—all with Jenkins's nettles. The craving for the

wondrous vegetable is getting very strong throughout the neighbourhood. If matters go on as at present for another week, all the blood of all Whitechapel will be of as fine a quality as the blood of May-Fair.

All honour to Jenkins!

Your obedient Servant,

Whitechapel, May 8th.

PETER GOOSETON, Tailor.

SIR.—I was a shoemaker with a hump-back. I was 'prenticed from Shoreditch parish; but by the blessing of hard work and wax set up on my own account. Having for several years heel-tapped Mr. Jenkins's boots for the Opera, I got a taste for that place. Nevertheless, my visits to the pit (especially when I took my wife with me) were not without their sting, as I could not but feel that I was a shoemaker, and that my wife was—"frowsy."

Oh, sir, I shall always keep the return of the day with thanks-giving—that day, when I first read Mr. JENKINS's recipe of nettles. We have all lived upon their young "tops" for this past ten days, and the consequence is I have entirely lost my vulgar hump-back, feel myself as good as any Earl, and believe my wife Margery to be as sweet as any perfume as is.

I do, sir, but consider it a duty to make known this wonderful cure—a duty of love towards my unfortunate fellow-creatures, and a duty of gratitude towards the benevolent Mr. JENKINS.

I am, sir, your obedient Servant,

Shoreditch, May 6th.

ALEXANDER NOBBY, Shoemaker.

Talk about the triumphs of vaccination! Why, only give JENKINS a field of nettles, and he would in a trice make a House of Peers from a body of costermongers. We have the Order of the Thistle—there ought to be the Order of the Nettle, and JENKINS—immortal JENKINS, for he *shall never die*—should be its chancellor!

DEATH AND MAMMON!

THE subjoined ghastly paragraph (on the easy authority of an *Evening Paper*) is to be seen in all the journals:—

"THE MISSING 'PRESIDENT'."—Perhaps no event connected with the sea excited such intense interest and anxiety as the mysterious disappearance of the 'President'; and the conjectures that her supposed fate has called forth are innumerable. If the most ample room for fancy afford the *fairest field for fiction*, never was a theme more aptly suited to the pen of the romance writer. *We have been given to understand* in literary circles, that the well-known author of 'Cavendish' has availed himself of this powerful incident as the chief subject of his new naval romance, called 'The Lost Ship'—a circumstance that will no doubt create the greatest interest towards this new production of his popular pen."—*Evening Paper*.

Who the author of *Cavendish* may be we know not; but he must be something more than a bold man who would turn the penny upon a subject which must renew the agony of the surviving relatives and friends of those who perished in the *President*. It is, however, quite of a piece with the trading selfishness of the age. Anything for money. Never mind broken hearts—look only to the breeches pocket.

We will suppose the "Author of *Cavendish*" to be *Ferdinand* in *The Tempest*. We will suppose him listening to the song of *Ariel*—

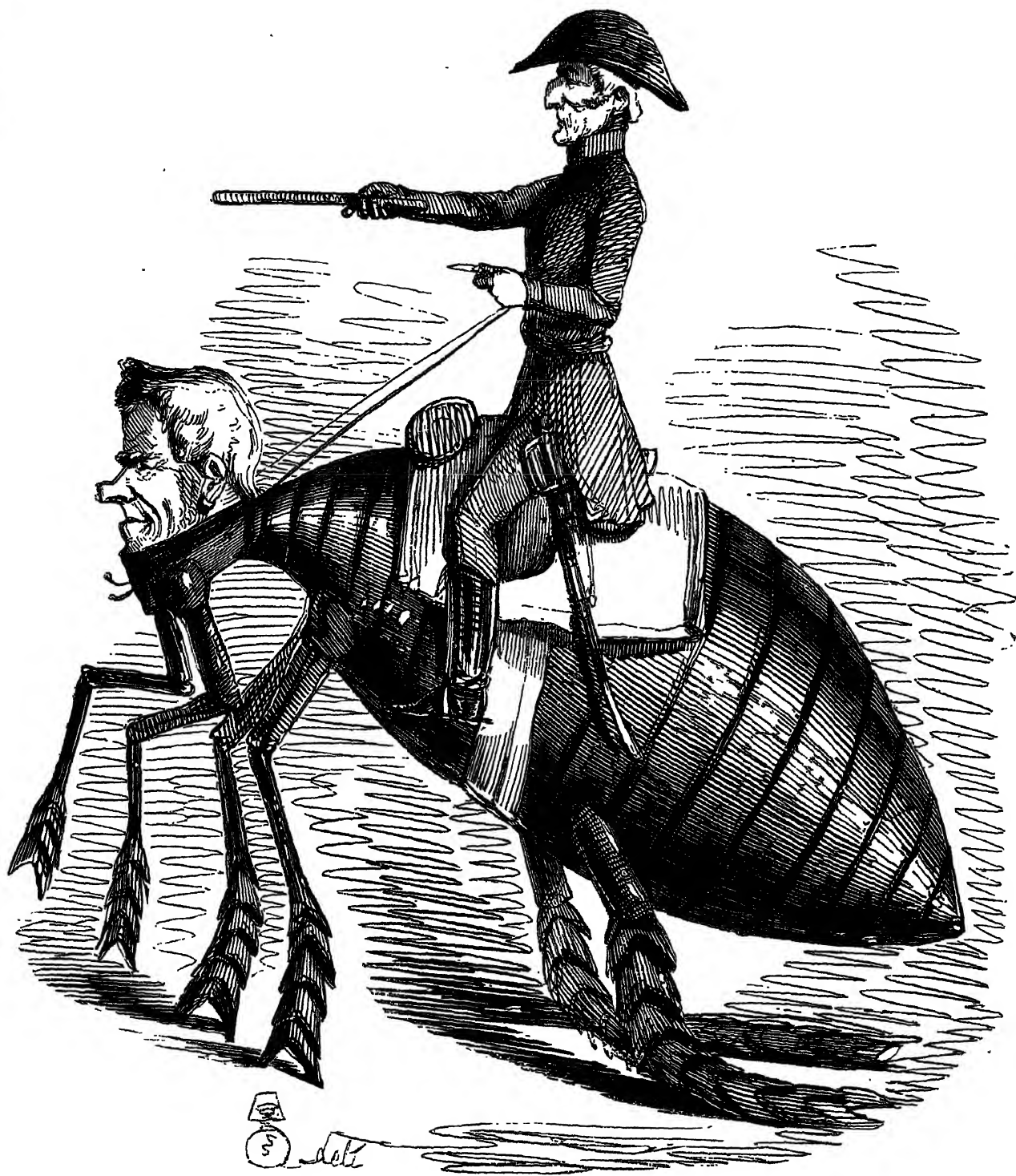
"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him but doth fade!"

The song ended, the "Author of *Cavendish*" rubs his hands with inexpressible gratification, and animated by the spirit which induces him to turn the horror of the *President* into hard cash,—we can imagine him willing to take the said "bones," in "coral" to the goldsmith's, and the said "eyes" turned to "pearls" to the jeweller's. The father being drowned, becomes more valuable; as the bones of those wrecked in the *President* are, to the "Author of *Cavendish*," a more money-making commodity than if clothed with living flesh, and moving amongst living kindred.

SILK GOWNS.—Mrs. Sarah Bird, a lunatic, was a few days since examined by a Commission. The gentlewoman observed, amongst other matters,—“As for the Lord Chancellor, only let him come and see me cook a dinner. What a fool he must be to allow himself to be imposed upon.” *Punch* is authorized to state that the unfortunate lady had no intention by these words to reflect upon the present of a *silk gown* recently made by Lord Lyndhurst to Mr. Roebuck.

Fashionable Movement.

THE elephant at the Surrey Gardens entertained JENKINS by carrying him round the grounds on his tusks. The zebra at the same time expressed to him a cordial note of recognition.



THE ORIGINAL INDUSTRIOUS FLEA.

(Kindly suggested by SIR EDWARD SUGDEN.)

A Turkish Letter concerning the Dîbertissement "Les Houris."

(TRANSLATED BY OUR OWN DRAGOMAN.)

London, A.H. 1222.

HADJI HEER TO HADJI THAIR.



HADJI THAIR, thou friend of my youth! Long had I been in this miserable city of the Giaours, before I could discover that there was any place to which the faithful could resort to the comfort of their souls and the praise of the great Prophet. Yea, the sound of the mufti's voice was not heard from the minaret, the cupola of the mosque did not present itself to the thirsting eye of the Mussulman, and at the corner of every street were vast palaces called the palaces of Djin, where the forbidden liquor, and other liquors even more abominable, were sold to the infidels. The atmosphere of the whole city was a stench in the nostrils of the faithful, and my soul was cast down.

But Allah is great, and Mahomet is his prophet. I have found refreshment for my soul; I have discovered the green place in the desert, where the faithful may water the camels of their hearts and eat the dates of consolation. For after sunset yesterday I was taken to a splendid palace, called the Hop-Rah, and then did I see the doctrines of the Prophet set forth in a most sublime fashion. Yea, the truth of the Koran was realised; and would that the venerable Imaum Big-Phul, who instructed both me and thee, friend of my youth, in our infancy, had been present! He would have stroked his white beard with delight, and privily murmured Allah Bismilla.

This Hop-rah belongs to the powerful Ameer, whom they call Ben Lomli, and who endeavoureth to instil into the hearts of the perverse Giaours a few drops of the only true doctrine. Oh a faithful Mussulman must he be, for it is said that, once, when he was told the Hop-rah was full of guests, he exclaimed, "Then great is the Prophet!" By a living picture has he shown the blessed effects of abstaining from the forbidden liquor, and we be to the Giaours if their hearts now remained unchanged. For he hath set forth the delights of Paradise, and the fascination of the Houris, and how they were awarded to a youth who spurned the intoxicating drink. He hath represented Paradise full of clouds, which shine brightly, as the smoke from the pipe of the Commander of the Faithful. And the principal Houris are called Doom-y-latoor, whose eyes shine like the tiger's, whose skin is fair as the snow of Caucasus, tinged with the roses of the setting sun, and whose face is like the brightness of the moon.

This fair Houris floats among the clouds, spreading delight around her; and even the Giaours, who frequent the palace, do exclaim with delight, when they see how she droppeth into the arms of the faithful youth. And there are many other Houris, who inhabit the happy realm, and of these the leaders be called Ka-Meel, Shay-Fer, and Plan-Kai. And in Paradise do these eternal maidens disport themselves, and await the coming of true believers, whom they will crown with celestial joy. Friend of my youth, I still think on the young Ka-Meel, whose feet are as those of the antelope, when he prances to the music that the bulbul uttereth when he singeth to the rose. The picture, as I am told, is the work of a holy man, a spinning



Dervish, named Pey-Roh. Oh, Hadji Thair, remember the Koran, and the precepts of Big-Phul, the preceptor of our infancy; and in future times, when the Giaours shall have fallen from the narrow bridge into the endless abyss, we shall live with the lovely Houris, Doom-y-latoor, Ka-Meel, Shay-Fer, and Plan-Kai.

Ever thine,
HADJI HEER.

The Share Market.

Nothing of any importance was done in shares; but a small capitalist bargained a long time for a plough-share at the agricultural machine warehouse, in Oxford-street.

BIRTH OF ANOTHER PRINCESS.

(From our own Reporter.)

It will be recollected by our readers that the birth of the Prince of Wales had a very curious effect on the nose of the Princess Royal, which was completely put out of joint by the auspicious circumstance alluded to.



HANDLING A SUBJECT.

There were some apprehensions that the nasal organ of the heir-apparent might be affected by the birth of a younger sister, but we are happy to say that there are no symptoms of a derangement of the Prince's proboscis at present.

The ruddy complexion of the newly-born royal infant has been the subject of much conversation at the palace; and so satisfactory is her Majesty's health that she has been able to make a joke, which it gives us infinite pleasure to chronicle. Seeing the little Princess in the arms of her Royal Highness's nurse—the celebrated Mrs. Lilly,—the Queen remarked, that to see its little red cheeks resting on the arm of her attendant, were strongly suggestive of "the Rose and the Lily."

The Princess Royal, on being introduced to her little sister, received its little finger in her Royal Highness's eye, an ebullition of playfulness on the part of the younger Princess which caused the elder some temporary inconvenience. We understand that Prince Albert has been studying Ride-a-cock-horse and other native nursery melodies under Sir Henry Bishop. Mr. J. H. Tully has been employed to put variations to the charming morceau of—

Baby, baby Bunting,
Father's gone a hunting,

which Lady Littleton will immediately study, for the gratification of her very interesting charges.

Donizotti has been requested to arrange a series of concertos for the penny trumpet, and he has already sent in to the palace one on the noble tema of "This little pig went to market." We give the Italian words—

Questo piccolo porco
E andato al mercato.
Questo piccolo porco.
E a casa restato.
Questo piccolo porco
Ha avuto del rosbief per pranzo.
Questo piccolo porco.
Niente ebbe nel sua stanza.

A Card from Punch.



EVERYBODY is aware of the great literary reputation of *Punch*, which points him out to advertisers as a most valuable person to write their advertisements. He undertakes to supply any quantity in any style, at any—or no notice. For testimonials, *Punch* refers to Messrs. Rowland of Hatton Garden, and Warren of the Strand, for the former of whom he revelled in the regions of romance, while for the latter he frolicked in the flowery field of fancy during a considerable period.

He begs leave to offer the following as specimens.

No. 1.—A gentleman of fortune had an only son, who of course was entitled to the whole of his father's vast possessions; the son ran away, and the wretched parent, after exhausting every other resource, at last thought of Rowland's Macassar. He sent for a bottle, and his hair was immediately restored to him.

No. 2.—A very fastidious critic, whose duty required that he should attend the theatres, found it almost impossible to sit out the performances. One evening he happened to be sitting next to a gentleman who offered him a pinch of snuff; and the critic after taking it, found that, though the piece was Sir E. L. Bulwer's, there was no difficulty or pain attendant on seeing it. We need hardly say that the snuff was Grimstone's.

Aristocratic Rumour.

It is not true that Mr. Baron Nathan's eldest son has applied to Parliament for an Act to perpetuate evidence in order to secure to him the Barony. Such a step is unnecessary, for the title is now as ancient as the first volume of *Punch*, which is evidence everywhere. (See *Starkie, fly-leaf, Vol. i., and Phillips's MS. Addendum.*)

PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY PALACE.

DURING the recess PUNCH was requested by the Fine Arts' Commission to make a survey of the new Houses of Parliament, and to furnish the Commission with a report of his views as to the "internal decorations, addition to building, and local improvements."

The especial object of the Commission being to devise means for the encouragement and display of the arts in the new Houses, we were somewhat mortified to find, that from the necessity of throwing as much light as possible on the proceedings of the members, the architect has been compelled to occupy so large a portion of the walls for windows, as to leave no adequate space for paintings or sculptures. We were, however, gratified by his having provided for these matters in the passages on the various floors of the building; these "corridors," extending to upwards of three quarters of a mile, affording space enough for illustrating the doings of even the *Long Parliament*, should such a subject be preferred by the Royal Commission. By way of set-off, too, it is proposed that Westminster Hall be converted into a painted hall, and decorated, moreover, with Chinese gongs and other warlike trophies; and that all the flags that have "braved a thousand years," &c. be collected and hung around it, and that an offer be made to Madame Tussaud for her collection of effigies of British statesmen, to be placed on the floor of the hall, so as to form a central avenue.

We entirely agree with the architect when he states, that he has "ever considered it a great defect in his design," that on the land-side there is nothing worth looking at except the Victoria Tower, which will be obscured by the Abbey; whilst for the river view there is no point from which it can be seen except on the coal-barges or opposite wharfs. To remedy the former defects it is proposed altogether to remove Westminster Abbey, which plan will have the advantage of disposing of the question about throwing it open to the public; and, to obtain the "desired length of front," to enclose New Palace Yard by a stone screen, to be filled up with sheets of plate-glass, to protect the cab-stand from "nor-westers" and at the corner to erect a triumphal archway, to which may be attached the Gates of Somnauth, if no other hanging-place can be found for them. The interior of the arch might conveniently be fitted up as a public-house. It is also proposed to remove all the houses between this new gatehouse and the Banqueting-house at Whitehall—so rich in historical association, and so intimately connected with the Parliamentary annals of this country.

Extending our survey across the river, it is proposed to rebuild the superstructure of Westminster Bridge, to accord with what the architect styles the "principle of the new building;" and to do this, without any creation of new piers, it is estimated will only cost an odd hundred thousand or two—a mere trifle, with the surplus income-tax in hand. It is also proposed to continue that elegant structure, the Greenwich Railway, to Nine Elms; thus commanding a view of the New Houses from the south side, and removing such "low" excrescences as Lambeth Palace and Church; and, finally, to remove all objects between the Penitentiary and Victoria Tower, leaving a clear space for her Majesty's vans going to the former depository, for state processions, and hack "Broughams," &c., in attendance on the House of Lords.

PUNCH suggests, that to carry these rather extensive improvements into effect, it may be necessary to re-levy a "house" tax.

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION.—HOW HERCULES WAS SET TO WORK.

TRUISMS are superfluous,—though this assertion is a truism: it is needless, therefore, to remind the reader that we are now living in the Millennium. Oppression is unheard of, Injustice unknown,—as for Poverty, we never mention it. Peace and Plenty everywhere prevail; and Charity reigns paramount throughout the world.

There was, however, once a time when men lied, cheated, tyrannised, cut each other's throats, and picked one another's pockets; when one class surfeited and another starved; when Dives in his mansion, arrayed in purple and fine linen, stuffed himself into a monstrosity, and Lazarus in the workhouse, in pauper uniform, and on the "coarser kind of food," was famished into a skeleton. To have attained, therefore, to its present state of blessedness, the world must have undergone a glorious reformation. How came this about? Through HERCULES, who wrought a second series of labours for the express purpose.

Jupiter, from his arm-chair in sublimest ether, looking down on the navigable ocean and on the earth, spread like Mr. Wyld's atlas beneath him, beheld rascality pervading land and sea. We say sea, advisedly, for there were nautical naughtinesses as well as land villainies in those days, and it was impossible even for the British tar to touch pitch and not be defiled. All this Jupiter seeing, he flew for the ten-millionth time into a great fury, and indignantly grasped his thunder. But recollecting how often he had tried that remedy without effect, and considering that when you fire on a mob it is a chance whom you hit and whom you miss, he put it down again and scratched his head. "What is to be done with those

fellows?" said Jupiter. "Minerva, you have a head of your own,—how shall I put them to rights?"

The blue-eyed goddess assumed an attitude of reflection, and after a few moments' thought, touched her alabaster forehead with the ivory tip of her forefinger, and cried, "I have it. Father of the gods and men, send your son Hercules among them with his club. He will soon settle their affairs."

"Hercules with his club!" exclaimed Jupiter. "I don't see, daughter, what he is to do with that. He might kill monsters with it; but how is he to redress wrongs?"

"Wrongs," answered the goddess, "are monsters. There are giant wrongs upon Earth. Hercules shall slay the giants with his club. With the same instrument, too, he shall beat sense and reason into the heads of the sons of men."

Jupiter flung up his crown into the air and caught it, danced thrice round the celestial hall, "*oscula libavit natæ*," as Virgil hath it,—in plain English, kissed his daughter, and called out for Hercules at the top of his lungs. "Here you are, governor!" cried the deep-toned voice of the deified hero; "anything in my way? *Toujours prêt*, you know."

"Don't talk French, boy," said Jupiter; "the language is not heroic. What I want you to do, is just to step down to that ball of earth there, and put yonder disorderly rabble to rights with your Malacca. Minerva says you can do it. Can you?"

"Why you are omniscient, sire," answered Hercules; "of course you know best."

"Yes, yes," said Jupiter, with a slight cough, "I merely made the inquiry conventionally. But never mind that. Verbosity is inadmissible when delays are dangerous. So, without more ceremony, oblige me, and be off about your business. Amputate your cane."

"If I do that, thought Hercules, how am I to make use of it?" He kept however this reflection to himself, and with all alacrity complied with the request of his father.

He alighted, after a very pleasant journey through the azure deep of air, upon Primrose-hill. "It strikes me," observed the demigod, as he was preparing himself for his adventures, "that I am remarkably like Don Quixote—only a little stouter."

CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST LABOUR.—HOW HERCULES SLEW THE RED LION, FELLOW TO AND FELLER THAN THE LION OF NEMÆA.

The first monster that Hercules attacked, was a formidable and ferocious lion, to which the Nemæan Lion—to say nothing of the Lion Wallace, was a mere kitten. This lion was not a four-legged lion,—indeed he was soon not a legged lion at all, for Hercules left him not a leg to stand upon. He was a biped brute;—but such a brute! He had a scarlet coat, with a sort of yellow fringe upon each shoulder; and he wore, in place of a mane, a stiff black collar about his neck. His head was surmounted by a kidney-shaped, comb-like excrescence of black felt, from which sprung great plumes, as of feathers, white and red. His dexter fore-paw, or hand, was armed with a weapon of iron ever dripping with purple gore. His eyes flashed lightning, and he breathed out fire and smoke and red-hot cannon balls. He strode among crushed and mangled carcasses, through burning cities and over blood-bedabbled decks, and he trampled on the dying and the dead. Around him, were yelling and blasphemy, shouts of rage and screams for mercy. Legions of his cubs, ferocious as himself, followed him; they hauled delicate and tender women by the hair over flinty streets, tore little children to pieces, and cleft feeble old men to the chine. He had desolated Earth and scandalised Heaven for ages: he was a murderer from the beginning, and his name was War.

Men committed idolatry to this Lion; they sung hymns to his praise and glory, and they suspended trophies in his honour in their Houses of Prayer. They glorified his very cubs; they dressed them out in fine clothes to make them look handsome, and they called them grand names;—Captains, Colonels, Generals, and Field Marshals; and some they worshipped under the name of Lords. The Ladies smoothed them down, and patted them on the back, and smiled upon them, and toyed with them, and made much of them, to the no small envy of their own peaceable admirers. They would rush to windows to see a herd of them go by, strutting, prancing, and looking fierce, to the sound of trumpet and drum, and they would kiss their hands to them from balconies and high places. In short, they aided, abetted, and comforted them to the very utmost of their power.

These whelps of the Red Lion would sometimes march under the command of a leader to a temple or place of worship, where it was often proclaimed in their presence that all they who took the sword should perish by the sword; but their brute natures prevented them from understanding what they heard; moreover, they were strictly prohibited from even attempting to think, and had any one of them

acted on the doctrine in question, he would have been destroyed by the rest without mercy.

In order to check the slightest tendency in their minds towards reflection, they were never allowed to move except to noisy and boisterous music, which kept them in a state of mental intoxication highly antagonistic to rationality. This was very expedient; for even a brute, if it came to think and meditate on the sensations accompanying the having its entrails torn out, or its limbs crushed into a jelly, and on the commodiousness of a wooden leg, would hardly be inclined to put itself in the way of such pleasantnesses for thirteence a day, even though it should be dressed up and tricked out, and called a fine fellow into the bargain.

To keep the cubs in order was not always easy; and it was oftentimes necessary, even for a trifling misdemeanor, to tie one of them up to a stake and whip the hide off the creature's bones, for the edification of all the rest and the amusement of the casual looker-on.

Now that these animals and their sire must have been a great nuisance, the abatement of which would be no small boon to society, is very obvious and apparent. Their own existence being involved in that of their parent, to destroy the old Red Lion was to annihilate his progeny. What Hercules had to do, therefore, was to knock War on the head. In the case of the Nemæan Lion, he did this at once; but in the present instance, he adopted a more circuitous course. He had a harder job to do this time.

He found that the Lion, War, was fed and maintained upon certain errors and prejudices, which he would previously have to knock out of people's heads; this, therefore, he first set to work to accomplish.

With his omnipotent Club, which the reader must know was a moral and intellectual Club, (a Punch-Club, in fact,) he beat and drove out of the heads of the nations the fallacy that there was any thing fine in the nature of this beast. He took the / out of the glory of War, and showed them that it should rightly be called gory. He divested the evil of the magnitude which gave it sublimity in pigmy

knot were cousins-german, and uniforms became in their sight as liveries. He took a child's drum and beat it; and he squeaked through a penny trumpet about the streets, till at last people laughed at the Coldstream band.

He corked his eyebrows and stuck moustaches on his upper lip, and dressed himself up in a cocked hat and scarlet coat like the monkey of an Italian organ-boy, and so walked up and down Regent Street with the air of Lord Bateman, (no policeman daring to take him up;) and wherever he went, he cocked his chin and swore oaths. The boys followed him at first, but they soon took to following the Commander-in-Chief also.

When he found himself in the company of sensitive females, he would describe the processes of racking, breaking on the wheel, impalement, burning alive, and other similar modes of pleasurably exciting the nervous system, which, as history informs us were formerly in vogue, until the sweet creatures grew sick, and pale, and faint, with horror and disgust. And then he hammered into their soft heads the perception that bayonets, shots, shells and rockets, were precisely similar in their operation to the tools of the common hangman.

He expatiated in all companies on the beauty of the precept, "Love your enemies," (which we do not observe now only because we have no enemies to love;) explained the compatibility of its observance with cutting their throats, ripping up their stomachs and dashing out their brains; and cited the example of a drunken Irishman at Donnybrook Fair to show how reasonable and sensible such conduct was.

He described the march of an invading army, and the taking of a town by storm; and drew a very pretty and pleasing picture of the blazing corn-fields and rafters, and the massacred inhabitants. He gave graphic delineations of all the writhings and agonies resulting from the operation of cold steel, lead and fire, upon the human body; and would conclude a homily upon this subject by a grave proposal for the restoration of the worship of Moloch.



eyes; he pummelled it into a small thing, and then men found it wilful murder, and saw that it was bad.

By dint of the *argumentum baculinum*—to wit, ridicule, he convinced mankind, and womankind too, that the epaulette and the shoulder-

At last men's eyes were opened, and even the French perceived War to be a mistake, and laughed at the humbug of "Glory." The Lion was now a poor, weak, drivelling, impotent savage, and Hercules quietly choked him.

Theatrical Intelligence.

(BY THE OBSERVER'S OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

We have heard it rumoured, but what we hear signifies very little, that the proprietors of Covent Garden are anxious to find a tenant who will pay the rent; but of course, whoever the tenant may be, he cannot be expected to be found in these days—at least, if he has any means of his



IN A SHOCKING SCRAPE.

own, which is not at all probable. If the late lessee opened his doors to something under twenty pounds, he was right to shut them up again, and if he had not he might perhaps have gone on; but, even in this case, he must have eventually brought the season to a finish.

Drury Lane has been going on as well as could be expected under all the circumstances; but if the house will hold four hundred pounds at the present prices, and nearly nine hundred before they were lowered, if crowded audiences could have been secured, the lessee was in error when he reduced the prices. However, he knows best, and we only say what we think, which we shall always do unless we vary our course, which we do not believe we shall, though we perhaps may, if it should so happen.

Literary and Musical Intelligence.



FANCY PORTRAIT—OLIVER TWIST.

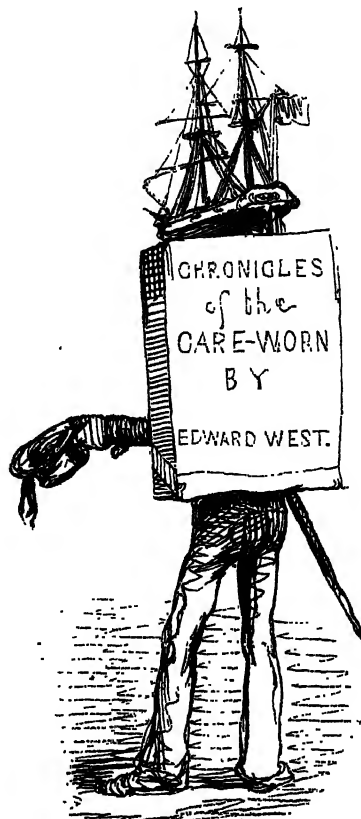
Mr. SNOORS, whose admirable performances on the jew's harp has created such a deep sensation in his own family circle, intends giving a musical entertainment illustrative of the music of the Seven Dials. It is to be called a Night with Catnatch, and will include several interesting anecdotes of that celebrated individual. If this experiment should be successful, he intends giving a lecture on Melody and Marbles, under the title of "An Evening with Pitts."

Mr. Willis Jones, the manager of the Surrey, left London about a year ago, and has never since been heard of. It is presumed that this very spirited individual is in search of some startling novelty.

Miss Kelly's little snuggery in Dean Street was swept out on Saturday last. The entrance has been completely hearth-stoned, and the brass knocker has lately undergone a thorough leathering. We trust that this activity on the part of the fair manageress will meet with its due reward. An arm-chair has been placed on either side of the proscenium, and may be taken by the night or season. A few reserved seats on the side-board may be secured by application at the store-closet, which is fitted up as a box-office. Children will in future be accommodated on the chimney-piece, and family card tables to hold six when open, or three when shut, may be obtained at reduced prices.

THE SMALLEST HOMEOPATHIC DOSE EVER KNOWN.—On Thursday last we read that Sir Robert Peel took the sense of the House.

A "CARE-WORN" AND "SHIP-WRECKED" AUTHOR.



Punch, in a recent number, gave a case which came before him in his own police-court, of literary mendicancy. Since then, *Punch* has made a discovery. His readers, no doubt, remember a weather-beaten tar, who was wont to carry the model of a ship upon his hat, making the said ship an adjunct to his begging. He would point to the ship, and then ask for a penny. This man, it is now evident, was EDWARD WEST, the "Secretary" to the "Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society, 26, Bucklersbury, London." The proof is before us. For we have a prospectus of that institution forwarded to us by post; forwarded in an envelope, in which is printed (of course, on the Secretary's own account) a short and touching advertisement of his own periodical, "published weekly, price 3d." There is in this so fine a combination of business and benevolence, that we beg to especially recommend Mr. EDWARD WEST to the further consideration of the President and Vice-Presidents of the Society, who, of course, in the literary mendicancy pursued by their officer, have granted to him the use of their vessel. The *Chronicles of the Care-worn* are, doubtless, vended under the permissal flag of "Admiral the Right Honourable Sir George Cockburn, G.C.B., M.P."

An Act to Perpetuate Testimony in all Cases.

Whereas it seems that inconvenience often arises by parties dying to whom alone certain facts were known, and it is desirable that the testimony to such facts should in some way be perpetuated, Be it therefore enacted, That it may be lawful for all persons who desire to preserve evidence of certain facts, to communicate such facts to Widdicombe, and that Widdicombe shall be bound to give evidence, however remote the period at which he may be called upon.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of *PUNCH*, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Friday Evening, and may be procured through any Newsman, or by direct application to the Office, No. 194, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XVIII.—A HUSBAND'S WRONGS.—A LISTENER.—AN ATTACK.—TRIUMPH OF COLOURS.

AND still did Madame Spanneu exercise her voice to her husband's fiddle, albeit little mollified by the conjugal cat-gut. Orpheus—it is a trite tale—tamed wild-cats and lionesses by the magic of the gamut. Monsieur Julien Spanneu was not an Orpheus; neither was his beautiful Eliza a lioness: hence, the discord and the music continued for some minutes, and threatened to endure, when the maid jiggered into the room, and announced the name of Mr. Curlwell. At the sound, Mrs. Gaptooth observed in a confidential voice to Madame Spanneu,—"From my lord, I'm bound for him," and hastened away to seek the valet. "Come for Lady Dinah's dog, I'll be sworn," cried Madame Spanneu, with a fiery glance at her husband, "and you're never in a state to see anybody. How the man sits! Why don't you run and clean yourself, you outlandish savage?"

"*Ma belle Elise*," cried the Frenchman, sitting cross-legged before me, with a shuddering dread of my discovery.

"Why don't you get up?" shrieked the wife.

Monsieur Spanneu affected a sudden spasm—worked his nether jaw—moped and moved like a monkey, and then ventured to ask his wife if she had no sentiment?

"Sentiment!" echoed the beautiful Eliza, as though insulted.

"*Mon ange*—I am sick—*malade*—*horriblement malade*. *Allez—cherchez du cognac*—*Où!* if you have religion, get brandy," and the Frenchman ground his teeth, and, rocking from side to side, with both his arms hugged his abdomen.

"Brandy!" exclaimed the wife, with mixed contempt and derision at the extravagance of the sick man, and was about to leave the room. This was precisely what the husband required; he therefore sought to hurry her with sweetest phrase. "*Ha! C'est bien, ma vie—mon trésor—mon âme*." Then, seeing his wife suddenly fixed, he roared—"Get brandy, or I will die—I tell you, *belle Elise*, I will die."

"Do you promise?" inquired the wife, with evident interest in the question; and then, with a laugh, she swept away from the moribund man. For an instant the sufferer sat listening to the footsteps of his spouse descending the stairs, and then he jumped up, and plucking me, rumped and disordered, from beneath the chair—cried "*Ha! si cette diablesse vous avait vu!*" Saying this, he rapidly buttoned me under his waistcoat, and again fell in the chair—again sick, expiring for the life-bestowing brandy. He listened, but there was no wife hurrying back with the restorative anodyne. Yet, certainly, she would come—yes, she would never let him expire. That was her rushing step. No; it was the cat at romps. Had he not promised to die if brandy came not? Still silence? It was plain the wretched woman wished to try if he would keep his word. Smitten with a sense of this truth, the mournful spouse rose from his chair, and drawing forth his handkerchief, was about to use it in search of a tear of wounded sensibility, a tear that might be in his eye. He hesitated, and the majesty of an offended husband coming to his aid, he exclaimed—I cannot for a certainty say what, but sure I am it was not "*Angé*." Whatever it was, the word by its energy seemed to carry the man from the room, and he ran muttering down stairs, carrying me as his bosom companion on the way.

I verily believe that Monsieur Spanneu, having descended his own staircase, was about to enter his own parlour; he, however, brought himself dead up at the door. I heard voices within; so, it was plain, did Monsieur Spanneu, for after pausing a minute, his heart commencing a hurried beat, he bent his ear close to the keyhole. I must confess that, for a moment I wished I could have been turned into a living hedgehog, that I might have inflicted on the bosom of the offender a thousand pricking reproofs of the meanness of the act. I could have curled and twisted like a snake with very indignation, as the Frenchman, grasping the handle of the door, seemed as he would screw the entire of his ear into the compass of the keyhole. How, at first, he shook and quivered at the voices within—and then, with an attempt at calmness, he set his teeth and slightly grunted as he listened. Nevertheless, with all his industry and quickness of ear, Monsieur Spanneu was only enabled to catch half-sentences; these he pieced together, making thereof a terrible scourge by the very ingenuity of his ignorance. I, having the acute organisation of a bird, could recognise sounds of softest volume, and was, therefore, excessively amused at the jealousy which Monsieur gathered from the mere fragments he was enabled to gather together.

Requesting that the printer will set in different letters—will, if I may use the conceit, put certain words in a whisper—I will endeavour

to show what Monsieur Spanneu heard, and what escaped him. The proverb that "listeners hear no good of themselves," is evidently worked out in this way: the good, if ever spoken, is spoken in so weak a voice that it falls dead ere it arrives at the keyhole. This was doubtless the case with Monsieur Spanneu.

"I never thought that his lordship could have so liked that Madame Spanneu,"—here begins the inaudible type, for words inaudible to the husband—"to know all about her ladyship."

"But, bless you, he so loves her—so doats upon her; (and as Lady Willowby has a fine fortune, perhaps she deserves it.)"

The first voice I immediately recognised as the silvery property of Mrs. Gaptooth; the second as the masculine organ appertaining to the valet Curlwell.

"Well, there's no accounting for love, to be sure; and so his lordship comes here for a dog to show his love! Mrs. Spanneu tells me everything! La! how she grins at her husband—(though, do you know, I think she doats upon him after all.) Here the gentlewoman laughed; not so Monsieur Spanneu; for his rage rising, his knees began to knock against the pannel of the door. Every moment I expected to hear a voice from the room cry, "Come in." The speakers were, however, too much interested to take heed of a light disturbance, so the half-lost dialogue, to the further misery of Monsieur Spanneu, went on.

"(I must say, his lordship takes a great deal of trouble about pleasing her ladyship.) Why doesn't he run off with the woman at once?"

"Why not? I'm sure she'd jump to have him: (and as for buying dogs, and all such fal-lals—it's child's-work, Mr. Curlwell; it is, indeed.)" Here, again, Mrs. Gaptooth laughed; and again the knees of Monsieur Spanneu smote the pannel. Almost breathless, the forlorn, self-tormenting husband again essayed to listen, yet heard but fragments. Thus the dialogue was continued.

"(But about that gal, Mr. Curlwell? If his lordship, as you say, is really in love with the widow, why should he care for that gal? You don't know the trouble she's given me.)"

"(You're an excellent woman, Mrs. Gaptooth, and I scorn to deceive you.) I've only used his lordship, as his lordship's used the dog—as a sort of blind. (He cares nothing for the feather-dresser; he's never seen her.) It's I as loves her," answered Curlwell, and Monsieur Spanneu gasped again.

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Gaptooth.

"Not that I can say, love; but you know what I mean. I don't know how it is—but I—I will have her, and there's an end of it," cried the valet.

"*Sacre!*" groaned Monsieur Spanneu.

"Well, I like a man of spirit," said Mrs. Gaptooth. "(I'm sure I've done all I could to rummage her out. She went from her last lodgings, nobody knows where. There was a talk about an old apothecary; but I believe nothing about it.) And now, Mr. Curlwell, why should you deceive an old friend? Why should you tell me it was his lordship as loved the woman, and not your proper self?"

"Good reasons, Mrs. Gaptooth; the world isn't what it ought to be, or I should have as much money as them as carry their heads among the highest. It's a wicked world for poor men, m'em," said the valet with a sigh.

"Well, well, the world's not so bad, after all," said the 'philosophic matron; "we may know a worse."

"*Je l'espère*," muttered Monsieur between his teeth, and again with gaping ear he listened.

"But you're rich enough for her," cried Mrs. Gaptooth, "and it shan't be my fault if you don't make her a happy creature."

"I will, Mrs. Gaptooth—I will, as I'm a man," exclaimed the valet with energy.

Here Monsieur Spanneu with a sudden roar burst into the room. He uttered no syllable, but with a spring brought himself to the fireplace,—to his own sacred hearth—and caught up the poker which, except himself—for at that moment he had dreadful thoughts of his wife—was its brightest ornament.

Mrs. Gaptooth, being a woman, slightly screamed. Mr. Curlwell in short spasmodic sentences exclaimed—"Hallo!—The man mad?—Murder to be done?—Blood to be shed? Brains to be knocked out? Killed like a dog!"—And uttered other household expressions of household alarm. Monsieur Spanneu felt too much to speak. "His voice was in—the poker." Seizing that weapon—(we have often thought that marriage contracts will never be complete until it be part of the marriage-law that shovel, tongs, and poker be all and severally fastened by a certain length of chain to the fire-place)—he commenced an attack upon the valet, who shaking many years from his heels, ran round and round a table, the injured husband—like Othello, injured only by false suspicion—following him. Mrs. Gaptooth, selecting the easy-chair, sank in it, evidently prepared at any

moment to faint. Still did Curlwell describe the circle of Monsieur Spanneu's mahogany, which was happily of sufficient area to protect the valet from the avenging iron of the short and corpulent Frenchman, who, nathless, ran round and round, making at times the hardest blows upon his own hospitable table, blows inhospitably intended for the brain-pan of his guest.

However, mortal breath could not long sustain the trial, and at length Monsieur Spanneu, gasping again and shaking his head at his imagined wronger, dropped the poker despairingly upon the table. At the same moment, Curlwell paused, and with his knuckles resting upon the same piece of household utility, took wind. There they stood, panting at one another, like two dogs in July on the opposite sides of a ditch. Seeing them powerless for any mischief, Mrs. Gaptooth then felt it her duty as a woman and a Christian—as she afterwards said to Madame Spanneu—to scream the roof off.

Down rushed Madame Spanneu, in full dress. She had, in truth, retired to her chamber to decorate herself for an audience with Mr. Curlwell; and not, as her husband foolishly imagined, *pour chercher du cognac!*

Strange, mysterious are the movements of the human soul! Arguing from common examples, does not the reader imagine that the very sight of his wife at such a moment would have been as oil to the Frenchman's jealous flames? It was otherwise. For in an instant, Monsieur Spanneu, crying, "*Ma belle Elise! Mon ange! Mon âme!*" locked his helpmate in his arms.

Now Madame Spanneu was dressed in a blue lutestring, with white satin. "Had it been any other colour," Monsieur afterwards declared, "he would have cast *de traitresse* away—for ever away; but dat gown was his weakness. He could not tink to lose her ven in de vite and blue!"

In a word, the Frenchman struck to his wife's colours.

MR. ROEBUCK'S SILK GOWN.

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in Westminster Hall by the bestowal of a silk gown on Mr. Roebuck. The following are a few specimens of the forensic *wit* which the subject has elicited. It should, perhaps, be premised that the silk gown aforesaid has been given for the part he has taken in the extraordinary political *pirouette* which has recently been achieved by Lord Brougham.

EPIGRAM.

In Roebuck's briefest brief career
'Tis said no reason doth appear
Why a silk gown be given to one
Who has so very little done.
Though his attendance in the Court
Has been particularly short,
He's been just long enough 'tis found
To give him time for turning round!



LIKELY TO TURN OUT WELL.

It is said that Mr. Roebuck's silk gown will be very useful to the learned gentleman as a domino when attending a masquerade or fancy-ball, for a legal costume is one in which it would be quite impossible for even his most intimate friends to recognise him.

On inquiry, it has been found that the only motion of Mr. Roebuck during his professional career has been his recent move from Radicalism to Toryism, which in the case of red-hot patriots may be considered as almost a motion of course.

It is whispered that a silk gown has been given to Mr. Roebuck because everybody has grown thoroughly tired of his stuff.

King's College.

THE prizes were distributed with great solemnity a few days ago, when somebody got the medical scholarship of 40*l.* a-year, which lasts for a few weeks, when it is transferred to some other competitor.

An immense quantity of certificates of honours were given, and the fortunate winners received a printed sheet of paper, as the reward of merit.

Mr. Simper, who had sat up six successive nights with a daisy-root, obtained the medal plated upon German silver, for his proficiency in Botany.

The other prizes consisted of books, of which four volumes were distributed among three thousand competitors.

ASSUMPTION OF ARISTOCRACY.



"GIVE THAT CARD TO YOUR MASTER, AND SAY A GENTLEMAN WANTS TO SEE HIM."

It has been thought that the recent peerage case is without a parallel, but we have heard of one, which, in its principal features, greatly resembles it.

Our readers are doubtless familiar with the existence of a very ancient barony. We allude to that of Nathan; and we are furthermore in a position to state that the title is about to be sifted, with a view to ascertain the present possessor's right to the enjoyment of it. It will, we understand, be shown by witnesses on the one side, that an individual calling himself simply Mr. Nathan, landed at Margate in the summer of 1834, and that in 1835 the same person returned with the addition of Baron to his name. He was then called Mr. Baron Nathan; but in 1836 he dropped the Mister, and boldly announced himself as Baron Nathan at Tivoli, where he not only danced a hornpipe among four-and-twenty eggs, but performed other feats of a similarly exalted nature.

It will also be shown that when called by the name of Mr. Baron Nathan, he would say, "Drop the Mister, and call me simple Baron;" which was accordingly done by those persons with whom he associated.

On the other hand, there will be witnesses, on the side of the claimant, to show that he was always received as Baron Nathan in public. That when he came forward at Tivoli, to go through the ceremonies among the eggs, he was greeted with loud shouts of "Bravo, Nathan;" and, sometimes, "Bravo, Baron Nathan;" or, "Go it, Baron;" but never was accosted with "Bravo, Mister Nathan;" and, in fact, that no one ever thought of using the word "Mister" at all in reference to one who was recognised as the "Baron," and treated accordingly. It will be proved also that Baron Nathan always exacted feudal service from the waiters at Tivoli, and that when he employed an assistant, the latter always swore fealty to the Baron at the point of the fiddlestick. It will be shown also that when giving lessons in the capacity of Lord of Everybody's Manners in Kennington, he was always attended by an esquire, who used to chalk the baronial pumps, and put the resin on the baronial fiddle-strings. The case will come on for argument in due course. His claims to the title of Prince Cracovienne, in Poland, has been petitioned against by Prince, the *huiliste*, of Poland-street.

THE GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON.

No. III.—THE MENAGERIE IN FRONT OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

It is much to be regretted that, whilst the poorest classes in Paris can visit the splendid collection of animals in the *Jardin des Plantes* for nothing, the same orders in London have but limited means of studying natural history devoid of expense. It may be, in some cases, that they have not availed themselves of the opportunities afforded them; for whilst we are well aware, upon popular authority, that the Lions at the Tower are publicly washed every 1st of April, very few persons appear, in reality, to have attended this interesting spectacle. It is true that, now and then, a view may be obtained of the bears and monkeys in the Regent's Park—we mean the *bonâ fide*

animals—when they are at the tops of their poles, by climbing up the fence when nobody is looking, but this is transient and unsatisfactory. And at the Surrey Zoological Gardens even this chance is cut off. We have often tried to see something, despite of the tenter-hooks on the palings and the people on the path, but could never discern anything beyond the dome of St. Peter's and part of the castle of St. Angelo. A little boy once informed us, that, by going a long way round, and crossing a forbidden enclosure, a surreptitious view might be obtained of some old cages and the back of the Alpine dog-kennel, but we can only state this upon hearsay. We have never yet made the attempt, although one of these fine days we intend so doing.

Looking to these facts, every well-regulated mind must have hailed the first appearance of the interesting collection we are about to notice. It first made its appearance some years back in the Waterloo Bridge-road, and perhaps at that time ought not to have been classed amongst the exhibitions strictly gratuitous, inasmuch as to those living on the northern shores of the Thames, the outlay of one halfpenny was absolutely imperative before they could arrive at it from the Strand, unless the somewhat circuitous route of Fleet-street, Blackfriars' Bridge, and Stamford-street, was preferred to the nearer and dearer one. And even in its present situation, when the visitor has arrived at the desired spot, he may be drawn into incurring further expense by the solicitations of the showman, unless he keeps his senses on the alert, and dodges him round the menagerie, always contriving to put the collection between himself and the proprietor, when he will be enabled to see a great deal, free of any cost.

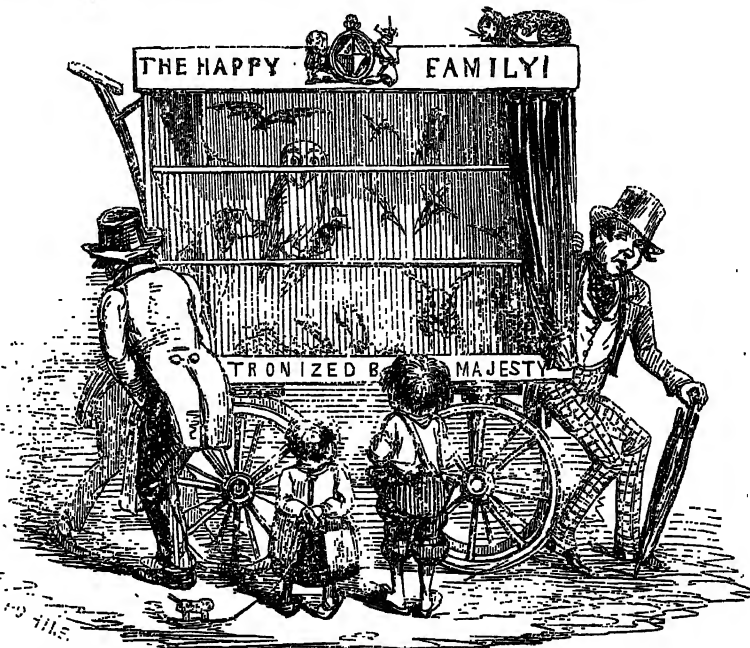
The menagerie is situated at the edge of the pavement in front of the National Gallery—another gratuitous exhibition on a large scale, which has however been described several times in different works. It can be approached either from the east or from the west, but towards the south a large parallelogram of ground is inclosed by the supporters of another gratuitous exhibition of equal interest,—the "Society for the out-of-door display of Theatrical Cartoons," which are thrown open to public view in direct opposition to the Royal Academy. Permission to exhibit a design is readily obtained by payment of a small sum to any respectable bill-sticker who may belong to the hanging committee thereof. In the interior of the square, an ingenious workman has been for some time erecting what is apparently a very tall stone chimney, and his solitary perseverance has gained him the admiration of all who have been acquainted with him since he commenced his labours, which is now some time back. What else goes on within this large enclosure is not popularly understood, being known only to the cabmen on each side, who, when elevated on their boxes are enabled to look over the palings; but they appear averse to giving any decided information upon the subject. We believe, however, that the greater part of it will be appropriated to the terminus of the Aerial Ship; and that what remains of the area will be planted as a tea-garden and skittle-ground for the recreation of members of the College of Physicians during the reading of any long paper.

The menagerie may be likened in form to a wire safe upon wheels, with its various contents animated, and accompanied, as the contents of safes generally are, by mice and rats. It is not advisable to walk up to it at once without there are other spectators, because, under those circumstances, you cannot get off very well without paying; but when three or four persons are assembled about it, you may approach without fear of expense.

The inmates of this menagerie are rather more remarkable for harmony than rarity, chiefly consisting of cats, pigeons, mice, owls, rabbits, rats, and small birds, which awaken the most interesting

associations,—some of pies, others of curries, and the remainder of guns, mouse-traps, and sudden deaths. If imprisonment be considered a state of misery, we can see how misery makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows in all the inmates of this menagerie, with the exception of a blinking old cat much inclined to drowsiness, who is allowed to go out upon parole on the top of the cage. The only member of this establishment who does not appear to enter into the general hilarity, is a sedate old owl, constantly upon one of the upper perches. He is evidently of retiring habits, and has the air of a gentleman imprisoned for debt, who does not choose to associate with his companions. In consequence of this, a number of upstart young birds are constantly playing off practical jokes upon him. There are two rats also, peculiarly indolent, and averse to moving about, which they never do until stirred up with a lath, poked between the wires by the keeper of the establishment.

The proprietor has named his collection "The Happy Family," and is perpetually speaking of his having had the honour of exhibiting his menagerie before Her Most Gracious Majesty. This first turned the public attention to his exhibition, and now it is regarded as the stepping-stone to very important results. Firstly, that by intermingling the breed it is possible he may be able to rear some flying cats, who would be most useful in protecting buds and newly sown seed from birds, presuming always that their natural habits are left unchanged; secondly, that this scheme might be carried out to horses, who, being provided with wings, would soon cut out all the aerial machines in the manner of Pegasus of old. And thirdly, that by associating such opposite natures together, his secret may be



carried into domestic life, so that wives may live upon friendly terms with their husbands' sisters, mothers-in-law with grown-up daughters, and governesses be treated with becoming courtesy by the servants, (such as the rats in the show exhibit to the ringdoves,) when all living in the same house.

The possibility of these plans being brought to perfection renders the establishment well worthy of a visit from all lovers of social institutions.

CONUNDRUMS OF THE CRAZY.

- Q. When is a post-chaise like the middle letter of the alphabet?
A. When it will not go off without powder.
- Q. When is a poker not a poker?
A. When it's a little liar (*lyre*).
- Q. What is the difference between the miller and his men?
A. One rules the roast, but the others roast the rules.
- Q. Do you know how to spell Constantinople in two letters?
A. Can't say I do.

Bedlam, May 1, 1843.

Literary Intelligence.

It is generally believed that Mr. James's new novel of the *False Heir* is founded on an incident in the life of Mr. Rowland, of Hatton-Garden. The title of the book was to have been *The False Heir, a Tale of the Macassars*; but the name was subsequently changed, for fear of giving unnecessary offence to the Wig party.

AN INSPIRATION.—"My duty to you—" as the ale said to the barrel, when the tax was taken off beer and put upon timber.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN CON.—Who was the original buoy at the Nore?—WINDICOMB, to be sure.

JENKINS ON "SOCIETY."



HOMER sometimes donned a nightcap—JENKINS has, of late, slept a little. Envy and malice have hinted that JENKINS has written himself out: this we do not believe. Nevertheless, the *Morning Post* has of late been dull as a dowager in her first mourning. On Monday, however, JENKINS showed signs of returning consciousness; for he wrote as follows:—

"There was in the refined audience which assembled at the Opera on Saturday night a palpable increase of spirit and of inclination for the appreciation of the sources of pleasure. This animation confers a most essential charm on the *réunions* at Her Majesty's Theatre—and on this occasion it was no doubt due to the improved prospects of SOCIETY."

This is tolerable; but still, very far below JENKINS at JENKINS' best. He very properly looks upon the condition of Opera boxes as the barometer of "society." If Duchesses turn out in their best diamonds and sweetest smiles,—why, the weavers must be doing better at Bolton and Paisley: if Marquesses rush to *Gazza Ladra*, the agricultural interest must be looking up. There is true philosophy in this; albeit above the apprehension of common minds. But then JENKINS' is deep as his tailor's thimble—as deep, and as bottomless!

Recipe to make a "Napoleon."

TAKE an English Baron, with a curly head of hair. Let him have a most invincible opinion of his own powers, over which sprinkle a few handfuls of arrogance and self-sufficiency; mix and stir well together. Then let him be taken to Leadenhall-street, to simmer over a gentle fire of eloquence. That done, let him be carefully shipped to India with a copy of Buonaparte's Despatches *en papillote*. Arrived in India, let him get by heart the highest phrases out of Ossian, which he is to write and talk on all occasions, seasoning his discourse and compositions with "insults of 800 years"—"cities looking down upon despoiled tombs"—"swords of deliverers," and such other spices and condiments. When he is fully stuffed with this stuffing, serve with his "arms folded,"—in a word, trussed à l'empereur. Garnish with cocked hat with gold binding—a coat with breast and tail worked with gold—and inexpressibles "to follow," trimmed with the same material. In default of brains, add plenty of sweet-sauce for General Officers.

THE PIG-SKIN SOLOMON.



1st Passenger. I say he is n't!

2nd Passenger. I say he is!

APPLES have not yet worked their direst mischief upon man. There is still perdition in pippins. We have the authority of SIR PETER LAURIE—the pig-skin Solomon of the City of London—for that mournful creed. Sir Peter, sitting in the chair of authority, and holding the balance of Justice—(if Justice, like a romping wench at blind-man's-buff, could now and then slip the bandage from either eye, how she would giggle at her scale-holders!)—has declared it impossible for a thief, let him be a thief in callow childhood, ever to grow into a true man. No: the thread of his boyhood will but thicken into a halter; the chain of his being must be the chain of Newgate. The infantine scoundrel who puts his unlawful thumb and finger into a sugar-basin is a BARRINGTON in the bud. Master SHEPHERD of six years old, who breaks through an orchard hedge for codlins, as truly contains the JACK SHEPPARD of Tyburn, as does the kernel of the stolen apple contain the future tree. SIR PETER LAURIE "never knew a convicted thief become a reformed man," and upon this knowledge, knowing SIR PETER a few days since, committed a boy to Newgate (albeit his first offence) and despite the entreaties and charitable offers of the prosecutor. But then SIR PETER knew the wickedness of the human animal: he is an alderman, and could not help knowing it.

Reader, did you ever see a monkey with a watch? No! Well, then, we will find some sport for you. There is that old shagreen thing, cast by in your desk-drawer. 'Tis fit for nothing but an experiment. So put it in your pocket; and one of these fine May-days walk to Mr. Cross's Zoological Gardens, and forthwith betake yourself to the monkey-house, or rather go to any single monkey—there are a dozen chained to as many poles about the grounds—and having selected your monkey for the smirk and self-satisfied snigger that may animate his countenance—pull from your fob your old shagreen time-keeper, and straightway present it to the monkey of your choice. The animal takes the watch, and ere you can wink, he has climbed with it to the top of his pole. He is in the height of place, about to contemplate the works of your shagreen dial. Do you mark his gravity? See with what "lack-lustre eye" he gazes on the hour-plate! Mark, how he shakes the watch. And now—what an extraordinarily clever monkey!—he has, either by sagacity or accident, opened the watch. And now, how the people gather around the pole, and gaze upward at that monkey in his pride of eminence! Look, sir, look. Does not the monkey ponder on the works of your shagreen, ay, like any Christian? Do you perceive the gravity of the monkey's face? Would you not swear, from his looks, that the monkey knew the whole machinery of that watch? The balance-wheel—the contrate-wheel—the centre-wheel—the spring—the fusee? And now the monkey chatters audibly (*from his high place*), and—it is impossible to doubt from his self-satisfied look that he does not believe he knows every corresponding part of that shagreen chronometer!

Gentle reader, SIR PETER LAURIE and the human heart are the



THE MODERN MACHEATH.

Lucy, MISS AGRICULTURE.

Polly, MISS MANUFACTURE.

Capt. Macheath SIR R. P.—L.

"How happy could I be with either," &c.

Monkey and the Shagreen Watch!—the Mansion-house or Guild-hall the pole from which the lecturer chatters what he believes to be his discoveries.

We will, however, examine Sir PETER himself. Now, Sir PETER, take the book in your hand. You object to be sworn? Very well. Place your hand upon honest pig-leather, and make answer.

Now, PETER, were you never a thief? Did you—yes, you, now in your aldermanic violet and miniver,—did you never commit a robbery? Did you never, ere your legs were innocent of “breeks,”—did you never rob a hen’s-roost, sucking a felonious egg in the sweet innocence of childhood, long ere, by virtue of your wisdom, you could teach your grandmother that primitive operation? You never stole an apple—a peach—a melon—an apricot? No: of course not. You were a baby of the land of thistles (they might have been your natural food), and such theft was, to you, impossible. But now, we will descend upon you with a household query. Here, City Chamberlain, hand us the city dagger from the city scutcheon! Now, PETER, lay your five fingers upon the weapon, and reply.

Did you never rob your mother’s meal-bag? Did your childhood’s breath never blow upon unlawful porridge? You are confounded, PETER—you cannot answer: it is true—too true. Had you been born where lump sugar was—if your own creed upon juvenile wickedness be the right one—we had lost an alderman in a—a—but we shudder to think in what!

“A convicted thief never becomes a reformed man!” Such is the dark belief of LAURIE. Yet, stay; we see the light of hope glimmer through a crack, a pin-hole, in PETER’s philosophy. A “convicted” thief is lost—but the thieves who are not discovered—the thieves “wanting the accomplishment” of conviction, may flourish to any height and value. “Tis marriage makes the blemish,” cries *Mother Peachum*; “Tis conviction is the blot,” says PETER. Between the rogue convicted and the rogue undiscovered, great is the difference; so great, indeed, that it often involves the very best emoluments and the very highest places.

Our Solomon, however, is not only great upon the effect of juvenile roguery, but is overpoweringly wise in matters of life and death. He has, in his own words, “set his face against suicide!” A day or two since he committed a woman to Newgate who had jumped into the river. Mark the healthful operation of this wisdom. Had the woman (for it was plain she was in earnest) recollected Sir PETER LAURIE, the recollection would have made her infinitely more painstaking, more prudent in her means of self-destruction. With the shame of Newgate before her, there would have been more “method in her madness.” Therefore LAURIE preaches to all suicides these words: “Take especial care that you choose a dark night and a lonely spot for self-murder; make death certain; for if in the wretchedness and amazement of your souls you so bungle that you are saved from the grave, why, then there’s Newgate for you!”

And so much, for the present, on Solomon of the Pig-skins!

Second Turkish Letter concerning the Dîberîssement “Les Houris.”

(TRANSLATED BY OUR OWN DRAGOMAN.)

HADJI HEBER TO HADJI THAIR.

London, A. H. 1292.

FRIEND of my soul, the first letter, wherein I poured out to thee the raptures of my heart, was translated into the English tongue by the Dragoman of one *Punch*, a holy man of small stature, who teacheth the people wisdom from a pulpit, which his Imaams erect in the corners of the streets, and who every week setteth forth on a scroll, in a pleasant style, such truths as the unenlightened Giaours are able to bear. The translation he hath inserted in his scroll, so that if any accident should prevent the letter reaching thee, thou wilt find it in the scroll, which is read in all parts of the world, particularly at our beloved Constantinople.



“THERE IS A TIE THAT BINDS US TO OUR HOMES.”

At first I was sorry to find that the infidels, when they read the trans-

lation of my letter, put on it so perverse a meaning, that they thought the Imaum Big-Phul merely signified “big fool,” which signifieth in their language, one whose brain Allah hath not enlightened. The night-traveller doth not shrink with more horror from the ravenous Goule, than I shrink from this profane interpretation; but a second visit to the Hop-Rah hath convinced me, that the Giaours were not so far wrong, and that the Imaum is not such a light of the faithful as we have considered, but hath grievously misled both thee and me, O friend of my youth! For the Imaum Big-Phul instructed us that the paradise of the faithful was perfect, and was no more susceptible of improvement than the sword of the Prophet. But this is false, O Hadji; for the Paradise, which I saw on my second visit to the Hop-Rah surpassed that which I before told thee of, as the song of Hafiz surpasseth that of Yezid, the son of Moawiyah. The Houri Doom-y-lateer hath left Paradise, and the Imaum Lomli hath put in her stead another Houri, whom they call Chai-ree-toh. O Hadji, to this Houri are all other Houris but vanity and delusion; not Zuleika, who tried to lure the young Yusuf from the paths of wisdom, of whom Hafiz hath so often sung, may be compared to the new Houri. She doth not look as a passing cloud, lightly floating before the west-wind, as did the Houri Doom-y-lateer; she doth not appear as one of the dreams, with which Eblis often tantalizeth even the Faithful; but she is a reality of perfection. The first tint of the morning sun doth not beam more softly on the mountain-tops than do the eyes of Chai-ree-toh on the faithful youth who supporteth her, and the eagle doth not dart more swiftly on his prey, than doth the new Houri amid the clouds of Paradise. Yea, O Hadji, the new Houri not only danceth, but, by the beard of my father, she can fly, and without wings. Mighty is the power of Chai-ree-toh! The rush of the torrent is strong, when it sweepeth down the trees and the hut of the shepherd,—the bound of the young lion is strong, when he seizeth on the traveller; but, oh, their might is as nothing to the might of Chai-ree-toh! Yet doth not fierceness dwell within her heart, for she useth her might as it were a pleasant sport, and boundeth along, laughing lightly, and rejoicing in her own wonder. And when she resteth she smileth on the guests, and their hearts beat lightly within their bosoms, for the soft breath of the west-wind doth not diffuse such joy, as the smile of Chai-ree-toh.

Friend of my youth, tell the Imaum Big-Phul how well I employ my time, while in this infidel town, and pray enlighten him in the point of doctrine to which I have alluded, that he may not mislead the sons of Islam. And show him the enclosed Ghazul, which I have writ in the Persian tongue.

Ever yours,

HADJI HEBER.

GHAZUL.

TO THE Houri CHAI-REE-TOH.

Fair as the moon, when on tall cedar-trees brightly gleaming,
Houri, art thou, when upon mortals so gladly beaming.
When the seba* stirs thy locks, Houri, they are more fragrant
Than the young rose, or the musk, which with its sweets is teeming.
No; not the rays, by Zahrah† cast from the skies of evening
Are as the light from the black eyes of the Houri streaming.
And when she smiles, on her lips joys without end are dwelling;
Joys which she sheds on the faithful, and the Giaour blaspheming.
Sunn’d by thy smile, Houri fair, oh! I would live for ever,
For I should feel life was past, Paradise present seeming.
Sorrows and cares, haste away, quick, to the halls of Eblis;
Haste where the Goule foully dwells, where evil Djins are screaming.
Here† would I bask, free from care, gazing upon the Houri,
And when I leave, still would I be of the Houri dreaming.

DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE Syrian Indefatigables have gone to fulfil an engagement of four nights at Kamtschatka, and are to be succeeded by the Slavonian Unsociables, who have at length been prevailed upon to accept an engagement.

Mr. Snobbins, who played the second priest on the left hand in Norma, is studying the part of the eleventh shepherd in Acis and Galatea. His beautiful little bit of pantomime in Norma, where he was the only one of the Chorus who wiped his eye on his finger, at hearing the fate of the unhappy priestess, will not easily be forgotten. The eleventh shepherd in Acis and Galatea will give him an opportunity of showing what he can do in another line. Several seats in the dress circle are already taken. He will be supported by Herr Staudigl as Polyphemus.

Miss Kelly’s charming little hand-box in Dean-street has been all activity during the week. For the convenience of those waiting for the half-price, two hall-chairs have been placed in the passage. We sincerely hope that these spirited arrangements will meet with their due reward. It is intended to revive some of the old farces, with every attention to scenery and costume. The *Rendezvous* is being got up from the original text, which will be weeded of all the interpolations introduced into it during the last forty years, and of which alone the farce, as acted in the present day, consists. *Lock and Key* will be one of the earliest novelties.

* The Zephyr. Dragoman.

† The planet Venus. D.

‡ I presume by “here,” he means his box or stall.

The Penny-a-Liners' Fund Dinner.



few persons are aware of the existence of a Society for the relief of distressed Penny-a-liners. The entrance fee is half-a-crown, and the subscription sixpence a month, entitling the member to come upon the fund at once, but as all the Penny-a-liners are always in distress, the claims upon the fund are considerably greater than the assets. A subscription of ten shillings makes anybody a director, and half-a-crown paid in a single sum, constitutes the party a life-governor, while three distinct payments of a shilling each entitle one to the rank of vice-president. The concerns of the society are managed by a committee,

who have the control of everything but the funds, which are deposited in the Bank of Elegance.

The annual dinner—an event that is really entitled to the epithet annual, as far as some of the members are concerned—came off last week, when the chair was taken by Jenkins. He was supported on the right by an opera cheek-taker, and on the left by nobody—so that the arrangement was somewhat uniform. The banquet embraced all the delicacies of the season. At the top of the table, where Jenkins sat, was calves' head, and at the other end was *embarras Irlandais* (Irish-stew), while a large dish of *globule d'eau et cri perçant* (bubble-and-squeak) occupied the centre. After the more substantial viands had been disposed of, a *lapin gallois* (Welsh rabbit) was placed upon the table, and the cheese and onions having been removed, the following toasts, &c., were given:—

"Jenkins, and the Footmen of London."

Air.—"A man's a man for a' that."

"Lord William Lennox and the Novelists."

Air.—"Lo! so gently stealing."

"Punch and the Philosophers."

Solo.—Penny Trumpet.

"Mr. West and the Chroniclers."

Recitation.—"The Beggar's Petition."

"Mr. Dibdin Pitt and the Dramatists."

Air.—"The Laughing Chorus."

After the above toasts had been drunk with enthusiasm, the following subscriptions were announced:—

Jenkins, a bill for one pound, in renewal of the promissory note given for his last year's subscription, and a cognovit for a farther sum of ten shillings (*Frantic cheering*).

Lord William Lennox, five shillings, being ten per cent. on the produce of his last new novel, as per invoice, copied from the waste-paper account of his lordship's butlerman.

The proprietors of the *Morning Post* one shilling, being a fine of one twentieth part, stopped last week, on account of negligence, from Jenkins' salary. (*Great sensation*).

A plate was then handed round, containing the amounts we have described; but the company, instead of adding to, managed to diminish it, one person having put in a shilling and taken out half-a-crown, by way of change, while other tricks were played of a similar character.

These results having been ascertained, and the whole of the plate carefully counted over by the landlord of the tavern, the door was opened to admit of the egress of the company.

DISPUTED TITLES.

THE recent case in the House of Lords has drawn general attention to the subject of titles, and, among others, we understand that an inquiry will be instituted as to the highly respectable Barony of Kennington, in Middlesex, which has been enjoyed hitherto undisturbed by a Terpsichorean family of immense celebrity. The Kennington Barons, like the Nova Scotia Baronets, are not very ancient, but belong decidedly to the middle ages; or, they may, perhaps, be dated a little on the other side of it.

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

CHAPTER II.—THE SECOND LABOUR.—HOW HERCULES DESTROYED A CERTAIN TERRIBLE HYDRA.

EVERY schoolboy knows that Hercules, before he went to Heaven, smote and slew a frightful monster, denominated the Lernaean Hydra. This Hydra was an enormous reptile of a species now happily extinct. The researches of the most diligent naturalists have as yet failed to discover an individual of the serpent or of the lizard tribes rejoicing in the possession of more than a single head, though perhaps a dicephalous alligator may be found one of these days in Kentucky. But the Hydra, according to the most moderate computation, had seven heads; while another account gives it fifty; and a third, just as likely to be correct as either of the other two, a hundred. On one of these heads being cut off, two more sprang up in its place; and

very likely it was from suffering frequent decapitation at the hands of heroes, that the creature, endowed with seven heads to begin with, came to have a hundred in the end. The above facts, and the circumstance that the Lernaean Hydra was a very poisonous and rapacious vermin, and as such had made itself highly obnoxious to the neighbourhood, are all that we know about its natural history. We read, however, that it was the offspring of one Echidna, a she-dragon or griffin, by Typhon, who was the Evil Principle. This is an important point, and the reader, it is hoped, will duly bear it in mind.

Now, the Lernaean Hydra, it would seem, had a sort of soul, which of course our hero was unable to smash. This soul underwent a long series of transmigrations, inhabiting successively the bodies of various wolves, hyenas, sharks, crocodiles, rattle-snakes and boa-constrictors, till at last it again animated a frame like its original tenement, which, ampler details having been handed down to us concerning it, we are enabled more fully to describe.

This modern Hydra was a gigantic monster, like unto a winged serpent as to its body, and having large and powerful claws or talons, which, whenever they once got prey into their clutches, were never known to let it go. It had heads almost innumerable, which were continually increasing from day to day. These heads were as the heads of men, and upon them were gray wigs which resembled wigs of horse-hair. Of the wigs, some were short and close-cropped, with a few stiff rolls of curls at their sides and back, wherefrom also depended certain tails which were called pig-tails; others were long and flowing, with great luxuriant curls like those which ascend from the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. In the mouth of each head were fangs as of adders, and likewise double tongues. These tongues possessed the faculty of speech, which they employed after the manner of the first speaking serpent on record, namely, to cajole and deceive, which objects they accomplished by two arts now lost to the world, but whose revival is scarcely to be wished for:—Sophistry and Humbug. By Sophistry they enlisted the intellect, by Humbug the passions, of their hearers against the truth. The said tongues, moreover, were endowed with another power, which they would very frequently exercise,—that of overbearing, confounding and bullying; however, being very glib and oily, they were quite able to flatter and speak fair on occasion.

Some of the tongues of this Hydra possessed the privilege of slaying with a word. The heads which they resided in were those with the huge curly wigs; and when they were about to be thus fatally employed, the big wig was surmounted by a cap of black velvet, very awful to behold.

Among the Hydra's heads there were not a few which had no wigs at all; their faces were as the faces of foxes, very cunning-looking and sly. By contemporaneous writers they are said to have had a six-and-eightpenny expression of countenance, a phrase the meaning of which is, in the present day, somewhat obscure.

The evil and mischief which this monster had occasioned in his time are almost incredible. His worst quality was, that he was ever a willing tool in the hands of any one who would feed and stuff him, and enable him to batten on the garbage of Mammon. He would allow himself to be hounded on anybody, no matter whom, for a consideration. If a rich man wanted to dispossess a poor one of his little all, there was this Hydra ever to be hired for a golden bribe, to be let loose, barking with one, two, or more mouths, according to the reward, at the needy wretch, till at last it drove him off his premises. Was there a mercenary trull who had inveigled some superannuated dotard into a promise of marriage? the Hydra was at her service to invoke, by raving, canting, and lying, a mulct of some thousand guineas on the head of the old man for non-fulfilment of the disgusting compact. Was a widow or an orphan to be defrauded of their rights? the Hydra had lynx-like eyes at the command of the wealthy oppressor to find out flaws in deeds and settlements, whereby to reduce the poor creatures to beggary. Was a villain, who had cut his father's throat, to be turned loose on society? the Hydra only needed to be paid to do the job, by discovering that the criminal had been spelt with five. Nor were there wanting to the Hydra heads that would for a trifle call Heaven to attest their belief in the prisoner's innocence; they well knowing him to be guilty all the while. There was one particular den which was the favourite haunt of this Hydra, where it was wont to display the most ill-favoured and villainous of all the heads it bore: these heads were remarkable for being more particularly foul-mouthed, especially towards each other, than any of the rest. This den bore the name of Old Bailey.

But the Hydra had been guilty of deeper and more sanguinary enormities than the above. Not only had it broken innumerable hearts, and driven countless victims raving mad; but it had strangled

decapitated, ripped up, burnt, broken alive, and destroyed by other lingering torments, myriads of unfortunate persons, some altogether innocent, and all, except some few, more sinned against than sinning.

The name of this Hydra was "The Law;" it was the offspring of Necessity, by Wickedness.

Here now was a monster to be exterminated with all speed; but how! Hercules might have battered at its several heads to all eternity; for as in the case of its prototype, as fast as one was knocked off, others, forthwith, shot up, as if by magic, to replace it. He knew, moreover, that the populace had, at different times, arisen and trampled this Hydra in the dust; but after having been to all appearance destroyed and annihilated, its disjointed limbs would

So Hercules determined to use his club as a Reform Club—though not the Club in Pall-Mall—to see if, in a social sense, he could not beat the knave out of doors. But first he launched a few arrows from his unerring bow at the monster, whereby he crippled and enfeebled it, preparatory to knocking it on the heads. These arrows were anointed with gall, which was of a black, inky nature, and the wounds which they made stung and rankled exceedingly. And the unction was in the form of written characters, and those characters made words, and those words sentences, wherein was the sting of the arrows.

Various things too numerous to recite were inscribed on the arrows of Hercules. Among them it was written that he who argued and employed oratory, being hired, for the purpose of wilful deception, was a paid liar. That the willing tool of the swindler and the cheat was a scoundrel. That the person protracting by technical artifice a lawsuit respecting property, in order that he himself might derive the larger pickings from the same, was a legal pickpocket. That the abettor of a murderer, whether wearing a wig and gown, or a smock frock and ankle-jacks, was an accessory after the fact. The arrows thus anointed were said to carry "home truths," and they did marvellous execution on the body of the Hydra.

Some arrows bore legends of a seemingly opposite import. As for instance; "Blessed is the hireling of the oppressor of the poor." "To perplex and bother a witness, with the view of causing him to swear to an untruth, is an honest thing." "It is very right and proper knowingly to garble statements and misrepresent facts, for so much." It was also set down upon these arrows, that under the protection of Court to insinuate falsehoods, known to be such, against the character and motives of a plaintiff or defendant, was extremely brave and gentleman-like. That it was noble and high-minded to employ ridicule against right, and to excite vulgar prejudices in behalf of wrong. Some of these sentences were of a slightly playful character, as that the silk gown of the venal pleader was by no manner of means a wrap-rascal; the point of the arrows thus armed were brighter and more sparkling than the rest; and these weapons had a tickling, irritating property, which occasioned much smarting to the reptile. A few of them were aimed at the more sensitive part of certain dull persons on whom the Hydra depended for its subsistence; but who by the tickling of the shafts were piqued and aroused into reflection. These arrows insinuated how sensible and creditable it was to be beguiled into enthusiasm against Justice, by being addressed as a "British jury," as "Men, parents, husbands, Englishmen," and so forth, by a crafty, fee-seeking heartless knave; who all the while held the said British jury, and the men, parents, husbands, and Englishmen aforesaid, in profound and sovereign contempt. Other similar hints, equally delectable and flattering, they likewise bore, and by dint of them that worthy personage, Mr. John Bull, was edified to an extent that was surprising.

A due number of volleys of arrows having been discharged by Hercules, the Hydra was observed to grow very sick and faint, and to pine exceedingly for lack of food, which people had begun to take all possible care to take out of its way. It was obviously in bad case; and it was evident that a very little would suffice to settle its business.

Still, however, the demigod left it alone, and proceeded with his mighty club, and his sharp arrows, to demolish rascality in all its different varieties; his achievements forming other adventures which yet remain to be recorded. Villany at last was eradicated from the earth; and the conqueror now advanced to give his enfeebled enemy, the Hydra, the finishing and fatal blow. It was needless: the monster had been starved to death; for roguery is the food of law. So Hercules had nothing to do but to tuck the creature up on his club, and to cut a caper of triumph before the people; even after the fashion of Mr. Punch when he has accomplished his final victory over the enemy of man.



reunite, and it would shortly be resuscitated in more than its former might. He further perceived, that so long as crime existed, it was a necessary evil.

NOTICES OF EXHIBITIONS.



EARLY the earliest visitor to the Royal Academy, which opened for the season on the 8th of May, was Mr. Horatio Trafalgar Sims. He divided with his portrait (painted by himself) the attention of the room. The gilt buttons were pronounced a speaking likeness, and the drab waistcoat, it was unanimously agreed, was, for light summer wear, quite a pattern of perfection. The glowing sunset on the hair has been admirably kept under, whilst the masterly way in which the ruby colour at the tip of the nose has been taken off, excited the surprise of everybody acquainted with the original. Mr. Horatio Trafalgar Sims has expressed his determination, in case he wins a prize in the Art-Union, of buying his own picture. No one, we are sure, will censure him (though it is contrary to the rules of the Society,) for this amiable preference.

Progress of Science and Art.

We have been favoured with a private view of a curious contrivance for ascertaining the day of the week at all times and seasons. There is a narrow strip of card, with the initial letters of all the days in the week, much in the same way as they are represented in common almanacks. By an ingenious arrangement, this card is made to slide through a hole in a larger card, which has the days of the month printed on it. Supposing an individual to be in such a blessed state of ignorance as not to know what is the day of the week, he must ascertain the fact, and having set the card, he will be enabled to keep in mind what day it is, if he looks from time to time at the piece of mechanism we have been describing. We do not know who is the inventor of this ingenious contrivance, but specimens are being left at people's houses rather freely. In a few days the specimen is called for again; and as it has been probably either mislaid or torn by the children, it is necessarily paid for. Thus, the projector obtains the reward of his art as well as his science.

A Curious Coincidence.

MR. PUNCH.—SIR,—You are a close observer of the follies of life, and of the many strange phenomena that daily present themselves to the "eyes of the world." I am, therefore, induced to call upon you for an explanation of the following curious announcement, which, might, could, would, or should have come under your notice. In the neighbourhood of St. George's Fields there are several lamp-posts, and on one of these lamp-posts there is, or was, a placard to this effect:—

"ELECTION FOR CHAMBERLAIN,

"Sir John Pirie's committee will sit *here* every day!"

I have heard of Patience sitting on a monument, but I never before knew that it was possible for an election committee to sit on a *lamp-post*. Perhaps you can account for this extraordinary event in natural history. Let me know in your next, and I shall ever subscribe myself your devoted friend and well-wisher,

LYNX.

Bunsen Once More.

It seems from a Report of the Literary Fund Dinner, that the Chevalier Bunsen, who, it will be remembered, was in England a year ago "on a special mission," is in England still; from which it would appear that the purpose of the "special mission" is not yet accomplished. At the dinner in question, when the King of Prussia's health was drunk, Bunsen returned thanks, and the vocalists immediately struck up "Lo! here the gentle Lark," as if the impression was that Bunsen was over here for "a lark" of a mild and "gentle" character.

More Extravagance.

DEAR PUNCH,—I read in the "Art-Union" that Mr. Fellowes is going out to Asia at the Government's expense, to collect marbles. Now is this not a shameful expenditure of the public money, and a gross neglect of native talent, when there is Mr. Pitt's celebrated warehouse in Seven Dials, where marbles can be had at all prices, and a finer selection made than from all the bazaars of Asia? Expose this Tory job, Punch!

Yours, in strict confidence,



A MAN OF MANY WOES,

JOSEPH HUME.

Bryanston Square.

Advertisement Extraordinary.

JUST ARRIVED FROM AMERICA,

MR. JONATHAN POSSUM, the celebrated Giant. This Gentleman is so exceedingly tall that it has been found impossible to clothe him in the ordinary manner. Mr. J. P. has therefore adopted the only alternative, and employed some of the first *artistes* in straw



TO THATCH HIM.

*** Further particulars in future announcements.

Literary Curiosity.

It is said that one sensible article appeared a little while ago, in the *Morning Post*. The paper containing it immediately became the subject of competition among the various collectors of curiosities. On inquiry, it turned out that the article in question was extracted from a cotemporary.

Why is a solar eclipse like a mother thrashing her own child?—Because it's



A HIDING OF THE SUN.

What is the difference between a law-suit and a lawyer? Sometimes one *won't lie*, but the other always *will*.

Why is a circulating library like a lime-kiln? Because it lets out volumes of smoke.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be Published every Friday Evening, and may be procured through any Newsman, or by direct application to the Office, No. 194, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office Order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XIX.—I AM TAKEN TO A TAVERN.—LEFT IN A HACKNEY-COACH.

OUR last chapter left Madame Spanneu in the arms of her husband. In less time than a leaf of this small history could be turned, the lady released herself from that sweet bondage; and that, too, with a decision that flung her helpmate, sounding, against the wainscot. Never did woman more vigorously illustrate the fallacy of that vulgar saying, that man and wife are of one flesh; for never was division more clearly manifested.

"My heart is broke!" exclaimed Monsieur Spanneu. That his ribs also were not fractured was a mercy and an astonishment. The husband looked entreatingly at his wife—there was no responsive glance—and, in another second, the wretched man had seized his hat, and stood the statue of despair upon his own door-step!

In that moment, active was the great fiend: for twenty little imps, the devil's footboys, rose about the Frenchman; some crying halter—some poison—some climbing his shoulder, and gently whispering in his ear, razors; and some again, with a sweet diabolic smirk, pointing their fingers in the direction of the Thames. Monsieur Spanneu instantly resolved on death. What place but the grave for a broken heart? He would die: his only difficulty was the choice of means. Thus, hanging, poisoning, drowning, abscission of artery—one and all of these modes recommended themselves; but their merits appeared so equal, that the Frenchman was too much puzzled to choose. He at once broke from the besetting difficulty, by—turning into an ale-house. Distrusting death, he rushed to drunkenness. Monsieur Spanneu drowned his reason twenty fathom deep; but with wise reservation kept his clayey self safe from the coroner. Never was the inexperience of man so shockingly displayed; for almost before Bacchus could have winked, the Frenchman was disastrously drunk. This great evil was attributable to his temperance. He had never, poor man! taught himself the use of the bottle, and, therefore, the exposure of his ignorance was sudden and complete. He had been wont to dally with water, qualified with sugar, for luxurious tipping, and now stood he beside that burning Lethe—gin!

Have I not heard the story? Is it not Esop's? The story of a stag, that drinking at the stream, still murmured at the shadow of its antlers! In like manner did Monsieur Spanneu drink and drink,—yet see nought within his glass but an exaggeration of his wrongs,—wrongs shadowed from false thoughts that thronged his head. Hence, the Frenchman—the gin distilling from his eyes—would drink and cry "*traïresse*," "*cocu*"—"cocu," "*traïresse*,"—and then, in the very idleness of despair, sing forth the snatch of some infidel song defying love, and satirical of wedded truth. Thus, the wretched husband passed with greatest facility through all the degrees of drunkenness, until he was in a state of professorial imbecility. He cried, laughed, raved—became maudlin, and then affectionate with his own hat, calling it "*sa belle Elise*," then dashing it to the end of the room with new disgust; and then, some pause allowed, whistling—or spluttering a whistle at his foot, as throwing it up and down he swore it was his favourite poodle dancing a jig. At length, passion would shift no longer; and so, worn out, the poor Frenchman sat in his chair, a very skin of gin, and snored.

Let it not be thought that Monsieur Spanneu was solus. By no means. He played his various antics to the rejoicing shout of the customary visitors of the Horse and Anchor, many of whom witnessed the growing inebriety of a Frenchman with the same zest and curiosity with which they would have made drunk a monkey, a dancing bear, or any other animal endowed with certain powers imitative of some gestures of humanity. These true-hearted Britons in the pride of patriotism, considered it something like impertinence, conceit, in a Frenchman to get beastly drunk; it was very like a liberty in a foreigner. Therefore, they manfully marked their censure of the circumstance, by filling the offender's pockets with soot, by blackening his face with the same substance—whilst an indignant wag smeared the Frenchman's skull with mustard, telling him, to the screaming enjoyment of the party, that yellow hair became him beautifully.

These insults the Frenchman felt not—knew not. Gin had done its best and worst; and he sat, the world spinning with him—the breathing block of a man. He had, however, paid what was called his reckoning; and being incapable of swallowing another drop, the landlord of the Horse and Anchor—a humane man—thought it best to have the drunkard carried home; he set himself having, in his frantic cups, published, again and again, the whereabouts of the par-

ticular fireside where, in his own tragic words, he had been stabbed "in de vitals of his peace." A hackney-coach was called, and the Frenchman carried by the waiter and boots from the room, the company therein roaring "*Rule Britannia*," as the foreigner was borne to the vehicle. "All right—you'll know," said the waiter to the coachman, the driver being very imperfectly instructed in the dwelling-place of Monsieur Spanneu. "A Frenchman—you'll find out," bawled the waiter from the steps of the tavern, and the coachman with, as I thought, a fine faith in the doctrine of chance, persuaded by dint of voice and whip, his horses to gather up their legs, and move funereally on.

How far we went I know not; but the day was waning, and it grew darker and darker; and the coachman—strange to say—more and more impatient. "Is this it?" he would cry, stopping at a house, and thrusting his head into the coach; and once or twice Monsieur Spanneu, deep in his dreams, would answer something which the driver insisted upon interpreting as a negative, and, therefore, bellowed an oath—asked himself why foreigners didn't stay in their own country—whipped his horses anew, and still went on.

In the course of our journey, the coachman stopt at three houses, insisting that Monsieur Spanneu was the master of each of them, and that he had nothing to do, but to get out, undress himself, and go to bed like a Christian.

My belief is, that Monsieur Spanneu had every desire to resign himself to goose-feathers. More, I am half convinced that—whilst in the coach—he thought he was at home, and once more smiled upon his forgiving wife. For he kissed, ravenously kissed, the tips of his own fingers, and muttered "*Ma belle ange*!" Then, I am sure, thought he of his peaceful bed and preparing to repose himself therein; for he unbuttoned his waistcoat, and I fell into the straw at the bottom of the coach. At this moment the coachman roared some unintelligible words—the Frenchman grunted some unintelligible answer—and the coach stopt. With great alacrity the coachman leapt from the box, and thundered—knocker in hand—at a door.

"Gen'l'man drunk," said the coachman, as the maid presented herself.

"Here's master again!" cried the maid.

"I wish I was in my grave!" exclaimed the mistress.

Hereupon, after some delay, a light was brought, and the maid came to the coach, and the driver was about to lift out his passenger, when the girl screamed out, "*La!* let him be—this isn't my master, but somebody else's."

Again the coachman was compelled to mount the box—again to drive on. Again and again he stopped; again and again he knocked at doors. Again he said, "Gen'l'man drunk;" again domestic published to the house, "Here's master again;" and again the mistress thereof wished herself out of this most comfortable abiding-place, the world.

Even the patience of hackney-coachmen may pass away. This truth I learned on the third appeal to the third knocker; for the driver, on being for the third time assured that Monsieur Spanneu was "somebody else's master," lost all self-restraint—all philosophy. He roared like a satyr; and coupling the most disrespectful words with the immortal essence of Monsieur Spanneu, swore that he would cause that essence to evaporate to a very ungentle and, doubtless, disagreeable locality, unless the Frenchman would instantly, and in the very best English, declare the house where he might lawfully and conjugally put on his night-cap. It was very strange; but the fervour of the coachman acted upon the drunken man like a bucket of cold water. For a moment, and a moment only, the soul of Monsieur Spanneu—or rather, sense, for as pigs and goats may get drunk, the soul can have nothing to do with that very popular operation—came back into its proper place, wherever it may be, with all its wits about it, prepared to consider anything that might be demanded of it. I am sure that a momentary excess of reason may be wrought out from an excess of drunkenness; in the same way that a momentary spark, a fire, may be struck from out the cold, cold flint. Thus, when the coachman laid hold of Monsieur Spanneu, and with certain circumlocutory phrases, insisted upon a straight-forward, and most direct, and most reasonable response, Monsieur Spanneu sat bolt upright, opened his eyes and mouth, and looking more sensible, and articulating the English language better than I had ever heard him before, made answer, at once satisfying the driver as to the truthfulness of his reply.

Dissatisfied is man; for no sooner had the coachman learned what he had been an hour and more vainly seeking for, than he uttered phrases very condemnatory of not only the intellect but the eyes of his passenger, and with renewed vigour, plied the whip. In a very short time the vehicle was drawn up at Monsieur Spanneu's door.

Again the coachman knocked, and the door opened; again he spoke, in tones as though he had brought some new luxury home—"Gen'l'man drunk."

"It can't be master," cried the maid; Spanneu never having before offended. She had scarcely uttered the words, however, when she rushed to the coach, and in amazement cried—"Why, missus, if it isn't!"

I then heard Madame Spanneu very distinctly wish herself in the grave. The coachman inquired if "he should bring the gen'l'man in?"

I heard not the answer, but the driver took the Frenchman in his arms, and carried him towards the house, leaving me a waif, a stray, upon the world in the bottom of a coach. The door still remained open.

"Men are brutes, my dear," said Mrs. Gaptooth.

"Lay him on the door-mat," said Madame Spanneu.

Antiquarian Society.

THE SNIVEYSON MARBLES.

At the last meeting, Mr. Addlesconce called the attention of the members to some marbles which had been found among the lumber in a garret of one of the houses lately pulled down in St. Martin's Lane. They were rescued perhaps from something worse than oblivion by an Irish labourer, a native of St. Giles's, as Mr. Addlesconce stated, and were purchased by the latter gentleman at the somewhat astounding price of a pint of porter and an ounce of tobacco, which, though it may bear no

proportion to the real value of the marbles as relics of antiquity, is still sufficiently demonstrative of that gentleman's zeal in the rubbish and dust-hole cause, to which he has already devoted the better half of his days, and to which he would be extremely happy to devote his better half—in a connubial sense, if the regulations of the society would admit into their museum a termagant lady in a glass case.

The marbles were produced in the striped blue and white bag in which they were found, and which, after a considerable discussion, was pronounced to be dyed with woad, but whether in the time of the Druids or that of William the Fourth, was not satisfactorily

settled. On emptying the bag, its contents were found to consist of a few alley-taws and some clay marbles of a rather large size, but very similar to those used by boys of the present age. Some of the marbles had been laboriously cut in half and ingeniously rubbed on a hard substance until their convexity was so far diminished that they stood on end. On their flat surfaces were delineated various

figures, sketches of which I am enabled to give you by the kindness of the elderly lady who sweeps the room.

From the angry discussion that arose among some of the members, and from their entire novelty, these marbles seemed in a fair way of equalling—if not exceeding in interest their brethren of the Elgin epithet. Some fearlessly asserted that they

were of Roman, some of Saxon date, and others, that the figures or representations were neither more nor less than Druidical hieroglyphics.

Mr. Sniveyson, whose maternal aunt had seen Pompeii, thought he traced in the edifice (No. 1.) an exact resemblance to a sketch in his aunt's album, and had not the slightest doubt but that the bird in figure 10 meant the Roman eagle, and the man

in figure 9, a Roman soldier, from the short sword which he carries. Taking all these things into consideration, he thought they might, with

great likelihood of truth, fix the date of these marbles at some period between the rise and fall of the Roman empire.

Professor Snuffles, on the contrary, would wager his reputation as a scientific man against any old song extant, that from the shaven state of the gentleman's head in fig. 9, they are of Chinese origin, the want of the tail being a careless omission of the artist; however, as he wished to take, instead of giving odds in backing his opinion, he was not much listened to.

Several other opinions were given, and nothing decisive arrived at, when Mr. Simon Clearwitz, a young member, exposed his infantile simplicity or gross ignorance in the following speech:—

"Mr. President and Gentlemen, when I entered this room I was as much convinced as any one here that the fullest and most impartial inquiry was necessary with regard to the objects at present under our consideration; this inquiry has been made, and as yet, in my opinion, without any satisfactory result. I however think I can throw a glimmering of light upon the subject. It may startle you, gentlemen, but I am convinced of the truth of what I am going to say, viz., that these marbles date no farther back than the juvenile days of the proprietor of the house where they were found. The symbols or figures upon them, I take to be merely youthful attempts to illustrate the popular legend of the 'House that Jack built.' (*Cries of Oh! Oh! and sneers.*) Gentlemen might sneer, but such was his opinion; and moreover he was convinced that the bird in marble 10 was not intended for the Roman Eagle, but was a representation of the 'Cock that crowed in the morn.'" Here the confusion became so great that the president was obliged to adjourn the meeting. Messrs. Sniveyson and Snuffles signified their intention of resigning their offices of Secretary and Treasurer if Mr. Clearwitz continued any longer a member of the Society.

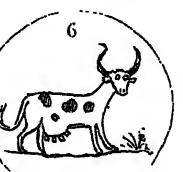
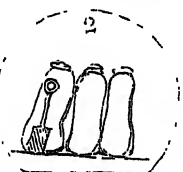
BRITISH COURTS OF JUSTICE.

ICE-CHANCELLOR WIGRAM'S COURT.—The great accumulation of business in Chancery caused a clamour for the appointment of more equity judges, and Messrs. Knight Bruce and Wigram were accordingly chosen as Vice-Chancellors. Having got them, the difficulty has been to know what to do with them; and for the first few terms they administered justice in temporary sheds, back bed-rooms, and out-houses. In the first instance, the new Vice-Chancellors were allowed the run of the garrets over the Parliamentary committee rooms, and suitors in want of relief were expected to ring one of a series of bells, when the answer they got was, "Higher up," as they climbed from flight to flight towards the attics of Knight Bruce and Wigram. If the Solicitor-General happened to be specially retained, it was ten to one that he did not tumble over a slop-pail on his way up; and we have seen Sir Frederick Pollock himself on one occasion enter the court, kicking in before him a carpet-broom and a dustpan.

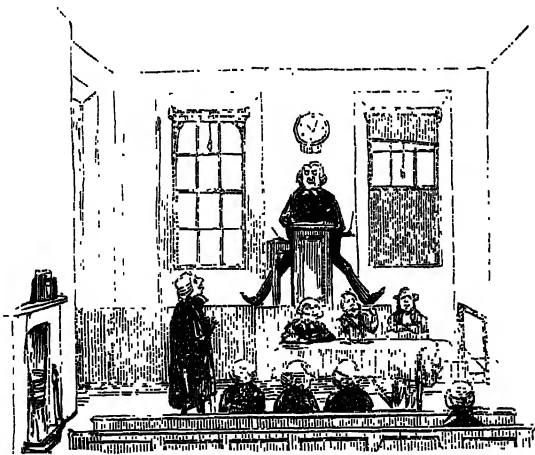
This curious amalgamation of the domestic with the dignified, was to a certain degree inconvenient; and Knight Bruce has once or twice been interrupted in an elaborate judgment, by a female bursting into the apartment with a Turk's head, a rushlight shade, and a lot of bedroom candlesticks.

In order to obviate these inconveniences the Vice-Chancellors are to have courts to themselves; and though his Honour Knight Bruce is being passed about from court to court, like a pauper from parish to parish, his more fortunate Honour Wigram seems at last to have gained a settlement. To describe Vice-Chancellor Wigram's court is the object of the present article.

On entering Westminster Hall, where you naturally expect to find it, you search into every hole and corner, and on inquiry are told that the court of Vice-Chancellor Wigram is on the outside of the Hall, just round the corner under the archway. Acting upon this direction you pass beneath an archway on the right, and see a board with a finger painted on it, pointing directly towards a waterspout. On closer inspection you find a door, and having met with more painted fingers, one of which asserts distinctly to "Vice-Chancellor Wigram's Court on the First Floor," you ascend the staircase. At the end of a long passage is an ordinary door, which you open, and find yourself in a square chamber, laid down throughout with matting. On the right is a row of fourteen hat-pegs, opposite to which, and fastened against the wall on the other side, is an eight-day dial in a mahogany case, which has all the appearance of having been "warranted." The walls are clothed in a rich fresco of white-wash, and the ceiling is done in the same style—and perhaps by the same hand—to indicate probably the purity of equity. At the back of the court and close under the window, is a form for the accommodation of the public, on which are one or two stragglers and an usher, whose business it would be to keep silence, but that the stillness of the place has made his office a sinecure.



A barrier is thrown across the back of the Court, and in front of it is an uneasy bench for the juniors, while a row of chairs somewhat in advance are placed for the accommodation of the Queen's Counsel. There is nothing striking in the arrangements for the bar, but the seat of Vice-Chancellor Wigram himself is a particularly effective piece of workmanship. On a platform about five feet long by thirty inches wide, and approached by two very low steps, covered with green baize, and flanked by a wooden bannister, is the judgment-seat. It consists of an easy chair,



—or at least a chair that would be easy, but for the mahogany Devonport in front, which must cramp the Vice-Chancellor's legs; for his honour is far too conscientious to kick, for his own comfort, a hole in the pannel. His honour is placed between two windows—and has so far the position of a *pier*, though he does not sit in the House of Lords, and has only received the dignity of knighthood. Side by side with the Devonport is a Pembroke table, one flap of which is necessarily down—or there would be no room for it. The platform seems to be suddenly cut short at the end of the Pembroke table, and a screen is carried from this point as far as the wall, so as to form a sort of retiring room for his Honour, who by leaping off the platform—for there are no steps on this side—and crouching down so as to preserve a stooping position, may manage to keep out of sight for a few minutes. This space is, we presume, intended for the robing-room; but his Honour must certainly perform the judicial toilette while sitting on the floor, for the screen is not more than four feet high; and accordingly if Vice-Chancellor Wigram should wig and gown himself in an erect posture, the ceremony would be performed in sight of the public. The library of the court is extremely select; and, as far as we could see, consists of a Court Guide and a Law List.

Considering that it was thought to be very important to liberty that the place for administering justice should be fixed, instead of following the person of the sovereign as it did in olden times, we are surprised that an effort is not made to give permanently "a local habitation" to Vice-Chancellors Knight Bruce and Wigram;

At present they, alas! are doom'd to soar
From basement up to first or second floor;
And on the morrow may perchance be found,
Holding their sittings somewhere underground.
Shall equity be forced its courts to hold
In dismal attics or in kitchens cold?
Shall suitors' feelings undergo the rack
Within the limits of a two-pair back?
By anxious parties shall the Judge be sought,
Up stairs and down, through passage, gateway, court?
Oh, no—for Chancery has enough of frowns,
Without these horrid *extra* ups and downs.
The two Vice-Chancellors must 'plex the bar,
Who would but know at all times where they are:
We only ask the Government to fix
A sitting worthy such a pair of bricks.

THE "GENTLE" SHAKSPEARE.

MR. R. L. JONES said, a day or two since at Guildhall, "that there were but five instances of the signature of Shakspeare in existence, three of them being attached to his will at Doctors' Commons, *one in a volume of Marmoniel* at the British Museum, and the autograph which had been bought the day before." Shakspeare has worthily obtained the prenomens of "gentle;" but how excessively kind of him to get out of his grave to write his name in a copy of "*Marmoniel*!" Was it not? *Punch* deferentially asks Montaigne.

MR. COBDEN is about to meet the farmers of Rye on the 10th of June. He will, of course, see plenty of Rye faces.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ESTABLISHMENT.

WE perceive by Friday's Gazette that the Prince of Wales has got a Chancellor and an Attorney-General; but it is not universally known that on the same day his Royal Highness had a wooden Scaramouch and a tin soldier. When Mr. Pemberton, the Chancellor of the Royal Infant, went to kiss hands on his appointment, the Prince playfully possessed himself of the nose of the newly-constituted dignitary. We understand the fact of his Royal Highness having experienced this addition to his state, was announced to his Royal Highness by the Dowager Lady Littleton in the following very appropriate words.

"Sal he have a chancellor? Yes, that he sal, a little peshious. He shan't be troubled with a little conscience. No, that he shan't. But he sal have a Chancellor, all to his little self, to keep his little conscience for him. (Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top.) And an Attorney-General too to advocate his little rights, and do all his little business for him. (Baby, baby, bunting.) They shan't worry him with nasty accounts. No, that they shan't, but he will have a little auditor, won't he. (One, two, buckle my shoe.)"

His Royal Highness condescended to receive this notification very graciously, and smiling several times, as the nature of the several duties of his new legal officers was alluded to.

We understand that the conscience of his Royal Highness has been already presented to Chancellor Pemberton on a sheet of blank vellum. The Attorney-General has not yet had a brief, but *Punch* will not fail to communicate the important fact whenever it happens.

THE DYING VENDOR OF VEGETABLES TO HIS PALFREY OF JERUSALEM.

WHERE art thou now? where art thou now? my beautiful, my bold;
And shall they take thee far away to green-yards to be sold?
O rather let them take the bed, where now, alas! I lie,
Than seize on thee, for debt or rent, my beautiful—my shy!

They tell me they'll take care of thee—I know what 'tis they mean,
A truss of hay in half a year, with thistle-tops between.
O no! it shall not be thy fate, I'd rather, ere I part,
Plunge deep, my mild and patient ass, this pitchfork to thy heart!

Nay, do not turn aside thy nose, and shake thine honest ear,
Thy master's sense is wandering, but thou 'st no cause to fear;
But let me give thee one embrace, ere from the world I go.
There! there! nay, do not shrink from me, my terrified—my slow!

Thou 'st drawn with me, boy, many a year, the cart along the streets:—
Put thine hoof on thy master's heart—thou feeblest how it beats.
But Oh, thine eyes benevolent, my anguish'd feelings lull.
Farewell, my Jackass!—Oh! farewell—my beautiful! my dull!!

Fancy Fair in the New Cut.



HERE was a fancy fair in the New Cut on Saturday evening last, in aid of the general fund for the relief of the mercantile interests. In order to keep the attendance select, all carriages entering the Cut from the Westminster Road were compelled to pay a toll for admission, but the promenade for visitors on foot was gratuitous. The stalls were presided over by the fair sex, some of whom attracted attention to their wares by grotesque allusions "to lumping penn'orths" and other allegorical expressions, which an intercourse with the imaginative regions of the East has introduced amongst us latterly to a very considerable degree. The musical arrangements were under the arrangement of the police, who kept the various bands and solo performers continually moving. The fishing interests must have profited largely by the immense consumption of whelks, which were devoured with most unaccountable avidity. The gaiety of the scene was kept up until a late hour.

WIT AT WESTMINSTER.

A FEW days ago Mr. Roebuck entered the Court of Queen's Bench in his silk gown, when Lord Denman addressed him in the usual form, asking him, when it came to Mr. Roebuck's turn, whether he was prepared with a motion. The "learned gentleman" implied the usual negative by shaking his head. "I beg your pardon," observed Lord Denman, "I forgot, Mr. Roebuck, that *you have moved*."

Can you spell blind pig with two letters? Why P G, to be sure; that's pig without an I, isn't it?

SOMETHING FROM, AND OF, "JENKINS."

THE readers of *Punch* are by this time aware that there is a print called *The Morning Post* (more commonly known of late as *The Morning Jenkins*), published every day, Sundays excepted in London. At present this luminous sheet emanates from a modest brick building opposite Somerset-house, in the Strand—the said building being surmounted by the statue of Mercury as JENKINS (as shown in *Punch's* last.) Well,



It will be seen at a glance that the vital principles of the *Morning Post* are embodied in it. Great with his pen, JENKINS is no less great with his pencil! We, however, are not to be mollified into the weakness of too great tenderness towards JENKINS, by any little bit of overt liberality on his part. JENKINS may be generous, but *Punch* must be just. JENKINS says—

"*Cerito* ventured upon a great undertaking indeed; she danced la Cachucha. This was throwing down the gauntlet to Ellsler, or rather attacking her at once in her stronghold. We confess, when we first heard of this intention, we were greatly alarmed: the struggles of Octavius and Antony, of Caesar and Pompey, were mere bagatelles to this rivalry."

This appeared one day: mark what came out the next—yea, in JENKINS's own paper:—

"*Mlle. Cerito* requests us to state that she did not attempt to dance the Cachucha on Tuesday evening. The *Gitana* was the dance performed by her on that occasion."

Great was the concern, greater the perspiration of JENKINS when he saw this. But man is weak. Had JENKINS not been at the Blue Posts, in the Haymarket, playing all-fours with the French Ambassador's footman—had he been in his place in the pit, and not given away his pass to his tailor's one journeyman, he must have known the *Gitana* from the *Cachucha*. But seldom is it that JENKINS errs in this way, and we trust that by this time he is forgiven.

JENKINS, like a plethoric footman who has outgrown his livery, has become too big for his present building. Old bricks and mortar cannot contain him, and so he is to be located in a new house built upon orders—between the Union Composite and the Newgate Doric—in Wellington-street North. Well, JENKINS, who has his bricks at heart, nay, at head too, has made a design for a beautiful piece of *alto relievo* to adorn the mansion; and has in the handsomest manner favoured us with the subjoined early copy:

We have next a very private and particular account of the murders of Fanny ELLSLER. JENKINS says—

"*Cerito* ventured on no slight undertaking when she came, alone, at the same time, to supply the place of the fairy Dumilatre, and also of that favourite who has triumphed both in the new world and in the old, and at whose feet expired in his youth the heir of an empire, and in his old age the greatest political writer of his times. But *Cerito* has proved that nothing is above her power, and when she dances we forget all her rivals (and all her murders)."

It is an historical fact (though not so well known as it ought to be) that the Duke of Reichstadt was found dead at the feet of Ellsler, who, afterwards coming to England, in the most remorseless way, slaughtered "the greatest political writer of his times"—William Cobbett. We only hope that JENKINS will not be her third victim.

We cannot, however, leave JENKINS without paying homage to his ubiquity. For on the very night he visited the opera—at the very hour—he was at Drury Lane, beholding *Athelwold*. This is plain: for could any other pen save that of JENKINS put a sentence in such a delicious tangle?

"The chief defect of his drama is an utter want of the chronological allocation of its tone, which could only have been afforded by that costumed thought which is so rarely acquired by the dramatist."

What do you mean, JENKINS? "Costumed thought?" What is that? Thought in full-dress, of course. But JENKINS, pray write to be understood—don't affect to write "too well"—condescend to be a man of the world—in a word, be a Man of the People, JENKINS!

NEEDLES AND CORONETS—GREAT MEETING OF THE DUCHESES!

THE oldest dowager cannot remember so brilliant a meeting as yesterday held at Almack's. The tragic revelations recently made before the House of Commons,—the frightful history published in the Reports of the Children's Employment Commission,—have struck with contrition and amazement all the fashionable world. In several instances, very delicately kept from the public mind, the effect of these publications has been most intense and extraordinary. A certain dowager marchioness, celebrated for the splendour and brilliancy of her diamonds, in the very morbidity of what she deems remorse, refused to wear her costly gems from the moment she became assured of the miseries of those fifteen thousand London victims, the milliners and dressmakers. Another distinguished lady—the widow of an earl—has put aside the turbans and head-dresses for which she had a most enviable reputation, and was seen on Wednesday last only, cheapening a muslin cap in Cranbourne Alley. Three maiden ladies, daughters of an admiral, have resolved for the rest of their lives to wear nothing but gingham gowns made by their own fingers. We will not further obtrude on the respectable secessities of private life, but have felt it necessary to state thus much, in order to gladden the too-unbelieving world with the tidings of benevolence and sisterly love at present struggling in May-fair and the vicinity of St. James's.

For some three or four days past, the intended meeting was well known throughout the West end; and expectation, to use a Jenkinsonian figure, stood on tiptoe at a very early hour yesterday morning. Yes; it was known, to the delight of thousands, that the fairest, the loveliest, and—as a crowning recommendation—the richest of the daughters of England, were about to take counsel together, that they might snatch a suffering

sisterhood from a drudgery that killed mind and body—from the slavery of sleepless nights—from the pangs of early disease—from the horrors of blindness. This was known; and great was the throb of the great West-end's heart at the knowledge!

From an early hour yesterday the principal streets leading to Almack's bore outward token of a glorious holiday. All the shops were shut up, whilst thousands of the fair sex, in their very best attire, smiling like Hope and Pity in their sweetest moods, were seated at the upper windows. In many instances, we were delighted to see garlands of flowers—with boughs of May, laburnum, and lilac—decorating the door-posts. At the houses of the various tradesmen of the distinguished ladies about to gather together, we observed their armorial bearings beautifully composed of flowers. Bands paraded the streets—labour took a holiday—everybody smiled upon one another as though softened and elevated by a contemplation of the scene. At various distances, bands were stationed, and played airs appropriate to the festivity of the occasion.

So early as ten o'clock, all the persons comprising the household of every distinguished lady bound for Almack's—all in their best clothes and brightest liveries, with a profusion of white rosettes (we presume in allusion to the purity of the cause) took their places in the line of road: and it is but bare justice to them to state that we never before saw so many people in livery behave so orderly—with such humility. Footmen looked mildly serious—even "tigers" were subdued by the influence of the scene.

At about half-past ten, the first carriage of the first duchess made its appearance at the top of St. James's-street. Beautiful was the shout that greeted it! The horses, as though unused to such popular admiration,



GENUINE AGITATION.

(A Scene from Shakespeare's JULIUS CAESAR.)

Ghost of Cæsar, D—E OF W—N.

Brutus. "Why comest thou?"

Brutus, MR. D. O'C—N—L.

Ghost. "To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi."

started; but the coachman, with steady hand and serene face, held them in. No mischief occurred, and the multitude shouted the louder. Fast and fast followed carriage upon carriage; and still the crowd shouted, and the music played; and a number of children at various windows set free at least five hundred doves from wicker cages,—doves which an eccentric old gentleman near us, evidently a Pythagorean, insisted upon calling the souls of departed milliners, blinded and slain by the murderess needle. Certainly, all things conduced to give the imagination a fillip. Thus, we saw not in the carriage-pannels of the titled benefactresses the old heraldic bearings and their ancient legends—uncouth griffins, hydras, and dragons with mortal syllables,—but beautiful faces, seraphic presences; with sentences breathing love and Christian charity in Latin, English, and old Norman French!

All the ladies having arrived at the rooms, the chair was taken exactly at twelve o'clock by the Duchess of Buccleuch.

Her Grace, in a sweet and gentle speech, briefly opened the proceedings. They had been called together by the voice of pity. (*Hear.*) A voice of suffering—a low, yet, Heaven be thanked, at last an audible, voice. The heart of fashion had been struck; and she trusted that the proceedings of that day would disabuse a public prejudice that that heart was only of rock; or if, indeed, it were, that it was at least like another rock she *could* name, which being smitten, gushed forth with refreshing streams for panting hearts and withered lips. (*Loud cries of "Hear."*)

The Duchess of Sutherland rose to propose the first resolution. Her Grace (and as she spoke, never did earthly clay look more beautiful) observed, that she came with a certain sense of contrition to the fulfilment of a high, a solemn duty. (*Hear.*) She had read—they all had read—the Parliamentary Reports. (*Cries of "We have."*) Was it possible to peruse those tragedies of humble life, and not to feel almost ashamed of being rich? (*Hear.*) Was it possible to reflect upon the condition of their sisters—yes, her Grace would say, sisters—and not to feel humiliated by the wealth, the glory, the splendour which—from the cradle to the grave—surrounded they themselves? (*Applause.*) As a Christian lady (her Grace continued), she felt that Providence expected of her—of them—a kind and gentle guardianship of the children of poverty; of the poor milliner girl, whose life was dedicated to the adorning of what Heaven made one common clay, but of which, she feared it, wealth was too apt to make to itself an idol. Her Grace, amidst very great applause, concluded by moving the first resolution, to the effect, that an association should be formed to induce the principal dressmakers and milliners to limit the hours of work to eight per day.

The Countess of Winton, with a lovely smile, seconded this resolution.—Carried unanimously.

The Duchess of Bedford proposed the second resolution. Her Grace observed that she wanted adequate language in which to paint her feelings—the feelings which possessed her on reading the Report alluded to by her friend the illustrious Chairwoman. Women had, by a thousand devoted acts, indicated the benevolence, the goodness of their sex; but never, since woman first woke in Eden, had she been employed in a nobler mission than that which had called them together. (*Loud cheers.*) Her Grace must confess it. Having read the Report in question, she had for a time felt an inconceivable horror—an inexpressible pang of heart—when she looked upon the fineries of dress. Potent, most potent, was imagination. She could not help beholding the very heartstrings of the poor milliner's girl worked in some costly robe—could not but see the light of the girl's quenched eyes in the ornaments that shone upon it. This might be called superstition. Happy did her Grace feel that she was now suffering beneath its influence. (*Hear, hear, with two or three audible sobs from the Meeting.*) Her Grace moved the second resolution: "to abolish all Sunday work, and to afford the sick early medical advice, change of air, and other necessary comforts."

Lady Byron, in seconding the resolution, said she felt proud to observe that Christianity was making such vast strides in fashionable life. (Resolution carried.)

The Duchess of Somerset proposed the third resolution. Her Grace read part of the evidence from the Report, which stated that "a considerable amelioration would be effected, if ladies were more considerate in giving their orders." Her Grace said, she feared that many among them had been the thoughtless persecutors of the dressmaker and milliner. (*An elderly lady cried, "That's right—give it 'em."*) They had looked upon these helpless creatures as mere machines—things of another nature;

and therefore, in the very wantonness of power, had given their orders despotically, careless at what sacrifice of health and eyesight they were executed, so they were done. (*Hear.*) Her Grace trusted that they were upon the eve of better things: she hoped that they would no longer, once a week at least, confess themselves, as a mere matter of form, to be "miserable sinners," careless of what further sins they committed by over-tasking their poor and helpless fellow-creatures. Her Grace moved a resolution, declaratory of the necessity of "allowing reasonable time for the execution of orders."

Lady Ashley, in an eloquent speech, seconded the resolution.—Carried unanimously.

The Duchess of Buckingham, in moving the fourth resolution, bore testimony to the truthful eloquence of her illustrious friend of Somerset. For her (the Duchess of B.'s) part, unless something was done, she should feel that on Court-days, at parties, &c., she always carried about with her the ghost of a milliner—should feel that her very clothes were haunted and possessed by the departed spirit of a sacrificed sempstress. (*Hear.*) "Frequently, on wedding-orders," said the Report, "it was not uncommon to work all night!" Could a blessing be hoped upon nuptials which occasioned such misery? Did not the bride stand at the altar with a very blight upon her? (*Loud cries of Hear, hear. Several of the auditors were deeply affected. An old peeress—whose name we could not learn—in a spasm of grief wrung her pocket-handkerchief like a wet sponge.*) Her Grace then moved the fourth resolution, that a fund be established to carry the objects of the association into effect.

Here the Duchess of Sutherland rose, and said she had it in command, ON THE PART OF HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, to offer a royal subscription of—One hundred guineas annually. (*Loud cheers.*)

All the ladies present then became annual subscribers, the *minimum* sum being twenty guineas each.

The meeting then broke up. The ladies returned in their carriages in the order they came; the populace cheering, and all the bands playing with one accord—"Angels, ever bright and fair!"

THE GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON.

CHAP. IV.—THE PANORAMA OF LONDON.—PRIMROSE HILL.



ONLY a few days have passed away since the occurrence of a most important event. The mighty George Robins has achieved what Time, with all his boasted power, has been unable to accomplish thoroughly, with respect to its Roman prototype—he has knocked down the Colosseum, and decided its lot; for we believe it went in one only. With a power superior to Napoleon's, he has placed the right of way through the Swiss pass, and over the chain of mountains which separate Albany-street from the Regent's Park, in other hands. He has proved himself master of the Imperial Eagle—that bold and animated bird, whose lively plumage and haughty bearing all must recollect, when, perched in native dignity upon the clinker-rock, at an altitude of nearly three English feet above the level of the New Road, he contemplated the silent lake, supplied by the leaden pipe which took its origin from the New River. He has also (but this is whispered in strict confidence) secured the services of the daring mountaineer Melchthal Winkelreid Hopkins to conduct future visitors to these interesting regions, hallowed by the memory of that champion of Helvetic liberty, who, although his name was Tell, never revealed the projects of the confederacy. This great man (the Colosseum attendant), under whose sole control the ice of the Raspberry and Vanille Glaciers have been placed for many summers, was absolutely necessary to the establishment, and the promise of a liberal salary has retained him. The new proprietor recollected the axiom—so particularly appropriate to the localities of the Regent's Park—*point d'argent, point de Suisse*—and engaged him accordingly.

But why has the Colosseum thus fallen beneath the hammer of the auctioneer? For the simple reason, that it did not pay. It was found necessary to put the whole establishment up the spout of its own ascending-room, because the shillings of the visitors no longer liquidated the pounds of the expenses to keep it up, on account of the feeling becoming so fearfully prevalent, that it is not necessary to pay for the best sights that London can offer. The century-blooming Aloes was entirely blown, and people thought more of them in the medical form of decoction; gold fish, of equal value, were gratuitously exhibited in the Pantheon conservatory, with macaws, exotics, and fountains to boot; statues, in every respect as good as those in the saloon, could be seen at all the plaster shops near Drury Lane; the excavations of the railways formed bolder ravines than the Swiss pass; and, above all, the Panorama of London,

which was the great feature of the establishment, could be seen for nothing from the adjacent hill of Primrose.

This celebrated mountain, which derives its name from the profusion of primroses which cover its sides throughout the year, is well worth a visit from the stranger in London, if it be merely to inspect the panorama we allude to. There are various tracks for arriving at the summit, but possibly the one to be preferred is that leading from the Hampstead Road and by Chalk Farm—so called from the number of scores formerly run up there for breakfast, which were not always paid, in consequence of one or the other of the parties getting shot in the fields beyond. The visitor should notice the adjacent tea-gardens, in which, however, the plant is not cultivated, although it is supposed to be on an extensive scale in the hedges adjoining the estate. Further on, he will pass the frog-preserves, which form a principal point of rendezvous for the more juvenile Sunday frequenters, and from which the foreign gentlemen, who reside in the secret regions of the town of Camden and Kentish, during the off part of the season, are supposed to derive their chief subsistence. Should the traveller need refreshment it will be advisable to procure it at Chalk Farm—which again has, by other antiquaries, been supposed to derive its name from the milk produced at the dairy—for this is the last habitation up the mountain, and nothing can be procured on the top, except Barcelona nuts and brandy-balls, together with sticks of a substance peculiar to the district, apparently composed of treacle, dirt, and peppermint, and termed "cocktail" by the merchants who dispose of it to foreigners.

The Panorama of London has all the effects of light and shade—although perhaps more of the shade than the light—in common with its artificial opposition below. The cross and ball of St. Paul's can sometimes be perceived with the naked eye, but it is never brought so near as the one at the Colosseum.

The vast lake of the Barrow Hill Reservoir appears at the feet of the spectator; and were it not for this, and some houses, and several other things besides, a very good view could be obtained of the Zoological Gardens. There is no ascending-room, as at the Colosseum, to arrive at the summit, but a very speedy way of coming down again may be attained by climbing over the top of the shafts which lead down to the tunnel of the Birmingham Railway.

The visitor should, however, be cautioned against forming too sanguine notions of the extent of this view; for possibly, when he arrives there he may find all his visions end in smoke, that being the chief natural production of London. And, indeed, it is in the smoke that the great points of resemblance in the two panoramas will be found, which in either case has the same effect—that of obscuring the view.

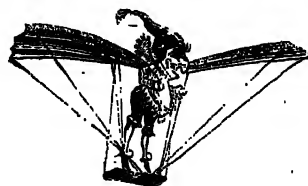
There is Swiss scenery attached to the panorama of Primrose Hill as well as to the Colosseum. The rustic *châlets* are mostly situate in Park Village, amidst scenery in admirable keeping with their Helvetian architecture, together with railways, omnibuses, and public-houses. Their position appears exposed to the full force of the avalanches from the adjacent heights, but we do not hear of many catastrophes in consequence. During hard frosts in winter, the snow on the summit of Primrose Hill never melts, and therefore this period should not be chosen for the excursion. In summer, however, the attempt is perfectly free from danger, and the overland journey thither from Regent Street, by omnibus, which species of vehicle has opened a great facility of communication to travellers, should form one of the earliest trips of the stranger in London.

NARRATIVE

OF AN EXPERIMENTAL TRIP IN AN AERIAL COURIER.

BY PROFESSOR GULLPHELATT.

[A few days back an article appeared in some of the morning papers, copied from *The Atlas*, purporting to be the report, by a Professor Geolis, of a trial excursion in the flying-machine. A talented individual is highly indignant at having the merit of the first essay taken from him, and has sent us this narrative, which we insert with much pleasure.]



THE description of the Aerial Courier, which I saw in *Punch*, led me to regard the machine as so simple in construction—so perfectly capable of performing all that Mr. Henson's flying-ship will ever do—that I lost no time in constructing one according to the diagram, as no specification of patent was annexed to the description.

I experienced some little difficulty in procuring a sufficient number of back copies of *Punch* to form the main suspender. At last, several presses

were put in action, and I was accommodated with the desired quantity, choosing principally the Almanack and the April Number—the first from its extreme lightness, and the last from being otherwise appropriate to my scheme. I also obtained considerable extra volatility, through the exertions of some of the first working chemists in London, who furnished me

with some condensed jokes, compressed with a pressure of one thousand atmospheres in strong cast-iron cylinders. The roof and sides of the car were covered with the "Table Talk" from the *Morning Post*, which rendered every part impermeable from the total impracticability of anything or anybody ever being able to get through it; and the engine-room and working parts of the engine I wished to have put under the superintendence of Lord Brougham, since, added to his scientific knowledge, he had been so long in hot water as to be a most desirable acquisition. But I was, upon reflection, so uncertain as to how, in some of his freaks, he might choose to make the propellers revolve, that I abandoned the idea, finding that it could not much benefit my scheme to have the engines working all ways at once, which it would be very likely to do, under his management.

All being prepared, I took the huge machine under my arm, and, without telling a soul of my intentions, walked up the inclined plane of Primrose-hill, whence I intended to take flight, very early one fine morning last week. Having got it in order, I lighted the fire with a lucifer, and then, when the steam was sufficiently up, I got inside, cut the rope that fastened the Courier to a stake, and allowed it to start, which it did simultaneously with myself, the first dart off being somewhat unexpected.

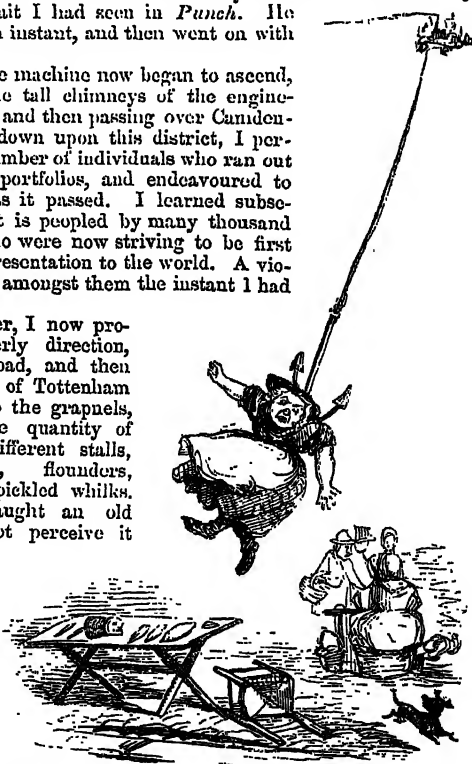
The machine ran rapidly down the custom slope of the hill, and I was in some fear of shooting into the middle of the arbours in the Chalk Farm tea-gardens, but fortunately took another direction. I flew past a man in the garb of a superior livery servant, who was collecting small weeds from one of the hedges, with a parasol over his head; a second glance, hastily taken, assured me that it was the lovely Jenkins of the *Morning Post*, from the portrait I had seen in *Punch*. He stared vaguely for an instant, and then went on with his work.

To my great joy, the machine now began to ascend, narrowly avoiding the tall chimneys of the engine-house on the railway, and then passing over Camden-Town. On looking down upon this district, I perceived an immense number of individuals who ran out of their houses with portfolios, and endeavoured to sketch the Courier as it passed. I learned subsequently that this spot is peopled by many thousand wandering artists, who were now striving to be first in publishing the representation to the world. A violent battle took place amongst them the instant I had passed.

Turning the rudder, I now proceeded in a southerly direction, crossing the New Road, and then passing over the one of Tottenham Court, when I let go the grapnels, and obtained a large quantity of articles from the different stalls, including radishes, flounders, trouser-straps, and pickled whilks. Once, indeed, I caught an old woman, and did not perceive it until I had dragged her, to her great consternation, as far as Meux's Brewery, where I contrived to let her fall gently into a waggon-load of grains, without any great injury to herself.

It was at this point that my mishaps commenced. I had lowered the Courier somewhat the better to deposit the old woman, and not keeping a sufficient look-out in the direction I was following, the next instant I bumped against the steeple of St. Giles's Church. The shock turned the machine completely round, and the propellers assuming a contrary action, the whole apparatus kept revolving, over, and over, and over, at a most fearful rate, compelling me to run round and round like a white mouse in a turning cage. My barometer, too, fell at the same time—not merely a few degrees, but right down to the earth, where it disappeared through a skylight in the Rookery, and was seen no more.

But the worst catastrophe was to come. Anxious to restrain the whirlings of the machine, I endeavoured to let off a few spare jokes from one of the condensed cylinders, when *whiz! fiz!! BANG!!!* went the whole apparatus, one pipe after the other; and I was in an instant enveloped in a cloud of jokes. That minute all my self-possession left me. The jocular atmosphere pervaded my organization, and, screaming with laughter as I inhaled it, I thought the whole accident a glorious piece of fun. I screamed and shouted with delight as joke after joke burst from its confinement, and no longer heeded the course of the machine, which kept rolling onwards, gradually approaching the earth, and knocking down all the chimneys that it came against. I was at last brought to myself, by a sudden submersion in water, when the truth broke upon me in an instant, that I had fallen into the Thames. The fire was



of course immediately extinguished, and I had barely time to scramble through one of the windows, before the machine touched the bed of the river.

I rose to the surface, and was picked up by the *Moonshine* fourpenny steamboat, which was providentially passing at the instant; but the machine was lost—as well as I can determine—close by one of the piers of the Hungerford Bridge, where it has not much chance of ever being disturbed. The steamer put me on shore at Waterloo-bridge stairs, and I immediately made the best of my way to the *Punch* Office, where it is but justice to state that I received every attention from your boy Dick that my uncomfortable state demanded.

In conclusion, you are perfectly at liberty to make any use you please of this narrative; but should any of the papers feel disposed to copy it into their columns, it will be as well for them to state the quarter from whence they have obtained it, that its authenticity may be relied upon.

Hummums Hotel, May 12, 1843.

THAMES ANGLING SOCIETY.

THE season for the delightful sport of angling now rapidly approaching, a very favourable report has been made by the committee of this laudable institution, and it appears that by the great care of the water-bailiffs, in the preservation of the fish, many fine mackerel have been caught in Shepperton Deep.

The shoals of sprats at Walton are numerous. Some large pairs of soles were taken at Hampton; they rose greedily to an artificial May-fly.

A splendid specimen of a dolphin was hooked at Staines. It was forwarded to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, and has been consigned to the Virginia Water.

By the unwearied exertions of the Thames Angling Society, we have very little doubt but few years will elapse before the fish of the sea will utterly supersede the fresh-water fish.

Three brace of Jaune Dorées were caught on Wednesday last by a gentleman who angled from the Hammersmith Suspension Bridge. And early in last week, Joseph Arden, Esq., had the good fortune, at Twickenham Ait, to hook and land a salmon weighing 16 pounds; and which he found, to his utter surprise, to be ready pickled.

Bad News for London Anglers.

We are chagrined to have to detail a fact, which may prove some drawback on the foregoing prosperous report; but we have ascertained beyond a doubt, that some small fry of the Great American Sea-Serpent have made their way, by an unknown channel, into the New River. A specimen was caught opposite to the Middleton's Head, last Saturday. The young gentleman who captured it could not get it into his bottle.

Parochial Intelligence.

PARTY politics are still running high in the Metropolitan Parishes. The reds have had an attack of the blues, and the yellows have asked for funds, while the greens have readily contributed.

The debate last week at the Paving board was of the most distressingly personal character.

The wooden-block party includes (as we have frequently remarked) all the heads of the board, but the stone section, though inclined to flag in zeal, will not as yet yield to any impression.

In consequence of some ill-natured rumours about the injury done to the carriage-way by the cab-stand, a vote of confidence in the waterman was agreed to, and it was resolved that the freedom of the street should be presented to him in a pint of porter.

QUEEN ADELAIDE'S VISIT TO THE TEMPLE.

It being understood that Her Majesty Queen Adelaide was desirous of visiting the Temple, every preparation was made for the reception of royalty. On Saturday, the 13th, the royal carriages drove up to the archway, where they were received by a casual porter, who explained that there was no carriage road; and a consultation took place between one of the royal footmen and the official in question, who were joined by two or three casual passengers. The royal *cortège* was then directed to a small avenue for vehicles, but the coachman having observed that it was almost perpendicular, declined venturing down it, and another consultation took place between a city policeman and another of the royal footmen, which ended in backing the carriages—a ceremony that excited considerable interest among the bystanders. The procession then wheeled rapidly down Essex-street, at the suggestion of an anonymous individual, but on reaching the alleged turning into the Temple, it was found to consist of a paved court for foot passengers only. After considerable difficulty the *cortège* was again turned round, and the royal procession moved off in the direction of Fleet-street, where a gentlemanly

looking person gave such information as led to the carriages being driven down Bouverie-street and into the Temple by King's Bench Walk.

On reaching the Hall, the royal party were met by a small knot of porters, holding up the cane of office, and pointing in a northerly direction, while one or two of the body ran precipitately towards the Fleet-street carriage entrance, but returned almost immediately followed by some of the Benchers at full speed, with the steward, who is rather corpulent, panting after them. It appeared that a deputation of Benchers had been dodging the *cortège* at all the entrances, tearing about from gate to gate in the hope of meeting it. As soon as the senior Benchers could regain possession of his wind, he read the following address:—

"May it (a gasp) please your Maj (a gasp)—Majesty. We the Ben— (a gasp)—Benchers of this ancient Inn (a gasp), welcome your Majesty (a gasp) to this ancient—" (a very long gasp and a pause).

At this point her Majesty, with her characteristic kindness, smiled benignantly, and ordering the royal footman to let down the steps, descended from the carriage. The procession then moved in the following order:

PORTERS WEARING THEIR TICKETS,
(walking partially backwards, and beating off the boys,)



THE LAUNDRESS OF THE HALL STAIRCASE,
(carrying the venerable ashes of the grate in order to mingle them with the dust of surrounding Templars,)

THE SIX CLERKS OF THE HALL STAIRCASE,
(bearing the bags of briefness,)

MR. THESIGER'S WIG-BOX,
(supported by his clerks,)



A JUNIOR BARRISTER,
(not supported by anything, but vigorously endeavouring to support himself,)

Her Majesty Queen Adelaide,
(surrounded by the deputation of Benchers, and followed by the royal footmen, &c. &c.)



The procession was closed in by a tableau of the Steward, who after several gasps, sank exhausted into the arms of the porters.

Her Majesty was conducted over the beautiful church, and was informed of the recent discovery of some bones, at first thought to have belonged to the Templars; but from the fact of the bones having been thoroughly picked, the better opinion seems to be that they belonged not to the Templars themselves, but to their clients. Her Majesty was then conducted to the Treasurer's office, where sandwiches and ale—the fourpenny arrangement that is just now so popular—were laid out on the desk which had been propped up by Pigot's Directory to make it level. Her Majesty was then conducted round Pump Court, and was very curious to see the Pump which she expected to find in the centre, but Her Majesty was informed that the Court took its name of Pump chiefly from the inhabitants. The Queen Dowager then requested to be shown the famous fig-tree of Fig-tree Court, but was informed that if it ever existed, it had long since been pulled up, for there had been no trace of it from the period when Tomkins the Templar took up his quarters in the area, and set the example of turning the kitchens into chambers.

Her Majesty was then taken to inspect the famous fountain, modelled—not after—but considerably before those of Versailles, and which has been faithfully imitated in the modern garden-engines. By an arrangement with the West Middlesex water-works, it was to have been in full

play, but there was some mistake as to the attendance of the turncock, and Her Majesty therefore contented herself with looking at the iron tube and asking a few questions about the depth of the round reservoirs. One of the benchers immediately satisfied the royal curiosity by plunging a cane belonging to one of the porters into the bosom of the liquid, and ascertained the depth to be about eighteen inches.

Her Majesty, having thanked the benchers, retired by the same gate at which she had entered.

DEATH OF A PIER.

We are sorry to read in the



MORNING PAPERS (LATE EDITION.)

the decease of the well-known Pier at Greenwich. The deceased had been long in a sinking state, and had been subjected to water on the head, as well as other ills of a very distressing character. The allusion sometimes made by sailors to their legs when invoking a coolness in the lower extremities was frightfully realised in the case of the late Pier, whose timbers were completely shivered between 7 and 8 on Thursday morning. The Pier of Greenwich had the second title of Barren of Dividends; and though never known to be in hot water, was on several occasions nearly swamped in the cold element. The Pier, which had been proceeded against for a nuisance, has left no issue, but the several issue, which it pleaded to a declaration served upon it when in *extremis*. Father Thames—the mortgagee in possession—has carried off several of the timbers, and invested this, the only property of the deceased, in a bank of all sorts of deposits.

DUBLIN.

FORTHCOMING NEW LITERARY UNDERTAKING.—Under the title of
THE OCCASIONAL PAPER,

and which will start its claim for *originality* on the following grounds, viz., That the publication is to subsist without daily, weekly, or monthly subscribers.

THE OCCASIONAL PAPER will not be supposed to give any accurate intelligence, because it will depend upon chance instead of dates; on circumstances rather than facts; and the probable success of the publication will rest itself on the premises, that it will endeavour always to be an unexpected pleasure.

THE OCCASIONAL PAPER will not be undertaken by any regular publisher, as its constitution is perfectly irregular; the design therefore is *original*; for in these literary days, when both town and country are inundated with the lucubrations of the diurnal press,

THE OCCASIONAL PAPER, especially if *not* published, will be found a literary treat.

The Politics of THE OCCASIONAL PAPER will be invariably occasionally Conservative, Whig, or Ultra-Radical.

Subscribers' names cannot be received at the office, the situation of which has not yet been decided on.

Economy in the City.

SIR PETER LAURIE has a motion to propose at the next Court of Aldermen to the following effect: "That, as an economical measure, the gas and water be supplied to all places in the city through one and the same pipe."

ON THE NEW WOOD PAVEMENT IN CHANCERY-LANE.

In Chancery-lane the devil stood,
And, musing on the blocks of wood—
Exclaimed—"I thought these legal parts,
Were always paved with human hearts."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—It is whispered in literary circles as well as in fashionable squares, that Mr. Knowles's "*Secretary*" has suggested to Jenkins the propriety of publishing a work to be called "*THE CHEST OF DRAWERS*."

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE—YESTERDAY.

Mr. BROWNE, of King's College, gave a dinner to six of his friends; on which occasion Mr. Julius Skeggs was raised to the sofa, having fallen asleep under the table.



Mr. Simpson visited the Magic Cave, previously pulling down his shirt-wristbands in Northumberland-street.

Mr. Swindleton Swindleton, formerly of Swindleton Dairy, held an interview with the landlord of the Cock and Cherub, the result of which was the settlement of a small account of long standing.—A policeman was in attendance.

Black and White.

The revolution at St. Domingo is happily thoroughly bloodless. It arose from an attempt to thrust a native mayor on the white population, and the unpopular official was, says our correspondent, "literally black in the face," but whether with rage or from any other cause we have no means of knowing.

NEXT OF KIN.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.—This sum will be cheerfully paid to any person, or persons, who will put into the hands of the Advertiser, legal documents for all the unclaimed dividends of the Bank of England.

Letters (*post paid*) to be addressed to Mr. Green, Spooner-street.

THE MONEY MARKET.

NOTHING was done in Parish Stocks, and, indeed, as the hands of parties were tied, nothing could be done. These stocks are in the nature of common securities: much confusion was occasioned by a rush of Bulls in the early part of the day, but business left off with two in the pound, a circumstance which in some degree checked the panic.

THE TURN OF A STRAW.—It is said that Lord Brougham, when asked why Mr. Charles Buller did not have a silk gown as well as Mr. Roebuck, replied significantly, "*He must wait his turn*."

LAURIE IN RAPTURES.—Sir Peter Laurie, at a late Common Council, expressed his high delight that the autograph of Shakspeare had been bought by the city, it being the only writing of Shakspeare that he could understand.

PUBLIC APOLOGY.—Mr. Ferrand has requested us to state that he has nothing to do with the "*STORY-TELLER*," as the impression is strongly prevalent in political circles that he is writing, under that title, his *AUTO-BIOGRAPHY*.

Why is Joseph Hume like the Archimedes steamer?—Because he moves upon the "*Screw*" principle.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of PUNCH, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be published every Friday Evening, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 194, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 88, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement's, in the county of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1865.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER XX.—A HOUSE IN BLOOMSBURY.—I AGAIN MEET PATTY BUTLER.

THE coachman drove to his stand ; where, with the patience of his tribe, he sat meekly awaiting another call. I heard a church clock strike ten ; immediately afterwards, a sharp, shrill female voice cried "coach," and the driver instantly opened the door, and handed in a woman, who bade him drive to some street, for the name escaped me, in Bloomsbury. The woman, as it appeared to me, was under some strange excitement ; for now she giggled, and now again she sighed heavily, and now she cried "Well, well, he can't last for ever,"—and with that consolation, laughed outright. In the midst of this, she let fall her handkerchief, and stooping to feel for it, her hand caught me. How her eyes sparkled, as she held me to the window, and by the dim lamps in the street, scrutinized my shadowed beauty. "It can't belong to the coachman," she said ; and immediately concealed me. From the brief glance I had had of my new possessor, I did not feel particularly hilarious at my destiny. She was a woman of about three or four and twenty, with an animated face, but withal a certain vivacious boldness of the eye, unpleasing to the sobriety of my constitution. However, she had taken possession of me, by right of discovery. I was, to her own satisfaction at least, her lawful property.

The coach stopt in a narrow, dark street, opposite a mean-looking, dirty house—a house with all the outward indications of squalor and disrepute. I may be fanciful, but there is a physiognomy in houses—at least such is my belief. Sure I am, I have seen houses with a swaggering, hat-a-cock sort of look ; whilst other habitations have seemed to squint and leer wickedly from the corners of the windows. The house the coach stopt at was of this kind ; my heart fell as my new possessor gently struck the knocker. "You'll give more than a shilling !" said the coachman, with an affected air of wonderment. "A shilling is your honest fare—and as an honest man you can ask no more," was the feminine reply. "Honest man !" muttered the coachman, as if the woman talked of something altogether out of human experience. "Yes, honest man !" answered my new owner,—who continued to press me closely under her arm, ringing honesty upon every note of her shrill, quick voice. At length, the coachman mounted his box in evident disgust at the gibberish he had been compelled to listen to ; for his departing growl was "honesty," with no supplementary compliment to that very respectable virtue.

"And here you are agin, Mrs. Cramp !" cried an old, withered woman, as my new mistress entered the house. "And I hope you've enjoyed yourself !"

"Not at all," answered Mrs. Cramp, with sudden ill-humour.

"Well ! that is a bit of beauty !" exclaimed the old woman, as Mrs. Cramp laid me upon the table. "How much did it cost ?"

"Got it quite a bargain,—I may say for next to nothing. And how's your lodger, now ?" said Mrs. Cramp, with an evident wish to withdraw me as the subject of conversation.

"La ! what do you think ? Well, wonders will never cease. It's only half-an-hour after you went away, when a gentleman comes here, and inquires about her. I thought there was some mystery in that pale face of hers. Well, when he found out that she was the lost sheep he'd been looking after, he went on like mad. He told me, as soon as she got well, he'd marry her, and make a lady of her—and more than that, putting a golden guinea in my hand, he told me to let her want for nothing."

Here Mrs. Cramp drew herself up, saying—"Mrs. Crumpet, I knew I was right—though I never clapt my eyes upon her, I knew she couldn't be any better than she should be."

"Well, well, we've all our little faults," said the charitable Mrs. Crumpet. "But I hav'n't told you all. Besides the guinea, the gentleman went away, and in his own pockets brought back two bottles of wine ; and told me not to spare it, for there was plenty more where that came from. So, my dear Mrs. Cramp, we'll take a little glass, just to drink the poor thing's health."

"I have no objection to wish the gentleman health ; but as for your lodger, we don't know who's who," said Mrs. Cramp.

"Oh, she's a sweet, quiet little pigeon," cried the benevolent Mrs. Crumpet ; and her thin, yellow face, shone with a smile like new gold. The wine was produced ; the glasses filled, when a knock at the street-door called the landlady from the room. In a moment she returned. "It's only Becky ; but she says Mr. Cramp won't be pacified with any lies they can tell him—he's doing nothing but screaming for you."

"Well, well, he can't last for ever," was the self-comforting answer of the wife. She then took the glass, and saying "Here's the gentleman's health, whoever he is," emptied it. "Well, I suppose like the girl in the play, I must take off my finery and be Cinderella again," said Mrs. Cramp, and she rose to leave the room.

"You'll find everything as you left it," said Mrs. Crumpet, who, during her mistress's absence called in Becky, and glorified her with half a glass of wine. "I suppose, you don't get much of this sort of stuff with your master !" said Mrs. Crumpet. The girl made no answer ; but gave a melancholy shake to her head ; drank the wine, and heaved a deep sigh. "And has the old fellow made much of a rumpus ?"

"He's been doing nothing but praying and swearing these two hours," said Becky.

"Well, Providence is very good," said Mrs. Crumpet ; "there's one good thing—he's bedrid."

"That's the only blessing" said Becky, "for we *can* have the comfort of shutting all the doors and letting him hallo."

More conversation of this consolatory cast took place, ere the return of Mrs. Cramp. At length she entered the room ; but what a change ! She had thrown off every vestige of her finery, and was drest with scarcely more pretension than the smutch-faced, blowsy maid-of-all work who had come to fetch her. "You'll take care of the things,—and of that particularly," said Mrs. Cramp, pointing me out to Mrs. Crumpet.

"Like the apples of my eyes," answered the landlady with emphasis. She then took the candle, and preceded her visitor to the street-door. "Good night, my dear Mrs. Cramp, let us hope for happier days."

"Yes ; he can't last long," again repeated Mrs. Cramp ; and, lightened by such comfort, I heard her trip quickly past the window, followed by Becky. Mrs. Cramp returned to the parlour, and setting herself at the table, whereon was still the wine, divided her admiration between the bottle and myself. "Well, they ought to bless their stars as are born to such things," said Mrs. Cramp ; her heart evidently softening under vinous influence. She continued to soliloquize. "Ha ! with such fine feathers, what a fine bird I should have been ! And now—the lord help me !—I lets lodgings to all sorts." Then, for new solace, did Mrs. Crumpet again address herself to the wine, which still increased its kindly operation. She took me from the table ; shook me ; blew through me ; and then began to hum the songs of her youth. For some minutes she said nothing ; but sure I am her brain was busy with the past ; with the glowing, radiant hopes which had faded into leaden-coloured realities ; for after a time, she dropt me upon the table, and in a deeper key exclaimed confidentially to herself—"And now I lets lodgings !"

At length, Mrs. Crumpet rose, and placing the bottle affectionately under one arm, she carried me, a wine-glass, and a candlestick from the room, with, as I soon perceived, the intention of ascending the stairs. This operation, after some difficulty, she effected ; and in due season I arrived at the door of one of the garrets. As Mrs. Crumpet opened the door—I know not how it was—but the candle fell from her hand, and was extinguished. With wonderful presence of mind—I might even say with an intuitive instinct—Mrs. Crumpet held fast the bottle.

"Who's there ?" cried a low, gentle voice—the voice of suffering. Instantly I recognised it ; a tremour thrilled me. It was the little feather-dresser, Patty Butler. "Who's there ?" again she asked, in darkness.

"They *do* make such candles now !" cried Mrs. Crumpet ; and she groped for the lost treasure, which with some difficulty she regained. "I've a tinder-box in the cupboard ; for at my time of life I can't get up and down stairs as I used to do." Saying this, Mrs. Crumpet with extraordinary facility, took the box from the shelf. Here, however, began a difficulty. Mrs. Crumpet endeavoured to strike a light ; but by some accident neither flint nor steel would meet. Sometimes the stone jagged one set of the striker's knuckles—sometimes the steel the other. And thus Mrs. Crumpet sat and struck, and struck, but no spark came !

Oh, wine—wine—Bacchus—Bacchus ! Here, in a wretched garret, with an old crone of a landlady, was thy subtle wickedness made manifest ! How often does excess of wine prevent the spark that might otherwise have cast its radiance far around ! How often has the genius, drenched with grape, done nought, when working hard to scintillate, but blindly strike his own knuckles !

"The rain must have come in upon the tinder," said Mrs. Crumpet, "and more than that I've cut my fingers all to mince-meat. Well, well, people at my time of life oughtn't to do nothing. O dear," she cried in despair—"the flints they make now-a-days !"

"Give it to me," said Patty, "I am sure I can get a light."

"You! bless the dear child!" cried Mrs. Crummet, and vigorously she struck and struck, until striking her knuckles past patience, she flung the steel and flint upon the bed, where she had thrown me some minutes before. "Well, if you will have your way you must," cried the landlady, and she pushed the tinder-box, as I thought, towards Patty.

In a minute, Patty sat up in bed. Once or twice she struck the flint; then she was seized with a cough, which compelled her to desist. Again she essayed. Surely, there was some truth in the saying of Mrs. Crummet; the flint was bad—worn out; its fire quenched. Again and again Patty struck. And now the sparks come thick! It is plain, the rain has spoilt the tinder. No! it kindles! Patty—I had been thrown almost within a hand of her—blows the spark; the fire casts a red hue upon her face, but yet I see the change. How wan—how thin—how much more like her dead mother!

The candle is lighted, but the exertion has proved too much for the girl. She coughs and coughs; and exhausted, yet with such sweet mildness in her eyes, her face, she sinks back upon what her landlady would call a pillow.

I looked round the garret. Oh, God!

Punch's Recipes.



REGISTRARS OF BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

TO MAKE SHOES WATERPROOF.—Take a pound and a half of rose-pink, an ounce of camphor, with a quart of the liquid in which a rabbit has been boiled; stir these gently together, and pour the shoes full of the mixture when you go to bed at night.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF TABLE-LINEN.—Spread the damask cloth on a table, and with a sharp pair of scissors cut holes half an inch in each direction beyond the edge of the stain. There is another, but more expensive method, which is, simply, to put the linen into the fire.

A DELICATE LIP-SALVE.—Wash and grate four carrots, add to these a dram of assafoetida, and two ounces of Norway tar; tie it down close, and put into a small saucepan with as much water and ground oyster-shells as will come to nearly the top of the gallipot. Do not let it boil over; pour into small boxes for present use.

PASTE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—At the full of the moon, take a pound and a half of coarse brown sugar, immerse it in a pint of aquafortis, one ounce of gum benjamin, one ounce of Florence iris; simmer these ingredients in a gall-bladder for an hour, then pour off into gallipots. The application will not only whiten the hands, but produce double joints, which are so much admired.

A REFRESHING DRINK IN A FEVER.—Mix a pint of Irish whiskey with half a pint of green tea, add a squeeze of lemon and loaf sugar to the taste.

The above dose to be taken every hour, until a change takes place in the patient.

THE GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON.

No. V.—THE FOREIGN ANIMALS IN REGENT-STREET.

To the curious Zoologist, who takes delight in contemplating the different varieties of animal life, there is not a more valuable museum of specimens from the class Mammalia (order, *Primates*) than that which is open every day to public inspection in Regent-street, on the eastern pavements, between the streets of Oxford and Titchborne, of course including the Quadrant, from about two o'clock in the afternoon to five. There may, perhaps, be some little question whether this may be called a strictly gratuitous exhibition, inasmuch as, although nothing is charged directly for witnessing it, yet somehow or another the objects themselves are supposed to subsist upon money drawn from the Londoners, in return for various antics and performances which they from time to time exhibit, similar to those accomplished by various travelling monkeys; and to these clever brutes, although upon a large scale, the Foreign Animals in Regent-street bear no very inapt resemblance.

But let us not be misunderstood with respect to the class we are writing about. There are many compatriots of the Foreign Animals, now resid-

ing in London, who are men of rare abilities, although, from their retiring and modest nature, the stranger may not be aware of the fact in a casual interview. There are many more, whom oppression and the wrongs of power have driven from their homes to seek a refuge in our metropolis—meek, patient beings, with a fine sense of honour, that the keenest privations and persecutions have been unable to delouse. But the subjects of our exhibition include the hundreds of unknown alien adventurers—the *chevaliers d'industrie* and continental locusts who swarm upon the *trottoir* of Regent-street, and, like those devastating insects, in too many cases evince their claims to be considered as belonging to the family, by their indomitable desire to prey upon the green!

These curious creatures may be divided into two kinds—the Migrants and the Hybernators. The first appear on our shores in the early part of spring, and are synchronous with swallows and small onions: the latter are presumed to winter in various secluded regions known only to themselves, wherein they emulate the chameleon in living upon air. And they also bear some resemblance to the lobster, in respect to the changing of their envelopes, inasmuch as when that period arrives they seek retired hiding places, and putting off their summer costume, remain for the rest of the year in the ancient *robe de chambre*, of delicate texture and attenuated substance, the period of whose original fabrication is lost in the *moyen age* of continental history. Were it not for this temporary retirement, it would be absolutely necessary for them to take up more energetic plans for subsisting, by that species of industry most common to the lower orders of their countrymen. But this they are too idle to adopt, even in spite of its lucrative nature—for whatever foreign animals do, is sure to meet with ample encouragement; and we are convinced that if any seedy Count or Baron was to take a frequented crossing, he would, ere long, retire with a very handsome competency. The ladies would regard the decayed nobleman with interest; and the page would drop the coin into his hat with commingled feelings of awe and admiration. But this by the way.



The best time for seeing the Foreign Animals in Regent-street, is, as we have stated, from two to five. After that time they disappear for an interregnum of two or three hours, and do not show again until dusk, when they sometimes come out in great force. It is presumed, during this period, that the more wealthy amongst them contrive to dine, at some of the cheap *restaurants* in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, where the sense of smell goes quite as far as that of taste, by the liberality of the proprietor; and an olfactory meal at a very moderate rate is the result, which is peculiarly suitable to the pockets of the *habitues*.

Like cats, the Foreign Animals in Regent-street love to bask in the sun; like cats also, they dislike getting wet, and it is painful to see their agony upon the sudden advent of a shower of rain, unless they chance to be near the Quadrant or the Burlington Arcade. And with the majority, a parallel may be drawn between them and cheap summer trousers, inasmuch as they both shrink from washing, although in a different manner.

Many of these animals have been trained by foreign Carters, and Van Amburghs, to go through singular feats of dexterity; but these exhibitions

are never gratuitous, unless the spectator is favoured with an order. Under these circumstances they are worth seeing, and, like the tutored monkeys before alluded to, who exhibit their antics in fancy costumes, pertaining properly to neither gender, so some of these foreign animals who have been trained to cut capers, wear a low dress and put a wreath of flowers in their hair, which has a very pleasing effect. Others evince great dexterity in feats of legerdemain with the keys of pianos; and others again, like piping bulfinches imported from foreign parts, utter curious sounds which enchant their hearers: or, having *balloons* placed in their hands, go through all the postures of an orchestral conductor. But these exhibitions are very rarely gratuitous, and more frequently exceedingly expensive. For being as slippery, glossy, and insinuating as quicksilver, these talented creatures work themselves into whatever corners gold can be procured from; and then amalgamating with the metal, take it off with them, and it is seen no more in this country.

To those who are curious to view these objects, we recommend that no time should be lost in so doing—at least, provided always that they can be seen for nothing. For over a great many of them, an increasing seediness is gradually creeping, from the inability of their tender frames to stand the variations of our rough climate (like the monkeys again); and sooner or later,—we write it with sorrow—this must do them up. And what a very sad thing it will be, to witness some talented *artiste* who has thrown rank, wealth, and beauty into the most extatic transports by his performances, reduced to the poignant necessity of turning a common street organ for his subsistence! But there is every chance of this reverse also coming to pass, through the unceasing labours of a common-minded set of people, who will have it that we have native animals who can caper, tumble, and go through tricks and grimaces with equal facility. Let us hope, however, that such a sad time is far distant!

A VERY PLAINTIVE DITTY.

TIME was when I was very young, but now I'm very old;
My life-blood once was very warm, but now 'tis very cold;
I once was very corpulent, but now I'm very thin;
And my very bones will very soon be through my very skin.
My coat that once was very smart has very seedy grown,
My very uncle has refused to hold it as a loan;
In truth 'tis very pitiful, and yet 'tis very true.
But, reader, this, I'm very sure, is nought on earth to you.

To the Facetious.

MR. PUNCH having perfected his scientific apparatus wherewith he can condense anything with a power hitherto unknown, begs to recommend his *Jocular Soda Water* for the ensuing summer, as a necessary accompaniment to all races, pic-nics, fishing parties, &c. Every bottle is warranted to contain two dozen first-rate jokes in solution, which will follow one another with the greatest success, after being swallowed even by the most obtuse individuals. The *Jocular Soda Water* is particularly recommended to the givers of dull dinner parties, as possessing singular efficacy in reviving conversation. At the same *dépôt* may also be procured the original *Potted Puns*, adapted for any climate, and PUNCH's real Essence of Burlesque.

N.B. None are genuine unless signed by Our Boy. Please to copy the address, 194, Strand.

Punch's Theatrical Gallery.

MR. SNOBBINS, OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THE taste for theatrical biographies being just now prevalent, we feel ourselves called upon to cater for it, and we cannot do better than select Horatio Ernest Snobbins, of Drury Lane Theatre. Snobbins was born in 1801, so that he was the contemporary of Napoleon Buonaparte, though, of course, younger than the Emperor. The first account we have of Snobbins taking any part in public affairs is in 1817, when we find his name in the bills of the Sunderland Theatre for the part of Seton, in *Macbeth*, from which we infer that he had studied Shakspeare at an early age, and thus we account for that knowledge of the human heart which he has since displayed as the eleventh priest in *Norma* and other similar characters. We now lose sight of him until 1829, when we find him engaged at Brighton; and here, as we are told by himself, he passed some of the bitterest moments of his existence. He was retained for what was called "the general utility and small business," a range with which he had hoped—in that enthusiasm which is so characteristic of the true artist—that something might be done, and he accordingly set himself down heart and soul to study all the messages in the works of the principal dramatists. To the *School for Scandal* he had particularly devoted himself, and gave several weeks' hard study to the genuine piece of comedy in which the servant announces Sir Peter Teazle to Joseph Surface, in the midst of the latter's interview with the former's husband. At length, in the course of business, Snobbins was cast for the wished-for part, in which he was supported by a London star, who came down to play Joseph.

Snobbins, instead of walking in and delivering the message and walking out again, came to the front of the stage, rubbed his hands and chuckled, pointing significantly with his thumb to Joseph Surface and Lady Teazle.



PORTRAIT OF MR. SNOBBINS IN A CHARACTER THAT HE INTENDED TO REPRESENT.

The "Star," with that illiberality so common to the profession, seemed annoyed, and whispered "Go on, sir;" but Mr. Snobbins, with the quickness of lightning, turned the circumstance to his own account, and gave Joseph Surface one of those pantomimic digs in the side, at the same time uttering one of those guttural sounds which are usually resorted to on the stage when the actor is supposed to be enjoying a joke of which the audience have not yet received the benefit. The London Star turned contemptuously away, and Snobbins again came down to the front and again rubbed his hands; but the audience began to hiss, showing how a great effect may be marred for want of its being "played up to" by the other characters. He delivered his message, and made his exit amid a slight demonstration of disapprobation; but from that moment Snobbins was a disappointed, broken-hearted man. He had endeavoured to act on Shakspeare's advice as to the stage, and to aid in reforming it "altogether," an expression certainly intended to apply to the "little bits" in plays, and consequently to the messages. The manager, under the influence, no doubt, of the London Star, did everything he could to annoy Snobbins, giving him nothing to do but carry on tea-things, take off chairs, and wait at banquets. Never was a tea-tray put into Snobbins' hand but he cursed the profession to which it was his fate to belong, and at last, in despair, he took to opera. Madame Vestris's keen appreciation of talent secured Snobbins an engagement, and it was arranged that he should appear as the fourteenth priest in *Norma*; this was afterwards changed to the eleventh, and the rest is known. *Norma* was played more than fifty nights in the first season, and repeated to overflowing houses in the second. Mr. Macready at Drury Lane having subsequently directed his efforts to opera, strengthened his forces by importing, first, Mrs. A. Shaw, then Herr Staudigl, and ultimately Him Snobbins, from the other theatre. The future destination of the "great creature" is alluded to in another column.

A Hint for the "Spec."

THE following extract is from the *Spectator*, May 13, 1843.

"EDWIN LANDSEER contributes only to the department of portraiture, which this year falls lower than ever: his *Portrait of the Honourable Ashley Ponsonby*, (109,) a boy on a pony, with dogs and dead rabbits, is one of his least striking works; and his two *Horses*, (314,) *THEIR HEADS INSTINCT WITH LIFE, ADD LITTLE TO HIS REPUTATION*; they furnish a standard, however, by which to estimate the feebleness," &c. &c.

Surely our murmuring cotemporary should change its title to the COLD-WATER ADVOCATE.

WONDERFUL INSTINCT.—When the Queen left Buckingham Palace to take her first airing since the late interesting event, the horses (such is the force of habit!) instinctively went towards Drury Lane Theatre.

NOTICE OF MOTION.—COLONEL SIBTHORPE, to move for the amount of tithe paid by the tailors on their *geese*.

WANTED—SOME BISHOPS!

THERE must be a statue of virgin gold—a colossal statue, too, wiggled and gowned—to Henry, Bishop of Exeter. He has, with a cat's-leap, jumped at the identical cause of all our social evils. All our sufferings arise from a dearth of Bishops. This delicious, soul-reviving truth, was published a few days since in the House of Lords; though we regret to say—the regret, by the bye, is leavened with a touch of pride—that *Punch* has been the first to acknowledge it. The Bishop of Exeter observed—

"Holding, as he did, that episcopacy was necessary for the church, the first consideration ought to be, how was it to be made most effectual for the whole church? When such a question was put, the answer suggested itself instantly—it could only be done by having a sufficient number of bishops. *The church required far more than were now in existence. They ought not to be content with adding to her strength only a single bishop.*"

This avowal is especially curious—as valuable, too, as curious. That a bishop himself should hold "episcopacy necessary" is, in itself, an extraordinary instance of mingled intelligence and disinterestedness. A certain bishop was once asked, "what he thought of original sin?" "Sir," replied the bishop, "I think we should have done very well without it." It is plain that if Henry of Exeter were asked what he thought of episcopacy, his answer would not be in the same spirit with the above response. He is quite right, too, in the comprehensiveness of his design. What is one bishop? Troubles, it is said, never come singly: why, then, should blessings? There is a pitiful, sneaking spirit in adding, "only a single bishop;" when the whole country abounds with the raw material of which bishops, *ad infinitum*, might be manufactured. A man with an acre of well-stocked cellars might as well limit his guests to one bottle, as ministers treat the country to only a single bishop. *Falstaff*, in the triumph of his passion, cried, "Now, let it rain potatoes!" *Punch*, with like hilarity, exclaims—"Let it drizzle bishops!"

It is impossible for the most superficial biped of this most superficial age—for as those who follow us will abuse *their* times, why should not we have a fling at our own?—not to observe, and observing, rejoice at—the miracles of goodness worked in society by the example of even our present limited stock of bishops. "If"—as the fellow cried who vended peppermint-drops in a hard frost—"if one will warm you, what will a pound do?" Now, if we are so very good—if there be so much virtue abounding in the land with the few bishops at present vouchsafed to us,—how excellent shall we be—what a superfluity of goodness shall we have for exportation, if the voice of HENRY of EXETER prevail, and clouds of lawn "turn forth their silver lining" on the darkness of this stumbling generation?

Consider, reader, what it is to create a bishop. You take a man by force from a humbler service in the Christian sheep-fold; and whilst he declares *nolo episcopari*,—with both his hands and all his voice exclaims against the benevolent violence that heaps wealth and worldly honours upon him,—whilst, despite all his spiritual strugglings to get away, you tie upon him the episcopal apron, force into his unwilling hand a banker's book, and make him a lord spiritual, you at once elevate forlorn humanity, only that its humility may beam forth with sweeter radiance. You give wealth and honours to a man, only that he may share the gold with the miserable, and prove by his meekness how poor is all mundane greatness compared to the aggrandizement to come. In a word, when you make another bishop, you add to the uncanceled saints.

Is not this proved—blessedly proved—by the experience of every day? Go where we will, do we not see the golden fruits of episcopal teaching? The Bench of Bishops—with an exquisite obedience to the divine precept—never will let the good they do be known. Nevertheless, much of their active benevolence must declare itself. Is famine howling and gnashing its idle teeth in the land? Away goes the bishop to the homes of the suffering; and with pious words, and more, with part of his own substance, he straightway solaces the wretched. Is sickness in the poor man's house? The bishop sits by the bed of the sufferer—prays with him—for him, and by all those nameless acts of brotherly love which draw forth the better sympathies of men,—proves to his smitten fellow that the episcopacy of the nineteenth century is vital with all that loving-kindness which consecrated *anno domini* 1. Do we not meet bishops in pestilent courts where typhus breeds—in the cellars of manufacturing towns, where Christian men and women are huddled like beasts? Do we not there find these radiant elder sons of orthodoxy—these "bright ones" of the bench—despoiling themselves of their own comforts for the solace of the wretched? In a word, what is a bishop—say the Bishop of Exeter for instance—what is he but the almoner to

the poor? The richer his diocese, the happier for the humble souls abounding in it. If you could give a bishop, aye £1,000,000 a year, you would make the very best use of the money, for nobody would know how much the poor would have of it. Therefore, let Bishops be increased and multiplied. What should we be without them? We shudder to think of it—no better than Quakers; and they, it is well known, for the want of the oil and honey bestowed by bishops, are a most pugnacious, quarrelsome set of people, who would, indeed, be a great social mischief, if so many of them, urged by their propensities for blood and slaughter, did not enlist into the army, and help to man our fighting frigates.

Henry of Exeter further observed, that though he would make a greater number of bishops, he would not give them seats in Parliament.—No.

"He was quite content that the number should remain as it was, and it would not be without a precedent to see a bishop without a seat in that house."

We here strongly protest against this. It is necessary—highly necessary—that every bishop should have a seat in the Lords, for how useful—how beneficent is their influence, throwing as they do, the oil of Canaan on the troubled waters of political strife—mingling as they do, the honey of Christian charity with the bitterness of party zeal. Is a war about to be waged? Do not the Bishops rise one by one—and with voices clear and awful as the silver trumpets of cherubim—denounce the unchristian act? Do they not paint war in all its haggard wretchedness—its ghastly wrong—its agony—its defilement? Do they not conjure up to the startled imaginations of their hearers the terrors of the sacked city—the murdered matrons—outraged virgins, and infants writhing on the pikes of a blaspheming soldiery? Did they not one and all do this at the commencement of the Chinese war, prophecying the horrors to come, with such fearful eloquence, that even "the iron Duke" wept drops of burning metal, (which Lord Brougham in his admiration of the warrior has since had mounted for shirt-studs?)

Is there any tyranny, vast or petty, done or contemplated at home? At the very whisper of the wrong, up rises a Bishop in the House of Lords, and with Heaven-gifted eloquence champions the wretched. Is there one Bishop of the whole Bench, who is not a very NATHAN pleading with resistless speech [for the one "ewe lamb" of the English pauper, outraged and despoiled by the tyranny of wealth? Are not the speeches of the Bishops on Poor Law iniquities written in leaves of brass? Even Lord Brougham owns as much; and Heaven knows! he is an indisputable judge of the material.

An Act of Parliament would be a poor, profane thing, unless blessed by a bishop. In the Lords, the Bishops say prayers over the statutes (as my Lord's chaplain always says grace over meat.) It is for this reason that our English laws are all so exquisitely perfect: that they are all informed, and sublimated with such charity towards the poor—such tenderness for their infirmities—such compassion for the inevitable inequalities of human nature!

The readers of *Punch* may remember a report of a late meeting of the Bishops, drawn together by the miseries in the manufacturing districts. This report was strangely overlooked by our active—and *Punch* is not ashamed to own it—formidable rival *The Times*. Well, the Bishops immediately went into the distressed districts; and the public is yet to be astonished by the report of their doings! How they went from coal-mine to coal-mine—from cottage to cottage—soothing, assuaging, comforting, relieving the poor!

The Catholic Church has her hundred legends of the liberality of her saints, who have stripped themselves to clothe the naked pauper. But with all her triumphs—amidst all her relics, can she show the pawnbroker's duplicate of a Bishop's watch, left with the Lombardy merchant in default of ready money, for hard cash wherewith to relieve the poor?

(We would not raise an honest blush upon the cheek of a benevolent man. But this much we must say. Since the Bishop of Exeter left town for that Christian expedition, he has never been seen with his gold repeater.)

Shall we then deny to Henry of Exeter even a multitude of Bishops? Certainly not; and therefore, let there be circulated throughout every village where a curate vegetates, handbills with these words—

"WANTED—SOME BISHOPS!"

Q.

Change of Residence.

WE are requested to state that the distinguished Bohemians, Gipsy Cooper and family, have left the road-side on Fetcham-common for a sheltered spot in Bunninghill-lane, near Ascot, where they will remain during the races.



THE FINANCIAL DUNCE.

JENKINS AGAIN, AND IN A NEW CAPACITY!

MR. PUNCH.—SIR,—You have on various occasions proved to the satisfaction of your readers that Jenkins—the immortal Jenkins—has, by the gentleness and nobility of his nature, placed himself at the head of the aristocracy of footmen. Now, Mr. PUNCH, I happen to be one of those who felt disposed to doubt Jenkins's claim to so dignified a position, until, upon reading the *Morning Post* a few days ago, I discovered the following matrimonial announcement, which must have emanated from the most influential and romantic of gentlemen's gentlemen.

"On the 18th of May, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Mr. S—, butler to his Grace the Archbishop of A—h, to the elegant and accomplished Miss W—, milliner and dressmaker, of — Street, Mayfair!!"

Can there be any doubt that the gentle Jenkins "gave the bride away," and that he afterwards drew up the announcement of the marriage?

Yours to command,

LYNX.

DREAMS FOR THE MILLION.



THE Dreamers are a large class. Some dream wide awake—some fast asleep—whilst others, whether asleep or awake, are always dreaming.

Who is there that has not longed to know what his dream portended? The ancients believed in dreams. They looked upon them as confidential communications, and did not act upon them the less for coming anonymously. They had Commissioners, whose business it was to read and answer the dreams of those who had never been properly taught to dream. Emperors were their clients, and Solons their customers. The Future was to them as legible as the Present, and the Past as familiar as the Future. Their fingers, like needles, had each an eye at the end of them, and whatever they touched they saw through immediately. The Emperor Augustus deposited every grain of faith in their decrees, and chartered them as a savings-bank for the dreams of the whole nation. Every one who dreamt of anything relating to the State, was bound instantly to make a clean bosom of it to his Dream Commissioners, who translated, then published the dream for the benefit of the public. But who can tell at present what he dreams? Man's knowledge, that has wrestled with all things, from a comet to an earthquake, has shown a strange cowardice on the subject of dreams. It would seem as if he thought that a science which grew in darkness could lead to nothing better, and therefore was content to leave it in the same state in which he found it. Punch disdains such cowardice, and with the true daring of his nature, advances to take the lead in a path that has never been trodden by a scientific Blucher before. To all devout believers in dreams, he offers, in the refined benevolence of his heart, the following Dictionary, confident that it is the kernel out of which future encyclopædias will grow.

PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF DREAMS.

ACQUAINTANCE—To dream that you fall out with an—implies danger in gigs, railways, &c. &c.
ALTAR—To see an—betokens henpeckedness, or the workhouse,—in fact, some great affliction.
ANTS—To dream of—betokens good: a rich legacy generally follows.
ANGELS—To speak to an angel in your dream forebodes evil. It implies a quarrel with your wife, and the cold shoulder for dinner.
ASS—To hear the braying of an—proves that you are talking in your sleep.
ATTORNEYS. To dream of an attorney is an infallible sign of nightmare.
BEHEADING. To dream you have lost your head implies an acceptance to a bill, or an offer of marriage.
BELLS. If of a muffin-bell, it forebodes indigestion; of a postman's bell, a tailor's bill; and of a dustman's bell, a loss of silver forks and spoons.
BURIED ALIVE. Denotes an ushership in a Yorkshire school.
BUYING GOODS. To a poor man, this dream foretells some extraordinary novelty.
CEEBERUS. An illiberal governor.
CHAIN. A small salary.
CUNESE. If it is the Stilton, egregious vanity or excessive perfection.
CHILDREN—To dream of—portends a serious diminution in your income.
COMEDIES AND FARCES. To see a comedy or a farce, indicates great pain or nausea.
CROCODILES. Portend lawyers, Sheriffs' officers, tax-collectors, &c.
DARKNESS. Being in—is a proof you do not subscribe to PUNCH.

DEER. (When hunting) implies a courtship.
DEVIL. To see him, implies a visit to your lawyer.
DRINKING. If it is British Brandy, a great imposition.
EARS. Long ears denote a long life.
FEET. A small foot foretells tight boots and bunions; a large foot, constant laughter and derision from your friends.
FINGERS. If they are burnt, implies an action for libel; if they itch, a Scotch sequestration.
FIRE. To see the house on fire indicates that it is too hot to hold you.



A feu-de joie.

FIRE-BRANDS. Latchkeys & mothers-in-law.
FLATTERY. Indicates sickly appetite and want of taste.
FLEAS—To catch—is to overcome your enemies.
FLY—A wish to—implies you are involved in debt.

FRUITS. To an author, this means robbery and starvation; to a publisher, an equipage and estate.
GOOSE—To dream of a—implies sitting for your portrait.
GIBNET. Some one hanging on you.
GLOVES—If three—a loan of money.
GOLD—Heaps of—indicate misery and avarice; a few pieces, honesty and industry.
HAT. If a four-and-nine, ridicule and contempt.
HEAD. To a person waiting for a situation; if he sees his head, he may be sure of a vacancy.
HORNETS. Denote annoyance from your creditors.
HOT WATER—To be in—denotes cognovits.
HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS. The candle denotes the purse; the extinguisher the wife; the hearth the home; the bellows the friends; the flue the Queen's Bench.
HUNGRY—To dream of being—is nothing very extraordinary.
HUSBANDRY. If prosperous, implies widowhood.
IDIOT. Being an idiot. (This is a thing a person never dreams of.)
INFERNAL THINGS. The Income-taxpapers.
KING OR QUEEN. To see a king or queen denotes a strong disappointment.
KITE. If flying, loss of money and reputation.
KNAVE—That you are one yourself, implies an old acquaintance.
LAMB—To eat—imports a love of abstract good.
LETTER. Reading a long letter, great hardship; answering one, great charity.
LIONS. To see, denotes a love for the Drama.
LOOKING-GLASS—To look into, (after 30,) denotes great courage.
LORD—To speak to a—implies the great want of a companion.
LOST WEDDING-RING—denotes freedom and happiness; senses—having trusted a woman with a secret.
MONOMANIA. Denotes a provision for life.
MAN—To dream of a man you know, denotes a Sheriff's officer.



"Man delights not me, nor woman neither."

Legal Intelligence.

ON Friday last, being the second day of term, Vice-Chancellor Wigram arranged to take short causes and small motions in the attic over the gateway. The Court was crowded to suffocation with counsel, who placed themselves in all sorts of positions to await their "turn." The following was the routine. His Honour first called on the easy chairs; then, skipping the back bench, took the fender; he then went through the juniors on the back row, and called upon the chimney-piece, after which he intimated his readiness to hear the sideboard, and concluded with the window-sill. The Vice-Chancellor, perceiving a knot of counsel at the door, expressed his intention of going through the vestibule before the close of the day; and having asked if any gentleman on the hob had anything to move, he took all the motions on the mat, and concluded all the business previous to his rising.

LAURIE OUT-LAURIED.

In the police-report of the *Mansion House* of May 27, we find the following:—

"Mr. Whitthair said he acted under the orders of the visiting magistrates. Sir Peter Laurie had called at the Compter, and directed that until the Gaol Committee should take the case into consideration, the barber should be ALLOWED TO SHAVE ALL THE OTHER PRISONERS, BUT NOT TO SHAVE HIMSELF."

This is too good! *Punch* throws down his pen in despair.

RATHER EQUIVOCAL.

THE foreign correspondent of the *Herald* observes, "On the following day the Sultan expressed his readiness to receive the heads of the Servian Government." Considering the style in which heads are not unfrequently presented to Sultans, the position of the Servian Government seems to have been rather an awkward one. We believe they took the precaution to ascertain whether the polite invitation addressed to their "heads" was to be considered as extending to their "bodies."

POETRY OF THE PAVEMENTS.

I.—THE WOOD.

Air—"Vive le Roi!"

THOUGH it makes not aches or shakes,
But is silent as straw,
Hocks it sprains, and knees it breaks,
Vive le bois! Vive le bois!
At the risk Sir Peter quakes
Full of awe, full of awe;
And another road he takes,
Vive le bois! Vive le bois!
Though it makes, &c.

Ancient hacks of idle tricks,
Sur le bois! Sur le bois!
Cut their sticks as quick as bricks,
Vive le bois! Vive le bois!
Though Sir Peter disapprove,
He may jaw, he may jaw;
For the slowest coach will move
On the *bois*, on the *bois!*
Ancient hacks, &c.

NO. 2.—THE STONES.

Air—"The Sea."

THE stones! the stones! the noisy stones!
O'er which I travel with moans and groans.
Some years ago, they had a bound,
But "off the stones" can't now be found.
They're better than wood, some madman cries,
It's all a mistake, the creature lies.
I'm on the stones! I'm on the stones!
I jump and I jolt, and I bruise my bones,
With a rattle above, and a row below,
And deaf with noise where'er I go;
If sleepy, I wish'd a few winks to take,
What matter, the clatter would keep me wide awake.

No. 3.—THE MACADAMIZED.

Air—"The Monks of Old."

MANY have told of the roads of old,
What a swamp of muck they were;
But a Macadam way, on a rainy day,
Would make a street-sweeper swear.
For it goes beyond the Slough of Despond,
In its hopeless state of slush;
And it grows, ha! ha! to your clothes, ha! ha!
In spite of the hardest brush.
And when it is fine, if the sun should shine,
You're no better off than before;
For it turns to dust, and at every gust
It settles in every pore.
And it tries, as it dries, in a cloud to rise,
And peppers your coat and your hat;
And it flies, ha! ha! in your eyes, ha! ha!
And makes you as blind as a bat.

Geography and Music.

At the Royal Geographical Society, the golden medal was presented to Lieut. J. F. A. Symonds, of the Royal Engineers, for his triangles in Syria, which have determined the situation of many of the most interesting places in the Holy Land. We understand that Snooks, of the Grenadiers, means to ask a prize for his double drum in the Green Park, the noise of which always determines the spot where the band is playing.

A far-fetched Joke.

THE Princess Clementine and Prince Augustus were met on their arrival at Brest by the Maritime Prefect. This official, it is presumed, was thought the best adapted to meet a newly-married couple. The reader who is on the look-out for a joke will observe that it was the maritime (*marry-time*) prefect.

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURE.—Mr. Cribby Walker left the Police station near the Grand Stand for the Croydon Roundhouse, immediately after the conclusion of the Derby. We believe the cause of his sudden absence was an unlucky speculation in the transfer of some property effected during the race, when several sums changed hands, as well as after it.

Dramatic Intelligence.

MR. SNOBBINS played on Thursday last, the ninth of the Aruspices in *Sappho*, being his last appearance but five for the present season. In the great scene of the third act, where all the Aruspices execrate Sappho, Mr. Snobbins was great. His hand trembled with rage—his features were distorted with hate, while his foot—showing the musician—beat time to the music. He was tolerably well seconded by Miss Clara Novello.

We have heard it whispered that Mr. Snobbins is in treaty with the management of the Surrey, where he will appear as the second peasant in *La Sonnambula*. It is not generally known that he was the original in this delightful opera. He, however, had not the advantage—like another gentleman we could name—of Malibran's tuition. Whatever Snobbins does is his own—dug with the pickaxe of tact from the soil of his own genius.

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

CHAP. III.—THE THIRD LABOUR.—HOW HERCULES CAPTURED THE BUCK OF THE BRAZEN COUNTENANCE.



IT is not to be supposed that Hercules could have gone on choking lions, crushing reptiles, and exterminating monsters in general, without attracting some attention.

The public in general, however, contrary to their accustomed behaviour to those who sought their good, whom they were wont to pelt, and hang, and poison, and persecute, unanimously called our hero a fine fellow. "Hercules for ever!" was chalked, painted, and printed up, on every dead wall and barrier. His more ardent admirers wanted to get him into Parliament, and several flags inscribed with "Vote for Hercules!" were displayed from divers windows. All public-houses entitled the "Pillars of Hercules" began to be much frequented; and at some of these, mystic games, called *σκίτταε*, were instituted in his honour. Each *σκίτταε* was fashioned in the shape of a human head, which bore a resemblance to some one or other well-known representative of a particular class of monsters, which, it was hoped, he would speedily overthrow.

One day a procession, headed by the Lord Mayor of London, and including all the members of the Corporation, together with a large number of other tradesmen, craftsmen, and mechanics, waited with much form and ceremony on the hero. Hercules received them with great dignity, and on their spokesman intimating that he had something to say, graciously desired him to say on. Then the Lord Mayor pulled a paper out of his pocket, and putting his spectacles on his nose, gave a short cough, and read to the effect following:—

"May it please your Divinity,

"Whereas your mightiness, in time past, as we are credibly informed by our reverend chaplain, and divers others, learned men and great clerks, was graciously pleased to pursue, entrap, and catch, a certain *Stac*, of incredible swiftness, golden horns, and brazen feet, and to deliver the same, firmly bound and secured, into the custody of your mightiness's brother Eurystheus: which *Stac* did crop, despoil, and lay waste the pastures and meadows of *Cenoe*, to the no small damage and detriment of the shepherds and graziers of that region and the neighbourhood. And whereas, now, a certain *Buck*, or *Male-deer*, also with horns (to our cost) richly gilt, and though not having feet of brass, yet being of a brazen face; moreover exceedingly swift, so that no man may catch him, and withal of extreme subtlety, doth, in like manner, nibble, bite, and devour, the herbage of a certain field to us appertaining, commonly called the Field of Commerce: We, the undersigned, the Lord Mayor, Corporation, Merchants, Bankers, Tradesmen, and others of the City of London, in the County of Middlesex, do humbly beg, entreat, and implore, your mightiness, that you would graciously vouchsafe also to pursue, catch, and entrap, the said *Buck*, and deliver the same, likewise firmly bound and secured, into the hands and custody of our Sheriffs of London and Middlesex; to be by them dealt with according to the law in such case made and provided. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

Then followed a host of signatures.

Hercules, having with much gravity and condescension, patiently listened to the above oration, politely requested his lordship to be more explicit; protesting that he could not, for the life and soul of him, comprehend what he had been driving at. Whereupon the Lord Mayor, being now out of breath, his clerk proceeded in terms rather less enigmatical to explain the object of the petition.

He informed Hercules that the *Buck* complained of was a human *Buck*, the type or pattern of a genus, and that he derived his name from his outward man, which was what was commonly denominated

a "fashionable exterior," that is, the exterior of a Buck. That the brazenness of his face was a metaphorical expression signifying its unchanging nature, and indicating singular coolness and imperturbability of mind. That the gold on his horns represented booty and pillage, and was intended to distinguish him from certain other Bucks whose horns were said to be green. That his nibbling and biting in the Field of Commerce meant divers depredations, which, by craft and stratagem he perpetrated on the goods, chattels, and substance of commercial men. And that his great swiftness of foot related to a remarkable facility of absconding, by means of which, after playing off one of his tricks, he would transfer himself in less than no time to France or America, and that he had a great many disguises, military, naval, and foreign: and thus ended his speech.

The hero affected for a few moments to be reading over the signatures. He was only thinking. Presently, he rose, and having glanced his penetrating eye over the deputation, delivered himself as follows:

"My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen,

"I shall have much pleasure in acceding (substantially) to your request, and in doing my best to settle the hash—that is to say, the venison—of this very troublesome and mischievous Buck. You will please, however, to allow me to manage this matter my own way. As to consigning him to the custody of your Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, I cannot undertake to do that, because it strikes me forcibly that the officers of those gentlemen will very shortly be sinecures, in which case I know you too well to suppose that you will continue them; so that you may expect, before any long time shall have elapsed, to have no Sheriffs at all."

Here the members of the deputation generally exchanged blank looks, and the visages of the civic dignitaries—some of whom gave audible grunts of dissatisfaction—became visibly inflamed, which Hercules, not marking, continued:

"Now, gentlemen, before I take any measures for the capture of this Buck, I must insist upon a little exertion on your own parts with a view to protect this Field of Commerce, as you call it, from his depredations. I am not going to waste my immortal breath in chasing him for some twelvemonths, perhaps to no manner of purpose, and with the certainty of having to recommence my pursuit of some other individual of his tribe equally obnoxious with himself at the end of it. You must famish and debilitate him, gentlemen; him and all his kin, and then I will see what I can do for you. And now, attend. How is it, I ask, that this Buck—or, I may as well call him by his real name, SWINDLER, is enabled to prey upon you? Why—you addle-brained, pudding-pated, turtle-witted noodles—because you are stupid enough to let him. How is it that you do not recognise him the instant you see him? Why—and you have been told this before—because your brains are in your breeches' pockets. Do you suppose that every rogue has not his name written in his countenance for those who can read? It repels you from his eye—it disgusts you in his smirk—it grates upon your ear in his very voice. I am a demi-god,

but with half my wit—which is that of a mere man, I could detect a swindler instantly. For instance, there," (here Hercules rose and pointed with his fore-finger to an individual present,) "there is a swindler! Do you not see the snake, the vulture, and the fox branded in his every lineament? Do you not, I say?"

Hercules paused. Every eye was directed towards the object thus denounced. He was a Jew bill-discounter. The creature looked as if blasted by a thunderbolt. His eyes were fixed and wide open, his face like whitewash, and his grinning lips livid as a mulberry. His knees knocked together, and his whole frame shook like a jelly in convulsions.

"Vanish, scoundrel!" thundered the hero. The caitiff lost no time in obeying; and hastening frantically into the street, ran his head against a lamp-post. He was taken up, labouring under concussion of the brain, and having been bled, physicked, and blistered accordingly, turned Christian on recovery, and gave away all he had to a hospital.

"There!" resumed Hercules, "I was right, you see. Now all you have to do to become just as good a physiognomist as I am, is just to devote a little of that time which you lay out upon your ledgers and day-books to looking about you, studying mankind, and cultivating those Mammon-muddled, dross-defiled, twopenny-halfpenny intellects of yours. And, now, get out with you!" So saying, Hercules descended from his throne, and catching up his footstool, flung it at their heads, which he afterwards belaboured with his club to such purpose, that they speedily beat their retreat. Rubbing their pates, they made the best of their way home, and when they got there, took care to act upon his suggestions.



The result was, that the race of Swindlers in the course of a few months became quite extinct,—all except one. He had been the great Buck swindler of his day, but he was now become a mere starveling and tatterdemalion. Hercules, in taking a walk one day, caught sight of him through a dusty window, dining at a wretched eating-house in the New Cut. The hero watched his opportunity; and as the sorry wretch, the shadow of his former self, was "bolting," as Hercules foresaw that he would, without having discharged his reckoning, he seized him, almost unresisted, by the collar. He would not commit him to a gaol, well knowing that he would go out a greater rogue than he went in; and he considered the workhouse too bad even for a swindler. So having given him a wholesome taste of his emendatory club, he put a few guineas into his pocket and shipped him off to Australia.

Fashionable Intelligence.

We understand that the elopement which has occasioned such a sensation, the parties being a young lady and a member of an itinerant band, is likely to give employment to the gentlemen of the white letters, and the capes of oilskin. The lady's attention was first attracted by the extraordinary command exercised by the gentleman over an ophyclidean, on which he occasionally executed a solo. The lady is entitled to a considerable fortune by her mother's side, but the gentleman's property is tied up in the hands of a most paternal uncle. He is only entitled "to take," as the lawyers say, "by equity of redemption."



THE LAST NEW BONNET.

Messrs. Dobrees, the pawnbrokers, have been issuing cards all the week for a *soirée*, which is expected to be very numerously attended on Saturday.

Among the audience at the Victoria Theatre on Monday last, were Baron Nathan and *suite*. The Baron occupied a place in the pit, and the *suite*—his assistant—who sat in the gallery, afforded much amusement by a very perilous *pas* on the outside of the iron railing.

Another Seizure of Foreign Goods.

THE whole of the French pieces now performing at the St. James's Theatre have been seized at the abode of a well-known playwright. The villain made no defence. He was engaged in a desperate attempt to put the English mark upon them. He has been fully committed to the station for incorrigible dramatic offenders in the New Cut, where he is to take his trial. Mr. Osbaldiston's company will all appear to give evidence against him. He urges the old plea of physical and intellectual destitution.

ON DITS.—The Marquis of Bute has received the Green Ribbons. It is in contemplation to present Lord Brown with the Red Tapes, and the Earl of Robinson with the Black Shoestrings. Who the White Staylases will be given to is not yet officially announced.

PARLIAMENTARY AND FINANCIAL.—Mr. Doo has determined to adjourn the second reading of any of his bills *sine die*. The Petitions of the



A BILIOUS ATTACK.

tradesmen praying for a return of the value of certain goods delivered to him during the quarter, have been ordered to lie on the fireplace.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE EGG-MERCHANTS.—The Duke of Cumberland comes over on the 31st instant.

EDUCATION OF THE ROYAL INFANTS.

THE public will observe with much satisfaction the appearance above the walls of the garden of Buckingham Palace, two green wooden uprights, with a rope's end attached to each of them. On making inquiry, we have discovered that the objects in question belong to a swing which has been erected in the garden for the use of the Royal Infants. By this admirable arrangement it will be inculcated into their minds at an early age, that even princes are subjected in this life to ups and downs, and that we must all go backward as well as forward; a truth that cannot be too soon impressed on the understanding of infancy.

PUNCH'S PROPHECY FOR THE DERBY.

PUNCH has been requested to name the Winner of the Derby, but in order to prevent disappointment, he begs to state that his prophecy, which is to be implicitly relied on, is—postponed until after the excitement of the race is over. At the risk, however, of being right, and not caring whether he is wrong, he begs leave to name Newcourt as the first or second horse, because *Punch* likes to be original, and no one else has named Newcourt as the winner.

The Punch Races.

THE following were entered for the Derby Day, but by arrangement were transferred to the *Hoax*.

Mr. Snooks's black filly Brokenknees, got, by Overwork, out of Condition.



COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

Mr. Jones's galled jade Wincer, betting 00 to 000 (taken).

Mr. Tomkins's hackney coach-horse Roarer; got, by Difficulty, out of Stable.

The above three were the only horses that started: the stakes consisting of half a feed of corn, with a handful of hay added. Brokenknees went off at a canter, and fell. Roarer stood stock still, when Wincer, beginning to jib, the jockey turned her round, and backed her cleverly to the winning post. This was the best race of the day; and though the bets were not large, a good deal of money changed hands, and even for pocket-handkerchiefs there were several takers.

The proprietors of *Punch* celebrated the Derby in the office, and gave a handsome stake (rump, with, &c.) to be run for by the boy and the publisher. The course was once round the counter, passing the till, and the letter-box was the winning post. Betting had been in favour of Dick, who went off at a slapping pace, clearing the office stool at one bound, while the publisher followed, neck or nothing, right through the back numbers, and was first at the till, but a customer coming in at the time, the publisher's attention was taken off, and Dick walking cleverly up to the steaks, quietly devoured them.

The Landlords' plate was afterwards run for in a great heat, and carried off by Waiter out of Tavern.

We see by the *Liverpool Albion* that there is an important flaw in the grinding act. There are so many grinding acts, that it would be as well if our contemporary would state in which of them the flaw has been discovered.

In consequence of numerous complaints received from all parts of the country as to the difficulty in procuring the Weekly Numbers of *PUNCH*, the Proprietors have determined to print a STAMPED EDITION, (price 4d.) which may be sent free by Post, commencing with Number LXXX. It will be published every Friday Evening, and may be procured through any Newsmen, or by direct application to the Office, No. 194, Strand. In the latter case, a Post Office Order for payment must be enclosed. As only a sufficient number of copies to supply the demand will be stamped, early application is particularly requested. The Publication of the Unstamped Edition, and of the Monthly Parts, will be continued precisely as heretofore.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Jones, in the county of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. CRUMPET, AND PATTY.—CRAMP, THE CARD-MAKER.

My first introduction to Patty had made me acquainted with the gloom and wretchedness of a London garret. I was, nevertheless, startled by the extreme misery about me. The room was rather a nook, a hole for useless lumber, than a place for a human being. The landlady, a little woman, could scarcely stand upright beneath the slanting roof; the gusty wind shook the small latticed window, and entered through broken panes, defying the rags and paper thrust therein to keep it out. In a corner, on the bare floor, was the bed or mat; and there, beneath a web of a blanket, lay Patty Butler. Poor thing! After my first surprise, I took a sad pleasure from her wasted face: I heard sweet music from her feeble voice. They are changing, I thought; happily changing. A few more heavy days—some few restless, fevered nights, and that poor creature, dowered with the gentlest, purest spirit, will smile down upon the injustice and iniquities of a world that now casts her, like a useless weed, into its foulest places.

As I continued to gaze upon her, I felt a strange curiosity to know her history since we last met. There was something, more than the pain of sickness in her face. Was it shame, I asked; and immediately felt mean for the suspicion. Had her affections been snared by heartless device—or had she, secretly, nurtured a love flat, in its very hopelessness, consumed her? Yearning for sympathy where the world would sneer and mock at the desire, had she, in dumbness, suffered that inward bleeding of the heart, whereof more die than coroners dream of! There was a sad story in that shrunken face. The history of the world is made of battles—conquests—the accessions and the deaths of beings—the doings of statesmen, and the tricks of law. This makes the vulgar story of the external world. Its deeper history is of the hearts, even of its lowest dwellers—of the ennobling impulses that swell them—of the unconquerable spirit of meekness which looks calmly upon terror, and turns even agony to patience. A London alley might produce a more glorifying heraldry—if emotions could be quartered—than Poitiers or Blenheim. How many a man, whose only history is written in a baptismal register and undertaker's account, has conquered suffering, stronger in its onset than a squadron? If true magnanimity awarded knight-hood, how many who want even shoe-leather, have won their spurs!

With these thoughts passing in me, I continued to contemplate the poor girl before me. She lay wholly exhausted by the effort of striking the light; whilst Mrs. Crumpet, with characteristic consideration for the weakness of her lodger, attempted not to disturb her, but, with due self-preservation, fortified her own system with a glass of wine—with another—and another. This done, she spoke.

"Well, I'm sure, my dear, if you'd only have let me know that you had such a friend about you, do you think I'd ever have put you in this room? Bless you! child, what do you think I'm made of? You might have staid in the other apartment."—(This, I afterwards found, was only the next garret, but then the casement was whole; the bed was of decent flock; it had more than one blanket, and had the elevation of a truckle.)

"Thank you, this will do very well," replied Patty, with an effort; "very well—for my time."

"As I'm a Christian, you sha'n't sleep here another night," answered Mrs. Crumpet, with vivacity. "No: I promised the gentleman to do all I could for you, and my word's my bond. Well, if you don't remind me of my dear lost child, Maria!" Here the landlady wiped probably a tear from her eye, and again lifted the glass.

"What gentleman do you speak of?" asked Patty, with a concerned look.

"There! now—if I hav'n't blabbed; and I promised never to say a word about him. But he is a gentleman—a real one; nothing sham in him, my dear: and more than all, you've only to get well—and ha! ha! why you look better while I talk to you, and you've a colour in your face that a Duchess might give her ears for!—Well, as I was saying, you've only to get well, to be made a lady of."

"Pray tell me—pray do! Of what gentleman do you speak? I know no one—no one, who—" and, excited by the manner of her landlady, Patty lay incapable of further speech; and her heart—I was sure of it—fluttered like a bird.

"Come, child," cried the gossip, "you're faint—only a little faint. I've brought you some wine; a glass—one little glass—will make you alive again."

"I thank you—none—none," said Patty feebly.

"But you must, my love; you shall, my darling," exclaimed Mrs. Crumpet, and she stooped towards the bed, with the bottle and glass. "There," she cried, filling—"and if I stay here all night, you shall, my angel, drink it."

Patty cast a helpless look towards the landlady, and then resigning herself to the necessity, raised herself in bed. She stretched her hand towards the glass, and already had the liquor at her lips. "Ha!" chuckled Mrs. Crumpet, "if the gentleman who brought that wine for you, could only see you now."—Patty instantly withdrew the glass, and in a faint, yet determined voice, said—"I will not taste a single drop."

"But you must, my chcrub," cried Mrs. Crumpet, with renewed vigour.

"Not a drop," repeated Patty, "until you let me know to whom I am to owe it."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the landlady; "that you'll know some day, and that shortly, if you'll only make yourself well and hearty. Come, drink the wine, child."

"No," said Patty, with calm purpose, and she placed the glass upon the floor.

Again and again, Mrs. Crumpet tried to prevail, but Patty was obdurate; she would not taste the wine until informed of the donor. This knowledge Mrs. Crumpet refused to communicate: let me, however, do the poor woman justice. I verily believe, she would have hesitated not a second to gratify her tenant, but for one circumstance; she had not the means. She was as ignorant of the benefactor who had left the wine and money as was Patty herself. She, therefore, with the cunning of an experienced gossip, thought she might guess the person of the stranger, could she only know her lodger's previous history. This she had often endeavoured, but in vain, to learn. In the present instance, she determined to make an indirect levy upon Patty's gratitude; and, therefore, resolved to impart to her the history of Mrs. Cramp in advance for Patty's own. To this politic end she bent her discourse.

"Well, my dear, I don't know if you ar'n't right. But who'd have thought that anybody so young should have such caution—Ha! if my good friend, Mrs. Cramp had been like you! You've seen Mrs. Cramp, my dear?"

"I have heard you speak of her," said Patty, whose thoughts were plainly far away from the subject talk of her landlady.

"To be sure; I'd forgot—you never have. Well, she was here to-night. She's been to a rout of some sort, and so she was obliged to come here to dress."

"To dress?" said Patty languidly.

"Bless you, yes: I keep all her fine things for her. You see, she's married to a man forty years older than she; and though everybody thought he was dying when she had him, he's only dying now. Well, although he's as rich as King Solomon, he won't let his wife have a decent rag upon her. And so, poor soul! there's nothing left to her but to cheat her husband right and left."

"Cheat him—her husband?" asked Patty.

"And, as luck would have it, he's bedrid, why it's cheating made quite easy, my dear. The worst of it is for poor Mrs. Cramp, although she's heaps of fine things, she mustn't wear them in her own house. There, she must look no better than a cinder-wench; or else the old villain might go out of the world with malice in his heart, peril his own precious soul, and cut the wife of his bosom out of his will. Well, my dear, that would be dreadful, wouldn't it?" asked Mrs. Crumpet in a tone that peremptorily called for an answer.

"Yes," replied Patty, almost unconsciously.

"And so to hinder that, whenever Mrs. Cramp goes out, she comes here to dress, and then comes back and shifts her finery for her old clothes to go home in. That's tricking the miser, isn't it?" cried the landlady with a laugh.

"Doubtless," answered Patty.

"Now, here's this beautiful feather," and Mrs. Crumpet took me up, "she's bought it quite a bargain. But do you think she might show it to old Cramp? Bless you, she might as soon take a crocodile into the house. Well, thank goodness! the old villain has his reward. Bless you, his conscience must be as full of holes as a cullender. The devil's always at his bedside, that's one comfort."

"What do you mean? What crimes has the poor man committed?" asked Patty.

"Why, no crimes in particular, as you and I should think 'em: only you see, he made all his money by making packs of cards. Now, in his old age, he's turned so shocking religious! You'd never believe it; but he thinks he's haunted by all the Kings and Queens he ever passed across his counter. He vows they all peep in and gnash their teeth at him through the bed-curtains; and once—you'd

ha' died a laughing to hear him, for 'twas nothing but the fleas, my dear—once he swore he was bitten all over by the Jack of clubs."

"Poor man!" said Patty.

"Ha! if poor Mrs. Crump had only known him afore she married! And that brings me back to what I was going to say, that it was so proper in you not to take the wine, afore you knew who sent it."

"Then you will tell me!" asked Patty.

"To be sure, I will, when you tell me how it was that you, with such friends, should ever have wanted anything. How was it that you came in such a pickle to me? Without a farthing—without a—"

"My story is not worth the telling—is nothing," said Patty.

"La!" cried Mrs. Crummet, unconscious of the truth she uttered, "there's nobody as hasn't a story, if they knew how to tell it. You must have had comforts about you."

"I have found friends—dear, kind friends, in my worst of afflictions," answered Patty. "When my mother died, and I was left homeless, I found a home."

"And why did you leave it?" asked the landlady, "afore you found a better?"

"Because I feared I caused unhappiness, where I would have given my life to have given joy. Oh, so good a man—so kind—with such a gentle heart towards everything!"

"Was he a married man, my dear?" asked the landlady.

"He was," answered Patty; whereupon Mrs. Crummet looked suddenly very sagacious, as though by inspiration she had solved the problem.

"I see," said she; "you and the wife couldn't agree. The woman was—"

"Kind—excellent—most kind," cried Patty with animation—"but weak and passionate."

"And jealous, of course," added Mrs. Crummet.

"I saw that my presence gave pain to her, and I left her house, determined, whatever might be my portion, to keep my hiding-place a secret from herself and husband."

"But he has found you out," said Mrs. Crummet.

"Mr. Lintley?" cried Patty.

"And has brought wine and left money for you;" for Mrs. Crummet immediately concluded that the stranger must be the apothecary.

"What say you to that, child?" asked the lady.

Patty could say nothing. She was silent, and in tears.

Punch's Provincial Intelligence.

Fulham.

INCREASED SIZE OF VEGETABLES.—By a superior mode of culture, radishes are now grown so large, that in future, instead of being sold by the *hand*, they are to be purchased by the *foot*.—*Gardeners' Gazette*.

Corn Trade.—Carlisle.

MR. N. LEVI (from London and Paris) has the honour to acquaint the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of Carlisle and vicinity, that he intends practising, for a few weeks only, in the town, where he will perform operations on CORNS, after a newly-approved method.



GOING AGAINST THE CHAIN.

Mr. Levi has most diligently studied the CORN LAWS; and he is enabled to give immediate relief by means of a sliding-scale.

The originals of the following testimonials, and several thousand feet more, are for inspection at Mr. Levi's residence, 14, Abbey-street, where he may be consulted daily.

NO CONNEXION WITH THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

COPIES OF TESTIMONIALS.

From *Lady Cornwallis*.—"This is to certify that Mr. Levi, in the most skilful manner, and without occasioning the slightest pain, extracted the corn from my name."

From *Dr. Ferguson, Physician to the Queen*.—"I beg to certify that Mr. Levi has, in a scientific manner, and without any inconvenience, extracted the unicorn from Her Majesty's Arms."

*** Corn-stacks attended in any part of the country.

GREENWICH is described by the old Elizabethan chroniclers, as a "peerless place." The revolution of time has brought it to its former state again; for, since the late accident, it has been as *peerless* as before. Greenwich may now be enumerated as one of the Sink-ports.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX

presents his compliments to Mr. PUNCH, and begs to submit to his notice the following specimen of a forthcoming volume of Poems, in which—and he feels assured of Mr. PUNCH's coincidence of opinion—he defies the most ingenious malevolence, or the most malevolent ingenuity, to detect the slightest attempt at plagiarism. As for such absurd attacks as have been made on "The Tuft Hunter," they pass by him as the idle wind, which he regards not, and fall off innocuous as dewdrops from the lion's mane.

O D E.

TO MY YARD OF CLAY.

TALK not to me of Turkish bowl,
With cherry tube and amber tip,
Whose fragrant fumes in Istanbul
Wreath the lazily round the whisker'd lip:
'Tis all delightful in its way,
But give me, gods, a yard of clay.
By flood and field a roamer long,
To-day behold me stout and strong;
Each pestilential clime defied,
From sickness saved by land and tide,
And all my shield a happy knack o'
Brightening my journey with Tobacco.
O Wood divine, o'er sultry plains,
Where Syrian Sol relentless reigns,—
O'er dreary versts of Scythian snows,



A COLD CLIME.

Where deadly frosts assail the nose,—
O'er furious Biscay's mountain seas,
Where scarce the Petrel sits at ease,
Or scorched, or iced, or drenched my brow,
My cheerer and my champion, Thou!

In Erin first I condescended
To sport the clay as other men did.
The first I blew long time I cherished,
Alas! the hour that veteran perished!
Woe worth the row, woe worth the day,
That cost thy life, my gallant Clay!

'Twas a dhudeen, all over unchangingly black,
That for years I caress'd, of all dhudeens the crack,
Smoking on, smoking on, through its tube short and slender,
Till I oft fell asleep with my feet on the fender.

'Tis sweet to shoot
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
Dull care to tatters from a prime Cheroot,
With thumb-grog mellow'd, whilst the watch we keep.
'Tis sweet the Meerschaum in our mouth to put;
'Tis sweet to listen, as its kindlings creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet athwart each eye
To puff the cloud that curling climbs the sky.

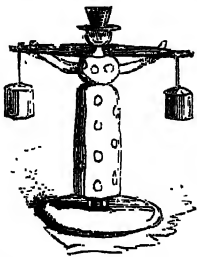
'Tis sweet t'approximate the glowing spark
To tortuous Hooka in an Indian home;
'Tis sweet from Hudson's or Alvarez' ark
To cull the comeliest weeds, sans dread of scum;
'Tis sweet, cigar in mouth, t' enjoy a lark,
Inspired by ardent waters—such as rum.
Sweet is the Cigarette to Spanish women,
Short-cut to soldiers, pigtail-quick to seamen.

But sweeter still than this—than these—than all,
The pristine Yard of Clay. It stands alone,
Fit for all climes, years, pockets large or small:
The height of smoking has been reach'd—all's known
By him who sticks to clay—no more he'll call
For pipe, save that the first to mortal shown.
A light for Adam's "clay" was th' unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd from envious Heaven.

How to MAKE A SILK GOWN. (*A Rosbuck Recipe*).—Get a coat of an inferior stuff; wear it till it is seen through; then turn it, and with a little trimming, you will have a silk gown that will last your life out.

THE GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON.

CHAP. VI.—THE LOWTHER ARCADE.—ITS ECONOMY & MANUFACTURES.

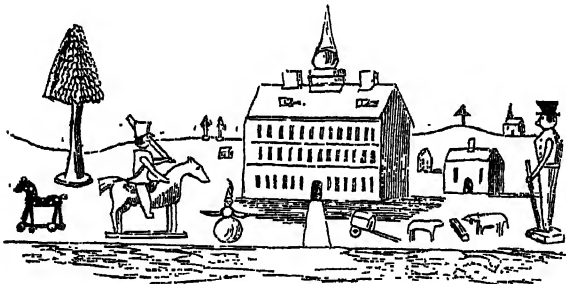


His celebrated Museum of the products of foreign industry is open to the public every day, Sundays excepted, from eight in the morning to an uncertain hour of the evening, varying according to the commercial inclinations of the inhabitants. Admittance is readily obtained at either end, from the West Strand or Adelaide Street; the entrance being guarded in both cases by beehives of imposing aspect, whose chief business is to strike awe into the souls of vagrant boys, and protect the pass from brigands, to do which they are each empowered to carry the standard of the brazen knob. Their jurisdiction extends over the

pavement immediately before the entrance, but not beyond the kerb; from which position they may be insulted with impunity, as is frequently the case.

The first idea that strikes the visitor upon entering is, most probably, that the houses have been turned out of window; and the contents of their shops shot upon the ground by some architectural avalanche. Indeed, the greatest caution is necessary in threading your way amongst the labyrinth of goods on every side, the most fragile generally being placed where they can be roadily kicked over and broken. Like the entanglement of the fly in the cobweb, which caused the spider to dart from his abode, this accident generally produces the owner of the property, who lies in wait in some secret corner, and upon hearing the fracture pounces out with inconceivable rapidity upon the thoughtless victim. Indeed, it is in the delicate arrangement of their wares that the merchants of the Lowther Arcade display the most extraordinary ingenuity and mechanical dexterity; for every article forms the keystone to an elaborate arrangement of its companions, and you cannot move it without bringing all the rest down at the same time.

Up to the present time there has been no proper catalogue of the objects exhibited, and so, in some cases, the visitor must rely upon his imagination to define them. This is sometimes difficult,—perhaps very

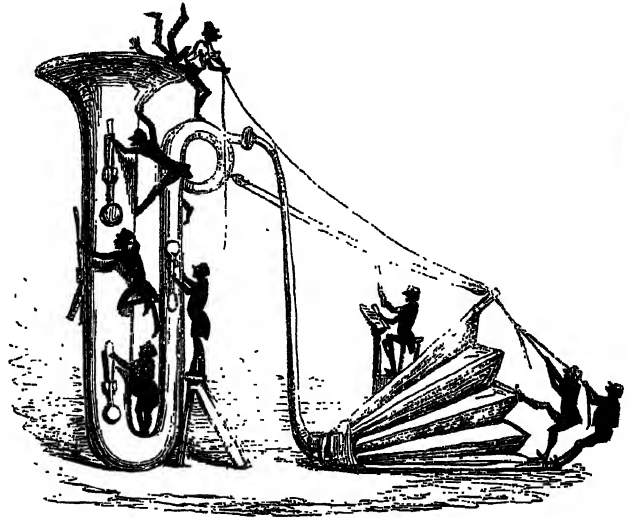


much so,—in the Dutch toy-boxes of bouquets and feasts, on some of the plates of which are viands of singularly obscure character, more especially amongst the wooden pastry. It is also no easy task to make out the exact regiments to which the various horse and foot soldiers belong, several hundred of which are nightly bivouacked in the Lowther Arcade, who would doubtless be found useful in putting down any revolt of the Noah's Arks, did such an event occur. The proximity of the drawing classes, however, at Exeter Hall, renders these magazines of some value in furnishing models for the compositions of the pupils, on the plan formerly put forward in PUNCH.

The stranger will not fail to be struck by the representation of two headless gentlemen in a hunting-coat and dressing-gown at an adjacent tailor's. They are placed behind a brass barrier, and have something very awful in their appearance. The legend attached to them is unknown; but they possibly represent the guillotined victims of some revolution—probably the same in which fell the decapitated ladies at the staymaker's in Berners'-street, whose heads are supposed to have migrated to the hair-dresser's in the covered passage of Burlington, which is somewhat similar in its features to that of Lowther—*arcades ambo*.

A singular procession of rampant rocking-horses, who appear galloping up the side of the house, one after another, leaving the common Dutch nags of various dimensions upon the dull earth below, conducts the eye of the visitor to the window of Mr. Pask, the musician, wherein, amidst a crowd of horns and trumpets, Tagioni may be seen descending from serial regions, and gracefully presenting a cornet-à-piston of immature growth and diminutive proportions to some ideal personage. And occasionally strange sounds and pealing blasts of defiance are heard from the halls of Pask, given forth by daring youths, who pour their whole soul into the tubes of the shining instruments, from the bugle to the ophyclyede in the ardour of their enthusiasm. A soft and gentle instrument too is the ophyclyede, and well adapted to be studied in small houses by young gentlemen of delicate temperament. Pask boasts several of these brazen

leviathans, who when disturbed from their repose by mortal breath, give a sullen roar that reverberates along the arcade like thunder, and drowns the accordionic strains which issue from a neighbouring *dépôt* for the sale of those musical bellows. The ophyclyedes get bigger and bigger each



day, and it is impossible to tell at what pitch of monstrous magnitude they will ultimately arrive. We shall not be surprised if they finally form the abodes of the men who play them; an accommodation which will be very valuable to perambulating musicians at the seasons of the various Festivals.

Towards evening the Lowther Arcade is blocked up with company, and here several of the foreign gentlemen, lately alluded to, finish their diurnal promenade: so that, in fact, a visit to this favoured spot embraces two exhibitions at once; for the foreign gentlemen love everything that is gratuitous; and there is moreover a Frenchy look about the arcade and its shops, which reminds the majority of them of their father-land—both the Burlington and Lowther Arcades being the Passage Colbert at Paris, translated into English.

The Adelaide Gallery, which opens from the Lowther Arcade, is not a gratuitous exhibition. This the visitor will soon discover, from being attacked for a shilling by an individual lying in ambush about four feet from the entrance, on his right hand. He can, however, see several statues for nothing, in the passage, by remaining in the Arcade, as well as part of the stick and umbrella stand, with a transparent blind at the extreme end, which is scarcely perceptible from the distance, but nevertheless deserving of notice.

One word, in conclusion, to the proprietors. We are well aware that, when the gates are shut and the porters on the watch, the interior of the Arcade is considered impregnable. But we would point out the possibility of an enemy, at any time, forcing an entrance through the postern of the pastry-cook's shop at the Strand end (which communicates with both thoroughfares), were the premises at a future period to be occupied by a less respectable tenant. This is the weakest point of the passage, and might be soon carried by a handful of resolute assailants bent upon taking any of the Dutch villages, or storming any of the encampments which abound in the interior; to which assault the whole of the cavalry at present in the Arcade, including the rocking-horses, could offer but a feeble resistance. We merely throw out these hints by way of caution—we leave the owners of the above-mentioned property to act upon them.

Question and Answer.

MANY with this inquiry go about,—
"Who bought the Colosseum out and out?"
George Robins answers, with contented grin,
"None bought it out and out—I bought it in!"

JENKINS AT FAULT.—A paragraph having appeared in the *Morning Post*, stating that the infant Princess was admitted on Friday into the pale of the church, we have authority for stating that her Royal Highness was not dipped into a bucket.

The *Metropolitan Magazine* has just completed another Number. We mention this merely as an extraordinary instance of the tenacity of life.

The Liverpool correspondent of one of the papers states, that last week "750 rum puns" were landed there. It is scarcely necessary to add, that *Punch* has purchased the whole of them, to be distributed by degrees.

THE GREATEST DELICACY OF THE SEASON.—Mr. Roebuck, at a dinner recently given by Lord Brougham, is reported to have eaten his own words.

SIR VALENTINE BLAKE'S PARLIAMENT.

WHEN people forget Magna Charta, there may be a chance that Sir VALENTINE BLAKE shall pass into oblivion. Until then, the new constitution for England—written in a beautiful crow-quill hand upon a sheet of "Queen's note-paper," by Sir VALENTINE, and read over in the House of Commons to the grateful laughter of the senators assembled—shall live in the memories of men as a thing too good to be true. PLATO'S republic—Sir THOMAS MORE'S *Utopia*—BACON'S *New Atlantis*—all are the dreams of visionaries compared to the fine practical wisdom of Sir VALENTINE'S bill, crushed as it was in the bud—broken in the very shell, by a stiff-necked generation of legislators, who, like curly puppies, have not yet the eyes to hear the light!

Sir VALENTINE, however, may take this pride to himself. He stands alone in the House of Commons. He is single as the phoenix. With a boldness which could only arise from conscious genius, Sir VALENTINE proposed his bill; but there was not another sufficiently intrepid to second it. Whereupon, Sir VALENTINE took his seat, and his motion fell to the ground.

The bill was, moreover, infamously used by the Reporters, who scarcely vouchsafed to it an appearance in their columns. No: they thought, with the murderers in the play, that "smothering was the quietest;" and, therefore, dealt in the vaguest generalities. Happily Sir VALENTINE has a friend in *Punch*, who was immediately honoured with the original draught of the intended statute, whereof the subjoined is a faithful copy.

The preamble, after stating that the House of Commons has amongst its members an infinite number more than are of the slightest practical use to the nation (and the reader cannot fail to mark the beautiful disinterestedness of this avowal on the part of Sir VALENTINE), proceeds to state the process by which the present number shall be lessened, and the future lawgivers elected.

The first clause enacts, that no man who has been found guilty of laughing at Colonel SIBTHORP shall be held capable to sit again in Parliament. (It is thought that this clause alone will pretty nearly clear the House.)

Every member who has snored during a speech from Mr. HUME,



THE TORTURE OF THE SCREW.

or has cried "hear, hear" in his sleep, at Sir ROBERT PEEL, shall also be ineligible.

Every Member who has made up his vote without troubling himself to make up his mind, shall be barred for ever from the House, which shall henceforth consist of no more and no less than five-and-twenty members; this resolution being, it is calculated, very favourable to the suppression of much bad language.

As to the mode of election polling, it is to be entirely done away with, as conducive to all sorts of immorality; "besides," says Sir VALENTINE, "bribery and drunkenness" of every variety. Every member will be elected according to the exhibition of their various powers, tested before the whole kingdom.

Thus, Sir ROBERT PEEL, if he be again desirous of representing

Tamworth, will have to obtain that dignity by proving that he can smile, and occasionally grin, more seductively than any other candidate, through a horse-collar.

If Colonel SIBTHORP would again sit for Lincoln, he must win the honour by grasping a hog with a scraped tail more firmly than any other competitor. In expectation of the event, the Colonel is, we are told, daily practising upon a guinea-pig!

As to the internal arrangements of the House of Commons,—cigars, wine, spirits and night-caps are to be found by the Government; and when the numbers are equal upon a division, the Speaker is to toss up a half-crown with himself for a casting vote.

The Bill is, unhappily, lost for the present Session; but Sir VALENTINE BLAKE has privately assured *Punch* that the Bill shall be brought in the very first day of the next.

SHAMEFUL REPORT!

MR. PUNCH,—Will you, sir, allow me to draw your attention to the subjoined, which appeared in the columns of *The Morning Herald*?

"It is rumoured that, previous to the nuptials of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge with the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, an application will be made to Parliament, by Ministers, to settle an annuity on that Princess of 3,000*l.* per annum. The ceremony is now understood to be fixed for the first week in July."

As the father of the Princess, allow me to give the most unequivocal denial to this rumour. What! is it likely? With the country in its present agony of poverty,—is it probable that I would permit my daughter (the future Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, be it understood), to become a pensioner on England? Shall I ask Englishmen to support the wife of a foreign Grand Duke? Were this done, I ask you, *Mr. Punch*, with what face could I take my old accustomed chair at the charity-dinners of the metropolis?

Pray contradict the wicked rumour, and believe me to be, your constant reader,
CAMBRIDGE.

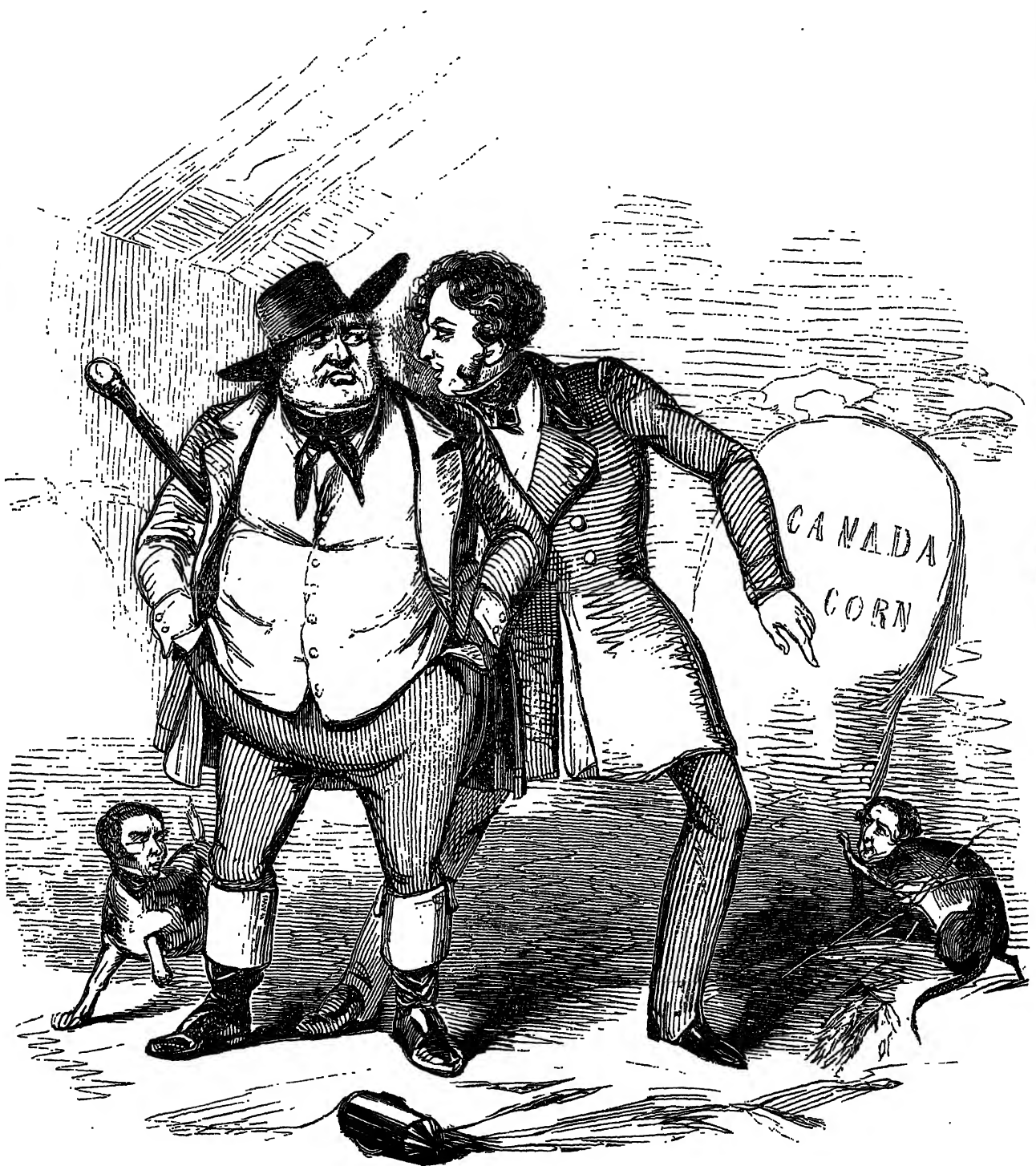
THE KING OF HANOVER AND THE EGG MERCHANTS.

WE understand that the Egg Merchants, whose hopes had been greatly raised by the announcement in our last of the expected arrival of the King of Hanover, have had a meeting to know what is to be done with the enormous stock of eggs that had been laid in with a view to the arrival of his Hanoverian Majesty. The meeting took place at Lambeth, where the investment had been most considerable; and thousands had been in attendance about the Marsh-gate and the Westminster-road, with the intention of showing the Hanoverian autocrat how the yolk may be thrown off by a free people. (Oh!) His Majesty, not wishing to run the risk of a game at chicken hazard with the populace, delayed his arrival till the next day, and ultimately came by a different road; so that the eggs remain in the hands of the dealers.

It was stated at the meeting, that Baron Nathan had, in the handsomest manner, come forward, and offered to take off a large proportion of the eggs, for the purpose of teaching his pupils the Cracovienne. This announcement was received with enthusiastic cheering.

GROANS OF THE GLOOMY.

GAY is the summer sun,
Bright is the autumn sky,
And glad the fields where lamblings run,
But a doleful wretch am I.
Others can blandly smile
Their hearts are glad within,
They can laugh when all is bright the while,
But alas! I can only grin!
How jocund is the cock!
How merry is the hen!
How skipsome and happy the shepherd's flock
As they rollick about in their pen!
The horse within his stall,
The pig within his sty,
Are happy both—yes, happy are all,
But oh! what a beast am I?
Dull is the lonely dell,
And mournful is the breeze
As it whistles along the gloomy glen,
And murmurs in the trees;
But dell and breeze and glen,
Are jolly as jolly can be
When compared with the miserablest of men,
I mean when compared with me!!



SMELLING A RAT.

—“ They (the AGRICULTURISTS) smelt a rat, but did not know where to put their hand upon it. He would tell them where the rat was—It was in the Canadian Corn.”——MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE'S SPEECH, May 26, 1843.

BRITISH COURTS OF JUSTICE.



THE COURT OF REQUESTS, KINGSGATE STREET.—The Court of Requests is a very ancient branch of the judicial tree, and (to continue the figure) we may observe that the branch in question has been nailed up against the wall of a house in Kingsgate-street. The first of these Courts was established in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and the dignity of public justice may be said to have been thus played Old Harry with. The second title of "Courts of Conscience" has been facetiously given to these temples of tomfoolery, where justice is more thoroughly "done" than in any other locality.

The Court of Requests in Kingsgate-street has nothing at all particular on the outside, and they must not be at all particular who venture on a visit to the interior. Before reaching the Court itself there is a large square space, which is usually devoted to rows between the plaintiffs and defendants, and to the tampering of the suitors with the various witnesses. In one corner there is a desk partitioned off, at which are some clerks, who when asked for any information always decline giving it. This they do in emulation of the *employés* at some of the larger public offices, where a vacant stare is the only solution of any difficulty under which an applicant may be labouring. After passing a variety of barriers, at one of which you are rudely thrust back, and at the other stabbed to the waistcoat with an office ruler by the doorkeepers, you at length succeed in reaching the Court itself, which we will proceed to describe as accurately as possible.

In the middle of the apartment is a table, and at one end of it—apparently sitting on a trivet projecting from the top bar of the fire-place—is the presiding barrister. On the right of the judge is the associate, who has an



"ABBREVIATION OF BACON,"

and is allowed the privilege of a blotting-pad, which is placed on a raised desk; but as the associate is not indulged with a high stool, his nose only is on a level with his inkstand.

On the left of the barrister is a sort of three-cornered cupboard, with the top taken off, and which serves for the jury-box. When small claims are under discussion, the jury consists of only three; but if the sum in dispute is large, the number of commissioners necessary to adjudicate is so much increased that they are obliged to have recourse to standing on one leg, holding on by the door, and other feats which would be more characteristic of a party of Indian-rubber contortionists than a British jury.

The walls of the Court are adorned with a clock and a salt-box; the former to take note of time "by its loss," and the latter to season the jokes of the presiding barrister. The salt-box is seldom wanted; but the usher of the Court has a very ingenious method of calling attention to the wit of the judge; for the latter always winks at his subordinate whenever he attempts to perpetrate a joke, and thus notifies the otherwise undiscoverable fact of his doing so.

The mode of administering justice at the Courts of Request is so peculiar, that a patent ought to be taken out for it. The parties attack each other, appeal to the judge, explain the case to the bystanders, and give the lie to the opposite witnesses—while the presiding barrister sums up to the jury, some of whom are listening to a stranger among the audience, who has happened to hear the case, while another of their body is having a little private chat with the associate across the table. Out of all this confusion a verdict somehow or other turns up, but whether it comes from the jury, or the judge, or the parties themselves, or the witnesses, or the audience, it would be difficult to determine. As order was elucidated from chaos, so does a judicial decree in the Court of Requests emerge from the most confounded mass of jargon that can be possibly conceived; and the suitors not unfrequently retire to fight it out in the vestibule, either with each other, the witnesses, the jury, the ushers, or the audience; and the defeated party, having bullied the clerks in the outer office, loiters outside to hoot the barrister.

THE METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY

Have been hard at work trying to discover the relation between the comet and the late continuous rains, weather or no. It appears from their report that the seasons are gradually getting reversed, so that in a few years' time May Day will fall in the middle of November, and February become the favourite month for *al fresco* picnics, and Dahlia-shows. We shall also have to look for hard and long-continued frosts in July, whilst the sea-side will be chosen as the best locality for passing the long and sultry days of January. When the calculations are perfectly worked out, PUNCH's Almanack for that year will be the medium through which they will be made known to the public.

Punch's Theatrical Gallery.

MR. RAVENSCAW OF THE MINOR THEATRES.

THE exact epoch at which this gentleman came into the world is almost as uncertain as the period at which he may go out of it. His mother used to tell him that Good Friday was his birthday, which is all he could ever get out of the old lady upon this point; but the enormous crow's feet under both his eyes bespeak him to have been born in the year 1795, at the very latest. Ravenscaw himself attributes his wrinkles to those severe emotions which he has been depicting every night for the last twenty years. A man who is murdered at least twice a week, commits parricide several times in the course of the year, and is torn by remorse every night at about nine o'clock, just after the coming in of the half-price, cannot be supposed to have otherwise than a care-worn countenance. Ravenscaw was in early years a stable-boy in Whitechapel, but catching a severe cold, his voice attracted the attention of the Manager of the Pavilion, who had some idea of getting up a drama called the "Eighty Cut-throats, or Blood will have Bones," in opposition to the *Forty Thieves* at a rival establishment. Ravenscaw was at once engaged, and committed his first dramatic murder as the second assassin in Macbeth, in which he was complimented by the Manager, who kindly instructed him in a few of his own peculiar growls, which Ravenscaw subsequently introduced with several of his assumptions. It was feared that our hero would have been discharged when his cold was cured; but happily for him, it had left upon him a permanent hoarseness, which rendered him a valuable member of the company. His engagement was consequently renewed, and articles drawn up, securing him all the jack-boot and horse-pistol business, with the choice of parts in the torch and cutlass lines. His excessive misery attracted the attention of Mr. Osbaldiston, who had heard him laugh so many minutes at the idea of happiness, that upon the strength of his inimitable—



Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha—What have I—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—what—ha! ha!—have—ha, ha—I to do with ha, ha, ha, ha, happiness? "ha! ha! ha!"

The extreme jocoseness of the idea of having nothing to do with happiness was so splendidly conveyed by Ravenscaw, that our hero had an immediate offer of terms, and he at once took up his quarters at the Victoria. Here he has continued ever since, and the catalogue of his crimes would fill a Newgate Calendar.

A Grand Review.

On Friday last six little boys were reviewed in Tottenham-court-road by Master Stubbs, on which occasion a pair of colours (one claret, the other black) were presented to one of the party by the proprietor of a fish-stall, which was upset during the execution of a difficult movement.

No Accounting for Taste.

A morning paper assures us, that everybody—high and low—at Kew, "loves and admires the—King of Hanover!"

IMPORTANT.—We are authorised to state that the "*Angel of the Attic*," (now performing at the Princess's Theatre), is not a chapter from the Autobiography of Jenkins.

LONDON AND THE LONDONERS.

BY JACOB DRYADUST.

THE Post Office London Directory is amply sufficient to furnish a rustic with materials for thought and conversation during the remainder of his existence. With deep astonishment he gains some idea of the Heart of the World, whence issue in a thousand streams the materials for civilisation, prosperity, and comfort, through the whole Social System; to be returned again in an altered form, and replaced by a fresh supply. He is amazed on discovering that the metropolitan breed of Smiths alone outnumber the population of his native town; that the Browns and Greens will, of themselves, constitute a respectable army; and the Robinsons be sufficient to people a newly-found land. His experience will not enable him to divine the probable kind of business which some men, according to that Directory, carry on: such as Average Staters and Adjusters, Fid Manufacturers, Blackwell Hall Factors, Glaire Merchants, Chemical Stopperers, Hame Manufacturers, Heel Ball 'Makers, Meters, Compounders, and Orchil and Cudbear Makers. He finds there are upwards of eighty different kinds of agents, twenty-two separate trades connected with the making of coaches, and twenty-nine with that of watches. Some people are therein described as *Racket Makers, Ront Furnishers, Secret Springers, Invisible Peruke Makers, and Vegetable Ornament Cutters*; whilst the energies of some great minds are devoted to the sole and exclusive purpose of manufacturing Dolls, Smelling-bottle Caps, Tea-pot Handles, and Ear-ring Joints.

A little further on he comes to the societies; the purposes of which, as indicated by their names, very much puzzle him. The London Itinerant Society he imagines to be a peripatetic band; and the Fire Protection Society, intended to resist any revival of the Curfew. The Children's Friend Society to be composed of persons fond of introducing those animated plagues with the dessert, and the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society of those attached to superannuated beggars. In addition to which there are the Animals' Friend Society, and the Labourer's Friend Society, the Provisional Protection Society, and the Aborigines Protection Society; all very incomprehensible to his unsophisticated mind: and last, though not least, the Marylebone Central Association for the redress of grievances and promotion of the breed of pigs.

When he arrives at a list of the parishes, he is again amazed by the odd appellations of the saints who anciently presided over London: St. Andrew Hubbard, St. Benedict Fink, St. Margaret Pattens, and St. Christopher le Stock, cannot boast of very mellifluous surnames. St. Nicholas Sherehog must have originated the proverb about "much cry and little wool," and St. Margaret Moses, St. Peter le Poor, and St. Michael le Querne, appear to be of questionable respectability.

And not only is London extraordinary to the uncivilised rustic, but it presents much to cause daily astonishment and reflection in its own denizens also. Its shops are magazines of curiosities, its shopkeepers men of genius and learning; the names they invent for their wares inspire me with a never-ending sensation of respect and awe. One trader in Regent Street solicits my patronage for the Acceleropædo, or shoe which gives celerity to walking; another produces the Pannuscorium to ease my corns, and the Impilia to give elasticity to my instep. An enterprising gentleman in the Strand, who sells a



cheap Pommade, insinuates that the vigour of Shakspeare's genius was much increased by his having rubbed a preparation of the same

kind into his head; whilst a splendid painting of the Stratford Jubilee draws attention to that fact. An establishment in Fetter Lane displays a choice assortment of "Fluids indispensable for those who desire a fine growth of Hair," viz. "The Oleaginous;" "The Pathognomonic;" "The Detersive;" "The Palpebraceous;" and "The Arabian;" and a man in Holborn asserts that it is impossible to enjoy a merry Christmas without first laying in a dozen of his Ginger wine.

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

CHAPTER IV.—LABOUR FOURTH.—HOW HERCULES DESTROYED A GREAT BOAR.

HERCULES, in putting down war, so far put down murder. But murder is multiform. Not to talk of murdering Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth, or murdering characters in another sense of the term, which, being metaphorical murders, break no bones; there are, or rather there were, anteriorly to this happy era, several varieties of downright, literal, deadly murder. Men, women, and children, were worked to death in mines and factories. Wretches were starved in prisons. And the public was poisoned, as will presently be shown, by the wholesale.

The old world was infested with certain evils called diseases. We know, though of course, no one ever thinks of trying the experiment, what would happen to one of us who should think proper to put his hand in the fire. For we read, in a certain book intended for the instruction of children, that "*ignis*," fire, "*urit*," burns. But, fortunately, we are also further aware that some things are good to eat and others not, and of those which are good, that it is right to take only a limited quantity, otherwise that certain consequences, not essentially in any way differing from the burning of one's fingers, must, of necessity, ensue. So that no individual now dreams of eating turtle, venison, beef, mutton, and vegetables for six; or drinking champagne, port, sherry, or brandy-and-water for ten, as, sooth to say, was commonly done in times of yore. Nor does anybody otherwise break the laws of health; consequently nobody is ill. Diseases were susceptible of relief, and those whose business it was to afford it were called physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries. The ruins of the Hall of the latter, and of the Colleges of the two former, were still standing within the memory of man.

The practice of these men consisted, that is to say, it ought to have consisted, in directing their patients what to eat and drink, and how to live; and withal in giving and applying to them peculiar substances called medicines and remedies. This latter part of their business was the least and most insignificant portion of it: but our ancestors, with all respect to their memory, were such boobies as to suppose it the principal. They fancied that every disease had an appropriate cure in the shape of some drug or other, which when they became ill, they had nothing to do but to drink, swallow, or use. This mistake of theirs gave origin to another class of practitioners.

The physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries lived by the exercise of their calling, that is to say, they were paid (sometimes) by the persons whom they attended. They were obliged to be at much expense and trouble in educating and qualifying themselves for their duties; whereas the other class was under no obligation of the sort. Its members had only to invent some substance or compound, and to pay a certain sum which secured the monopoly of it to themselves, in order to go and sell it wherever, and to what amount they pleased. These persons were denominated QUACKS.

Our revered ancestors were distinguished by a remarkable faculty, —a singular width of swallow. This will perhaps have been inferred from what has been said above of their voracity; but the swallow here intended was a mental or moral swallow, a capacity of gulping assertions. Of this, the Quacks took great advantage. A lie is now a moral monster, a thing we never hear of: we only know what it is from History. In the days however, whereof we write, lies were "as plenty as blackberries;" or rather, to use what in this delightful age is an apter simile, as abundant as pineapples. Well; these Quacks did lie enormously. You could not take up a newspaper or magazine that was not crammed with their falsehoods. Hardly could you pass a wall which did not display them; hardly run your nose against a post without their offending it. They stared you brazenly in the face in the broad ways, they sneaked into your notice in every corner. One Quack professed by his infallible specific to cure all diseases; another modestly restricted its efficacy, which however, he vowed was unerring, to one. Each pressed Styleses and Nokeses, in

attestation of his therapeutic miracles, into his service by scores : and at last it became a well-known fact that whoever could afford to pay sufficiently for the effectual dissemination of his lies, was sure to be repaid for his outlay by the realisation of a fortune. For our good progenitors gorged these bounces with avidity, to the infinite detriment and dissatisfaction of the regular professors of physic ; and moreover, to the slaughter of whole multitudes, which constituted the species of murder above adverted to.

Accordingly, the medical men went to Hercules, to complain to him of the ravages of quackery, which they represented as a terrible bore.

Hercules, recollecting his former adventure with the Erymanthian boar, was inquiring about the length of the monster's tusks, when they undeceived him by informing him that they meant a grievance.

Whereupon, the hero read them a short but interesting lecture, which he recommended their head man to retail at the next conversazione at the College of Physicians. He expounded unto them the real nature of disease, with the proper principles of treating it, which they pretending that they knew already, the hero asked them why, (and he blistered to them !) they had kept the people in ignorance. They had allowed the public to remain fools, and how could they complain if it became the prey of knavery ! Until they purged their own body of

quackery, he would see himself at Erebus before he would stir his stumps, or his club either, to afford them the slightest assistance. With this, he frowned, and shook his said club at them in so threatening and awful a manner that they all went down upon their knees and humbly promised to mind what he had told them ; after which, they slunk out of his presence much sadder and wiser men than they were when they came into it.

In due time, Hercules set to work to extirpate the evil. His first proceeding was to belabour soundly with his club the unprincipled Legislature of the country, which for a consideration protected the Quack in the monopoly of his poisonous rubbish. He also distributed an adequate amount of drubbing among the public generally, insomuch, that in spite of the density of their skulls he quickly caused the light of reason to dance before their eyes, even as, when a heavy singlestick alighteth on the crown of a rustic, sparks and balls as of fire do glimmer and flash athwart his retina. And herein he was no respecter of persons, but did as vigorously and unsparingly assault divers Lords spiritual and temporal, county members of Parliament, worshipful aldermen, and respectable burgesses, as the most humble workmen and mechanics. Nay, as the latter, many of them, had been better taught at their various institutes than to put faith in Quacks, he found even more thumping required at his hands among what were

then called the superior classes of society. Indeed, some of those who wanted the hardest hitting, were certain ladies of quality, including a large proportion of superannuated Countesses, who had been stupid enough to allow their names to be appended to certificates recommendatory of the ear-trumpet of this Quack, the spectacles of that, and the eye-snuff or stomach-pills of the other.

Nor did Hercules forget the proprietors of various noted journals, who let out the columns of their papers for Quacks to publish their lies in them,—but in truth, he dressed and curried them soundly, till they ceased to be the abettors of homicidal humbug.

The specific of the Quack now rapidly became a drug in the market. Whole warehouses were filled with elixirs, carminatives, electuaries, balsams, and real blessings to mothers, large quantities of which were shot on waste lands as rubbish while some were converted to agricultural purposes. It was found, however, that the vegetable pills and syrups which, it had been hoped, would form useful manure, proved, in consequence of not being vegetable matter at all, extremely detrimental to the soil. However, certain tons of powders, which were principally composed of bone-dust, were used with great benefit in some districts.



In fine, the occupation of the Quack, thanks to the club of Hercules, was very soon gone ; and the only inconvenience which resulted was a certain increase of population. It was remedied by emigration to Australia.

As Hercules, when he went to destroy the Erymanthian boar, destroyed likewise the Centaurs, so, in putting down the bore of quackery, he overthrew a sect or gang of persons of whom the said Centaurs were in some measure typical. For we are informed that the Centaurs were a species of monsters, half-man and half-horse. Now the persons alluded to were a sort of Quacks, half-rational creature and half-jackass, of whom some were termed Homoeopaths, others Hydropaths, while there likewise belonged unto them several of the Mesmerists and Phrenologists. All were comprehensible under the generic term pseudosopher.

One remarkable circumstance attendant on the destruction of quackery, was an extreme attenuation of the Faculty, which included within itself a very large number of virtual Quacks. But, however, as a great and corresponding decline had taken place in the sum of diseases, there remained quite as many medical practitioners as were wanted, until mankind gradually arrived at their present state of enlightenment with respect to physiology ; and at length diseases and doctors became extinct together.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING BANQUET

THE collation given at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the recent royal christening, was on a splendid scale. The King of Hanover had been expected, and the morning looked rather gloomy, but his Majesty and *suite* did not come,



ONE OF THE "SWEET,"

and the afternoon brightened up amazingly. Among the delicacies prepared for him, was ice; and it was thought that, had he arrived in time, he would have made a present to the Queen of a wet blanket, to be wrapp'd round the royal infant. At two o'clock the company entered the gallery for the collation.

The Earl of Liverpool gave, as the first toast, "Her Royal Highness the Princess Alice Maud Mary."

Song.—"My bonny wee thing."

The next toast was "Queen Adelaide."

Song.—"I give thee all," &c.

The third toast was "The Queen."

Air.—"The Rose-tree in full bearing."

The company then drank "Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales."

Song.—"The lads of the village."

After the Queen and party had retired, the following toasts and sentiments were given by the domestics, who rushed into the gallery to finish the eatables and drinkables:—

"May the annual edited by the Queen and Prince Albert be a Keepsake for the country, and a Book of Beauty for the Royal Family."

"Long life to the heir-apparent, and may the talked-of disorders in Wales never trouble the Prince of ditto."

"Sir Robert Peel and the rest of the Ministers, and may their rest be the consequence of an early retirement."

Parliamentary Inquiries.

MR. HUME had observed that several bills stood for reading on certain days, six months from certain other days. He (Mr. H.) wished to know whether any arrangements had been made for securing a person to be in attendance to read the bills alluded to? and whether any particular hour had been fixed for the interesting process?

Theatrical Intelligence.

EVERYBODY is asking what is to become of Covent Garden Theatre; but nobody thinks of asking what is to become of the proprietors. It is said that the market is to be enlarged by throwing the theatre into it; but, as the theatre has been in the market for some time, we don't see what more can be effected. Snobbins, the eleventh priest in "Norma," has, it is said, made an offer of some kind to somebody; but, as nobody knows anything about it, there is every probability of its coming to nothing, which is the exact amount of the rent which he would be enabled to find security for.

EXTRAORDINARY NOVELTY.—There has been no revolution at Paris this year.

Ascot Races.

HAVING proved by our prediction of the winner of the Derby that we really know no more of the matter than Messrs. Vates, Judex, Craven, and the other prophets of the turf, who pretend to be



JUDGES OF HORSE FLESH,

we intend to say nothing about the probable winner of the Ascot cup. We make this avowal as some of our subscribers may be looking anxiously forward to our announcement of the winning horse, in order that they may make sure of their money by betting against it.

A Cool Reception.

HIS Majesty the King of Hanover arrived at the Dover Custom-house on Friday afternoon. He is attended by General Hat-off. We are authorised to state that the General was the only Hat-off when his Majesty came on shore.

Private and Confidential.

COLONEL SIBTHORP presents his compliments to *Punch*, and having perceived that, at the recent christening of the infant Princess, the King of Hanover was represented by Proxy, he (Colonel Sibthorp) will be glad to know who Proxy is? and whether the individual bearing that name was authorised by the King of Hanover to represent his Majesty on the occasion alluded to?

Foreign Intelligence.

OUR latest letters from Hampstead are wholly illegible, from the excited state of our correspondent, who dates from the Heath, and whose feelings on the subject of the threatened enclosure must be conceived, for he has altogether failed in describing them.

Our letters from Kentish-town are in their usual tone of gloom. The Assembly Rooms continue closed; and, though a family has taken a furnished house for the season, all the provisions are from town, so that the local commerce has received no impetus. A neighbouring butcher was seen in consultation with his boy; they were sharpening their knives on their steels—but we have no dates later than this alarming incident.

There is still a great deal of excitement on the question of repealing the union between Brompton and Kensington. The Brompton beadle is said to have been wavering, but the Kensington turncock is firm. The former met the other half-way, but nothing passed—except a coal waggon.

Literary Intelligence.



BOUND IN CLOTH.

IN consequence of the success of the new work called the *Environs of Reading*, it is intended to bring out a book called the *Suburbs of Spelling*, which will be followed in rapid succession by the *Precincts of Prosody* and the *Outskirts of Orthography*.

Scientific Intelligence.

THE Statistical Society have offered a prize medal for the most accurate report of the number of persons in France who have NOT got the cross of the Legion of Honour. The result of this laborious inquiry is looked forward to with great curiosity.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXII.—AN INTRUDER.—A STOLEN WATCH.—PATTY IN NEW AFFLICTION.

"If it doesn't delight my heart to see you cry," said Mrs. Crumpet; "it will do you good, my lamb—it always did me good when I was young. Ha! they don't make the bottles as they used to do!" she added, perceiving that all the wine was gone—a discovery which the wine she had already drunk scarcely enabled her to compass. "That's Mr. Abram," she cried, as a loud knock at the street-door rang through the house. "He's always in such a hurry! Good-night, my darling—go to sleep and dream yourself a lady." Saying this, the landlady managed to pick her steps from the room, in her vinous forgetfulness leaving me behind.

Heavily the hours passed! Poor Patty! I heard her lips move—heard her turn restlessly in bed—moan and sigh, as though her little heart was vainly struggling with its sorrow. "It will soon be over"—I then heard her murmur in a sweet, resigned voice—"very soon;" and then she slept.

How I wished myself in the hand of some good fairy! Some beneficent sprite, piteous of human wrong and human suffering! Then, I thought, should this dark, dim garret pass away! Then should rise a small, quiet nook of a place, nestled among trees, and carpeted with green around. And there a brook should murmur with a voice of out-door happiness—and a little garden brimming over with flowers, should mark the days, and weeks, and months with bud and blossom; and the worst injuries of time be fallen leaves! And there health in balm should come about her path, and her mind be as a part of every fragrant thing that shone and grew around her. And thus,—poor, wearied creature!—she should draw her daily, gentle breath, till ripe for heaven.

I had fallen into a delicious lull with these thoughts, when I was startled by a sudden uproar, proceeding from the lower part of the house. There were loud, blaspheming voices—the shrill cries of a woman,—and in the following instant, the garret door was burst open, and a man rushed in. As he did so, his head struck against the low roof, and he fell with a heavy weight upon the rotten floor, swearing and cursing with half-smothered passion, which it cost him a hard effort to control. "What's that? who's there?" exclaimed the terrified Patty.

"Nobody—silence—where's the window?" replied a voice, gaspingly. The window was in a second opened, and the intruder, I could perceive, endeavoured to escape by it. The aperture was too small for his big, burly anatomy, and there for a brief space he remained with his shoulders wedged in the narrow space, swearing and groaning—and then, on the sudden he was silent, and again and again I heard his hard breathing, and felt the garret shake as he strove to effect his purpose. The noise increased below, and coming steps and voices convinced me that the fellow was closely pressed. For a moment he paused, as to collect and intensify his energies for one last dreadful effort—for one gigantic struggle; another instant, and he had cleared the window. As he did so, I thought I heard a heavy substance fall upon the floor.

Almost immediately upon the escape of the intruder, the garret was filled with watchmen and others, carrying lanterns; Mrs. Crumpet, upon whom sleep and surprise had induced a beneficial sobriety, now bustling through them, with a loud voice, declaratory of the wondrous honesty of her habitation, and of all the lodgers therein dwelling. Everybody paused at the window. "Abram's gone—the bird's flown," said a man, who, I imagined, was in higher authority than his followers.

"'Tis impossible, Mister Hardmouth," said a watchman; "a moral impossible, out of this winder. Why, it is n't no bigger than a rat-hole."

"Ha, Snigs, don't you yet know what a man will do with Jack Ketch at his heels?" answered Mr. Hardmouth. "Well, better luck next time," said the philosophic functionary. "But I tell you what, Mrs. Crumpet, the parish of Bloomsbury will give you a taste of Bridewell, if you don't keep decanter people about you."

"I! Mr. Hardmouth! I'm a peaceable woman, and never troubles my head with my neighbours. I'm a woman as pays my church-rates, and can look the queen herself in her face! My husband could have bought and sold you all,—every jack of you—but he's in heaven." And Mrs. Crumpet continued to spin off this old, homespun sort of yarn with practical volubility; at the same time, as I observed, that she carefully covered a watch which had fallen from Mr. Abram in the hurry of his departure, and which lay beneath

the window. This operation she very adroitly effected; and then continued her self-assertion of punctilious honesty, the while with her foot she pushed and slid the watch close to Patty's bed.

"And who's here?" cried Hardmouth, taking a lantern from a watchman, and holding it towards Patty, who cowered and trembled, with blushes in her face that seemed to scorch her. For the first time, I saw within her eyes a look of scorn, of passion. Her hands shook together, as she appealed to the landlady, "Will not these men go?"

"To be sure, they will—never fear 'em, my love," cried Mrs. Crumpet, seating herself upon the edge of the bed. "And if they won't, I'll never leave you; never, my darling."

"And so this is Mrs. Abram, is it?" asked Hardmouth. "Poor thing! Well, with all her husband's luck upon the road, he might house her better."

"She is no Missus Abram; nor nothing of the sort. Don't cry, child, they're brutes; a waking honest people in their beds. I should like to know when you're going," asked Mrs. Crumpet of her intruders.

"When we've done a little more business. Off o'that, mother Crumpet; you and I are old friends, and ceremony's lost atween us." Saying this, Mr. Hardmouth—if justice be a woman, she ought specially to protect her sex—seized Mrs. Crumpet by the arm, and swung her from her seat on the bed. "Now, my dear, where's the traps?" asked the officer with most familiar insolence.

"I know not what you mean—not a word; but leave me—only a few minutes, whilst I rise and dress." Thus spoke Patty; and for a time she seemed to vanquish sickness by the strong sense of her offended modesty. There was a look of command in her face—a look in which were lost the care and feebleness of an hour since. "I beg—I desire that you leave me."

"To be sure—leave us," exclaimed Mrs. Crumpet in treble notes, and imitating, though with shrewish awkwardness, the imperative manner of Patty. "How can we dress with men in the room? Are you lost to natur, you brutes?" cried the landlady.

"Mrs. Abram can dress alone," said Hardmouth; and so saying, he twirled Mrs. Crumpet from the attic, that lady loudly denouncing the brutality of all men. Nor was she content with this; for as she stood outside the door, she called loudly to Patty, telling her to show her spirit, and conjuring her upon her true womanhood, not to rise for the best man as ever walked upon shoe-leather.

Patty, however, regardless of such conjuration, dressed herself with her best speed; nor did the multiplicity or cumbrousness of her garments very much retard the operation. Her offended feelings of maidenly shame gave her strength and energy of purpose. Sickness seemed banished from her cheek; and in its place there was a look of sorrowful dignity—a mingling of grief and elevated patience.

"Come, Missus Abram, you're not dressing for the Lord Mayor's show," called out Hardmouth.

"You may come in," said Patty, and she sank upon the one chair.

The officers and watchmen again entered the garret, and again with quickened looks did Mrs. Crumpet press forward amongst them, watching with feline eagerness the motions of Hardmouth. "I thought as much," cried that wary servant of police, as he kicked aside the bedding, and discovered a watch. Mrs. Crumpet, in the vigour and confusion of her wrath, nearly bit through her thumb for her thumb-nail; the watchman laughed and chuckled knowingly; whilst for Patty, she sat unmoved, and seemingly careless of all that passed around her.

"The very watch as we had information of," said Hardmouth. "I can swear to the marks. But this can't be the only egg in the nest;" and with this wise saw, Hardmouth turned over and over the bed, Mrs. Crumpet all the while abusing him, and asking him if he knew where he would go to! She then nodded to Patty, and whispered, "Never mind, my darling, for this little mishap—your friend will see you righted."

"What friend?" inquired Patty, almost unconscious of the words. "What friend? Why, you hav'n't forgot the wine and the guinea I told you of?" These words brought to the mind of Patty the kind, benevolent Lintley. The recollection was again too much for her. She looked about her—at the faces hurrying around her, and smitten by the remembrance of her past sufferings—by her belief in future misery—she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

"It's a bad job, Missus Abrams," said Hardmouth; "but if people were only to think of being found out afore they begun, why we might turn Newgate into another playhouse, and turnkeys might go a begging. Come," he added, "you must go along with us for this."

Patty, aghast with terror—worn with sickness—looked silently in

the man's face. She tried to answer him, but the words choked her.

"What do you mean?" cried Mrs. Crumpet, in a screech, and suddenly trembling all over.

"Mean! Why, my meaning is plain as Tyburn. This watch is stolen, and that girl—Mrs. Abram, if she is Mrs. Abram, and if she isn't, why she ought to be—why she knows all about it."

"I know nothing—nothing," said Patty, with a voice lessened to whispering, by terror.

"If you don't, man and wife is one flesh all the world over; and as it was your husband's bed"—

"I have no husband," screamed the girl.

"Well, that's your business, I can't help that," said Hardmouth.

"No one—no one—I am alone in this cruel, cruel world—alone, with none but God to help me!"

Here Patty was again convulsed in tears; whilst Mrs. Crumpet, infected by the sorrow, continued to weep, and cry, "If I had only known it had come to this!"

Statesmen of Little Parts.

THAT Her Majesty does not mistake the capacity of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to act the parts of statesmen is obvious, from the use she put them to on Friday last, when she sent them to their respective houses with a communication on the subject of a pension for the Princess Augusta. However unequal they may be to sustain the principal characters in the political drama, they are thoroughly competent to the "delivery of messages."

PUNCH'S PRIZE COMEDY.



MR. WEBSTER having offered five hundred pounds for a comedy, *Punch*, of course, intends to compete, and in saying this he announces his intention to pocket 500*l.* with contingent advantages. The following is the Comedy which *Punch* purposes sending in. It is called

THE SCHOOL FOR SENTIMENT;

Or, the Tar! the Tear!! and the Tilbury!!!

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE—A Room.

Enter TOM.

So my young master's going to sea. Well, if he can see anything in the sea I can't. Oh, here he comes.

Enter HERBERT.

Tom. So you actually go, sir?

Herbert. Yes, Tom! Go I must; for the man who, when his country requires his arm, refuses to give his heart, is a poltroon, Tom—a poltroon.

Tom. Aye, sir; but you have given your heart elsewhere. Miss Emily, sir.

Herbert. Ah! Tom—that name has touched a thousand chords in my bosom—don't mention Emily, unless you wish to unman me, Tom!—(He weeps.)

Tom. Nay, sir—I never meant this.



Enter the Coxswain.

Coxswain dances a naval hornpipe, while TOM and HERBERT talk aside.



Herbert. Well, Coxswain, is the ship ready? Have you reefed your best bower?

Coxswain hitches up his trousers, and bows.

Herbert. Then, hurra for Old England! Tom. Hurra! [Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE—A splendid Drawing-room.

Enter EMILY with a telescope.

Emily. Ha, what is splendour! Nothing! My heart tells me so; and the heart of woman, like the loadstone, never deceives.

Enter Servant, who announces LORD TINDER, and Exit.

Emily. Ah! let me give one look towards the ship that contains my own Herbert. Alas! no longer mine, but his country's.—(Looks through telescope.)

Enter LORD TINDER.

Lord T. Ah, Miss Emily—surveying the beauties of nature. Happy, happy telescope!—would I were that telescope.

Emily. You are a telescope my Lord, for I see through you.

Lord T. Ha, ha! Very good. You are severe Miss Emily.

Emily. My Lord, do not insult me. Though I am the humble daughter of a merchant, let me tell you, my Lord, that England owes everything to her commerce; and there is no higher eulogy can be pronounced on man than to say he is a British Trader.

Lord T. But, Miss Emily—

Emily. Nay, my Lord—hear me out. Your wealth I despise; your rank I might respect, but your advances I loathe, and your pretensions I reject with all a woman's scorn, and more than a woman's firmness.

[Exit EMILY.]

Lord T. Well, I'm sure, a pretty business this, truly. 'Pon honour! [Exit.]



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE—The Cabin of a Ship.

Enter HERBERT and the ADMIRAL.

Admiral. True, very true, young man. Shiver my old timbers—but it's very true.

Herbert. Well then, Sir, may I still cherish the hope of your daughter Emily's hand?

Admiral. Cherish the fiddlestick. Splice my old figure-head, if I ever heard the like. What! on the eve of an action, when every breeze that blows abaft the binnacle is like the voice of a little cherub that sits up aloft urging us to put forth all our force for Britannia?

Herbert. Sir, I feel as you do; but you are not in love.

Admiral. Love! ods tarpaulins, rope-ladders, mastheads, mainsails, and marling-spikes! what does the fellow mean?—(taking his hand.)

Well, well, boy. Let's get the enemy fairly put under hatches, and then we'll talk about it.

Herbert. Thanks, sir—a thousand thanks.

Admiral. Come, come, don't stand palavering here. To the deck, to the deck—for the man who, while the British Lion is roaring out for assistance, would stand thinking about himself, is unworthy of the name of a British seaman. [Exeunt arm-in-arm.]



ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE—A Street in London.

Enter LORD TINDER and SCAMP.

Lord T. Well, Scamp, is everything ready?

Scamp. It is, my Lord.

Lord T. And the tilbury in which I am to carry off the girl?

Scamp. It is, my Lord.

Lord T. You are a precious scoundrel, Scamp.

Scamp. I am, my Lord. [Exit SCAMP.]

Lord T. Now then for my plot. It is an awkward business, and I feel I am acting a part unworthy of the high character of a British nobleman.

Enter HERBERT.

Herbert (starting). You here—my Lord?

Lord T. Yes, 'tis I. 'Pon honour!

Herbert. My Lord, I cannot see the honour of persecuting an amiable girl, or trifling with the young affections of a virtuous female.

Lord T. But, Sir—this language to me—a Peer of the realm. Por honour!



Herbert. Nay, my Lord, though you were ten thousand Peers I would assert the dignity of British manhood; and with the last gasp of my breath contend for the honour and safeguard of lovely innocence. We shall meet again, my Lord. Till then, farewell; and remember, my Lord, that the purity of the female heart is brighter than any gem that the proudest noble wears in his glittering but hollow coronet. [Exit.]

Lord T. Severe! 'Pon honour! Perhaps after all the fellow is right. Well, well, he shall see that the fickleness of the butterfly need not be accompanied with the sting of the wasp or the venom of the adder; and he shall find that generosity, like a thing mislaid, is often found where we least expected to discover it. [Exit.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE—A Ball-room.

Gusts dancing. Servants handing round refreshments. EMILY at the window looking earnestly through a telescope.

Emily (coming forward). How these odious sounds of gaiety afflict my heart. What is wealth?—a bauble, that we have to-day, and find flown to-morrow.—(Cheering is heard without.)—Those sounds—what can it mean? It cannot—yes it may—no—no—it would be too much—too much happiness.—(Sinks on a sofa. The guests resume the dance.)

Enter the ADMIRAL and HERBERT.

Admiral. Blister my old figure-head, but this a good idea of Emily, to receive her old sea-horse of a father with a ball.

Herbert (seeing Emily). Why, what is that? Ha! it is—it is her sylph-like form; but see—the gushing blood has left her cheeks—her hand is cold, her lips are motionless—She is—dead—(seizing the Admiral) Unhappy old man—you—have murdered your child.

Admiral. I know I have! Why did I refuse my consent to your marriage until after our return from sea? Why did I? Oh, why did I?

Herbert. Ah! old man! Why did you?

Enter LORD TINDER.

Herbert. My lord, this intrusion is indecent. Behold your work! (points to Emily, who suddenly recovers. Herbert rushes into her arms; both scream with joy. The Admiral begins to dance, and sings snatches of an old naval song.)

Lord T. Well, I'm at sea. 'Pon honour! I came to relinquish my claims to Miss Emily's hand.

Herbert. Did you, my Lord? Then take mine; and the Peer need never be ashamed to grasp in friendship the hand of the honest seaman.

Admiral. Hullo there. Not so fast. Haul in your yard-arms a little bit. Am I not to be consulted?

Emily (chucking him under the chin). Nay, papa, you know you're such a kind—good—amiable—handsome—

Admiral. Whew! (kissing her). Oh, you little baggage. (To Herbert) There, my boy! take her; but mind, only a hundred thousand down, and when Davy Jones invites your old father to his locker—(weeps).

Herbert. Nay, Sir, don't talk thus.

Emily (wiping her eyes). You make me sad.

Admiral. Well, well, child. Let's hope that all our friends around will forgive

THE TAR.

Emily. And sympathise with

THE TEAR.

Lord T. And say not a word about

THE TILBURY.



The characters form a group, and the Curtain falls.

Post Mortem Examination of a Pier.

THE remains of the much-lamented Pier of Greenwich have been subjected to a post mortem examination, the result of which has, we are sorry to say, been far from satisfactory. Mr. Cubitt, who had been called in when the unhappy Pier first evinced symptoms of sinking, was in attendance to superintend the inquiry. It appeared that there was a mucous matter formed on the outside of the Pier, and the whole frame was so shattered that it must have given way in less than a twelvemonth. The fluids had acted very powerfully, and there was a secretion of an old blacking bottle about the lower extremity; but this could not have had the effect of hastening dissolution. The epidermis or outer coat of paint was entirely eaten away, and several large bricks had settled in the side, but it did not appear that these bricks would have induced mortar-fication.

AN ACT

For the Abolition of Punishment by Tobacco-smoke, on board the River Steamers, and elsewhere.

Whereas



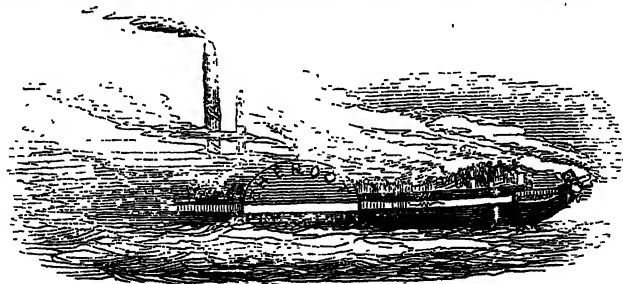
it having lately become the habit of hundreds of Your Majesty's subjects—authors, artisans, invalids, and other individuals requiring an occasional mouthful of fresh air—to traverse various portions of the River Thames between Blackwall and Chelsea, for the sake of enjoying the same at a comparatively small outlay, consistent with the means of the majority:

And whereas it also having become the habit of other individuals, presumed to be "Gents" of various degrees, to voyage also on these boats, and the instant they come on board to light a species of fire-work composed of dried cabbage leaves, and termed a cheroot, by the smoke of which the atmosphere is completely poisoned, and the authors, artisans, or invalids, as the case may be, put to extreme suffering:

May it therefore please Your Majesty, that it be enacted: And he it enacted, That henceforth each individual so offending against common politeness be immediately set down as a "snob on parole"—the word "snob" being the common for "Gent"; with the certainty that he belongs to a class of society, where such behaviour is considered (to clothe its vulgar idiom in a continental language, whereby its coarseness may be lessened) *tout à fait le fromage*: and the term "on parole" indicating at the same time that the aforesaid "party" is *hors de chez lui pour le jour*, being in reality a *sauteur du comptoir*.

And he it enacted, That a committee be appointed to purchase and buy up all the spare cabbage leaves from the public markets; and, having steeped them in an infusion of strong tobacco and saltpetre, to roll them up into Cheroots. And having so formed them, that these be presented abundantly to all scavengers, costermongers, cabmen, and the like orders, whereby the air-pollutors may see more clearly, that the practice is by no means fashionable or dashing, but on the contrary, remarkably low; and that there is nothing of the "swell" about it—"swell" being another word by which the smokers express any tawdry display of finery upon a "Gent," who considers himself a man-about-town, he not having any pretensions, in reality, beyond those of being a useful commercial assistant.

And he it further enacted, That all individuals insisting upon smoking be accommodated with a cheap common steam-boat, all to themselves, to be called *The Cheroot*, which shall ply up and down the Thames, with



strict orders to keep always on the leeward side of the river. And, moreover, to accommodate everybody, that the said steam-boat shall only run before the shop-shutters are taken down, and after they are put up again, Sundays excepted, on which day, being the great festival of smokers in the open air, it be permitted to run continuously. But at the same time, that smoking be allowed in other boats at all hours, provided the parties using tobacco do not dare to come out of the engine-room, but remain in company with the stokers, for whom they are fit society.

And he it further enacted, That the "snobs on parole" have sense enough to see the offensive nature of their proceedings, or the non-tobaccoists have energy enough to forbid altogether such filthy attempts at slang gentility, or that this number of *Punch* becomes generally circulated, in common with others, on board the river steam-boats; under which circumstances there will be no occasion for the Government to interfere.

WORTHY OF SIBTHORP.—It is announced that Mr. Willy takes his Benefit on Monday next. *Punch* wishes to be positive, and asks *will he?*

TRIUMPHAL RETURN OF THE KING OF HANOVER.

THE King of HANOVER is once more among us. After a painful absence of six years—intensely painful to all parties—the monarch returns to the country of his birth, a country to which he will leave his name, as WORDSWORTH says of WALLACE, “as a flower,” odorous and perennial. King ERNEST, however, like his ancient brother CAMBYSES, is of a modest and retiring mind—is one of those men who—

“Do good by stealth, and blush to find it eggs,”

and he therefore stole to St. James's to avoid that public demonstration of feeling, which he believed would from all sides be showered upon him. There are various reports as to the means by which the King of HANOVER arrived at the West-end. Some declare he took a cab—others stand to it, that he pulled himself in a Thames Wherry to Hungerford; others vow that he exchanged costume with a butcher at London Bridge. All these reports, however ingenious, want the salt of truth. *Punch* alone can reveal the triumphant mode in which King ERNEST reached the palace; he alone was in the secret, and has blabbed it—pictorially blabbed it—on the opposite page. Yes; King ERNEST arrived in a hogshcad, which the magic touch of *Punch's* club hath for the purpose vitrified; showing the world a King of HANOVER in glass, in the like way that specimens of king's evil and other physical deformities are shown at Surgeons' Hall. It is a remarkable fact, that so well was the secret

kept, not even the carriers of the precious burthen knew the priceless value of their load. They, foolish men, believed it to be fallow; yes, the fat of Russian oxen, and not the very marrow of all Continental kings. How his Majesty will return from St. James's to the place of embarkation is not yet known; nor do we believe that people care so much about the means as the date.

There is, however, one circumstance quite in harmony with the advent of the King of HANOVER to this country. He arrives here, it is said, to be present at the marriage of his niece, the Princess AUGUSTA, with a German prince, who is not only to take an English wife, but with her three thousand pounds per annum of English money; of money, coined from the sweat of starving thousands; money to gild the shabby Court of Mecklenburg with new splendour. Sir ROBERT PEEL has been, it is said, under a course of steel draughts, and other invigorating medicine, the better to fortify himself in his address to the Commons for the cash. SIR ROBERT, however, acutely alive to our fallen revenue, is still very nervous. It is reported that, on the evening when the demand upon the patience and the rags of JOHN BULL was made, the Prime Minister blushed “for that night only.”

Yes: the Princess AUGUSTA is to have 3,000*l.*, wherewith to buy her a husband. The country, in its present condition, too, is to lay out this money for a wedding-ring; and ROYAL ERNEST is to “give the bride away.” Is it not easy enough to give away the property of the poor—is not this the very kind of political pie which the King of HANOVER should have his finger in?

JENKINS ON COSTUMES—QUADRILLES—AND THE OPERA.

JENKINS, who writes as *Othello* loved, “not wisely,” but, as he himself assures us, “too well,” has again favoured us with two or three samples of his superfine diction—samples so exquisite that it

as he himself in his happiest moments would say, the other *rare acts* of the opera. JENKINS has of late written with no champagne in his ink; no, not even with ginger pop. No Quaker could behave more demurely to a chambermaid, than has JENKINS of late comport himself towards the English language. We therefore hail the recent break-out; though justice to JENKINS compels us to state that it is very far below JENKINS' pressure.

JENKINS, discoursing on the “Fashions of the Court and High Life,” says with a touching melancholy:—

“In the recent gloom, all preparations for toilettes have been neglected, and the anxiety to know what will be the ruling costume of the day is now at its full height.”

Everybody can bear witness to this fashionable neglect of dress in the intensity of mourning. Marchionesses wore sack-cloth, but then it was of the very finest texture; Countesses powdered their hair with ashes; but then they were ashes from the very best Wallsend:—

“Having a special access to certain high councils of fashion, we think our fair readers will thank us for a few words of intelligence and advice.”

Now, this is quite true. JENKINS has always been great with the dress-makers. By the way, his entry into toilette life was, we have generally understood, in a baby linen warehouse; his first attempt at composition was sticking “Welcome, little stranger” in minikin pins in satin cushions.

JENKINS—let the reader see *The Morning Post*—continues:

“The ball given for the benefit of the Royal Academy holds a distinguished place amongst the *fêtes* in prospect, and certain arbitrary mammas, and still more arbitrary ladies of fashion, are already busily occupied in selecting the costumes of their daughters, who would, we suspect, in most cases, far prefer choosing for themselves. It must be owned that they rarely fail in knowing what is most advantageous to their youthful charms. Why should they not be allowed this pleasure, being still aided by the experience of their mammas? These, however, using their sovereign power, allow them no voice in the matter, and occasionally choose what is positively disadvantageous, by selecting costumes not so much with regard to what is becoming as to what will obviate insidious comparisons of mere finery; and we have seen already one or two incongruous instances of this despotism, such as making a timid retiring blonde wear a Spanish costume, &c., &c.”

If the reader be not weeping at this, it is not in the power of onions to move him. Again, mark the wondrous knowledge JENKINS hath of the female heart! Women, especially young women, prefer “choosing for themselves;” they absolutely “know what is most advantageous to their youthful charms!” True, JENKINS, very true. Did not your first love, who jilted you for the butler, who now keeps the Shoulder-knot and Trencher, at Penzance—did not she teach you this profound verity? How often, furtively glancing, JENKINS, have you seen her twitch a curl from under her bonnet, as though Zephyrus self had blown it there? Go to, JENKINS! You know all the odd, winding ways of the female heart as well—aye, as well as all the ways of Seven Dials.



would be base ingratitude in *Punch* not to acknowledge them. And *Punch* does this the more readily, inasmuch as it is but too evident that poor JENKINS has, for some time past, been under a cloud. There has been a melancholy, a sombreness in his effusions, which would indicate the presence of some stern dictator—some prosaic writing-master, ready to rap JENKINS over the knuckles whenever he should coruscate about *le ballerine*—the *dilletanti*—the *virtuosi*, and,



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO LONDON OF THE KING OF HANOVER.

Hear JENKINS on the philosophy of quadrilles :—

"Care should be taken, in order to give the quadrilles their full effect, that there should exist no great disproportion between the statures of the performers; and it should also be decided, that if the ball be really a fancy ball, the costumes should be such as can be easily recognised. For example, in the quadrille intended to represent the twelve months of the year, *why should they be represented alone, by the flowers worn?* This would make a very slight distinction, and, besides, we have, alas! months in the year, when there are few, if any flowers even in our hot-houses."

We agree with JENKINS. Why should not every lady be honestly labelled from "January" to "December," carrying upon the head the months from *Punch's Almanack*, which *Punch* here solemnly promises to have printed on all variety of satins for the occasion.

We now return to JENKINS at the opera. Mark the consideration he has of—*himself* :—

"We consider ourselves, as journalists, in our reports bound above all things to reflect as exactly as possible the impressions of the public; however ephemeral they may be, they possess the deepest interest: for if we ascend from matters infinitely small, like those we treat of, to those works of intellect which are surpassingly great, we find that amongst historians those who produce the deepest impression are not such as reasoned at the distance of ages on long-past events—like a Niebuhr, a Hume, and a Gibbon—but those who reported with the sobered passions of the moment the events they themselves beheld, like a Xenophon, a Davilla, a Guicciardini, and a Clarendon, &c."

Hang it, JENKINS! this is too modest. What! You write with "the sobered passions of the moment," and are therefore like—but let us give the list of your similitudes. Here it is!

"Xenophon—Davilla—Guicciardini—Clarendon—JENKINS!"

"PROPERTY" AT THE POLICE.

THE especial court of Midas is an English police court. There, indeed, JUSTICE gives a lumping pennyworth for ready money. There, pulling aside her bandage, she smirks and smiles at the heavy purse, and does all sorts of pretty courtesies to the power of the pocket. She will turn away with nervous horror from rags—nay, show symptoms of the falling sickness at the leprosy of want—but, let her hear the money chink, and she will be as full of smiles as a Portsmouth Venus on a pay-day. Take the last instance of her wondrous affability.

The scene is Clerkenwell Police Office. Mr. Wontner, a solicitor, "drove up in a cab," and had a private talk with Mr. COMBE, the magistrate, respecting one *George Dawson Lowndes*, of noisome reputation, and late of Newgate. We take the report from *The Times* :—

"When Mr. Wontner had concluded his private conversation with the magistrate, his worship ordered Waddington, the gaoler, to take a cab directly and bring the prisoner, Lowndes, from Newgate. In the meantime, two persons of gentlemanly appearance presented themselves as the proposed bail.

"The usual course at this, as well (we believe) as at the other police courts, is publicly to question persons proposed as bail, regarding their names, residences, and qualifications.

"Mr. Wontner, however, in this instance handed in a written communication which we presume contained the requisite information, but as the substance was kept secret the names of the sureties did not transpire."

The creature *Lowndes* was speedily before the magistrate :—

"The form of placing the prisoner in the felon's dock was omitted. He stood beside the witness box. The securities having been entered into, Mr. George Dawson Lowndes was once more set at liberty, having been bound over to answer any charge which may be preferred against him at the ensuing sessions of the Old Bailey. The whole amount of recognizances for the above-mentioned three cases in which the prisoner is bound is 3000l."

The chances are just three thousand to one that *George Dawson Lowndes*, long before his name is called in the Old Bailey, will be airing himself in France, or more congenial Italy. The whole case, however, presents a fine moral lesson; for it shows the "rights of property" in a most radiant light. What respect is paid to wealth in the "private hearing!"—the omission of the "form" of the "prisoner" in the dock! And yet, with these moral atrocities—masked as justice—mumming every day at police courts, we are told that there is the same law for the poor and the rich. We denounce serfdom—we exclaim against the tyranny of the iron collar—but is there anything like the vassalage of the purse of our day—any thralldom like that made by gold?

THE CHINESE TREATY.

WE have been favoured with a view of the Chinese Treaty. Amongst other clauses we were gratified to find one that displayed the philanthropy of the two powers that are parties to it. We allude most particularly to the clause which prohibits the introduction into the Celestial Empire of Opium and the *Morning Post*.

ON DR. — That Lord Brougham has a new work in the press. We do not mind mentioning the title, as we are confident our readers would at once identify the work with his lordship, as soon as they learnt it to be a *Locke on Government*.

Critical Essay.

"Then Thaumast lifted up in the air his right hand, and put the thumb thereof to the grille of his nose, holding his four fingers straight out, and closed orderly in a parallel line with the point of his nose, shutting his left eye wholly."—"Ha!" cried Panurge.—RABELAIS.



THE DOUBLE SIGHTED HIGHLAND YOUTH.

ON NURSERY RHYMES.

"When the rain raineth, and the gose winketh,
Littell woteth the gosling, what the gose thinketh."—SKELTON.

AMONGST those too generally despised fragments of our vernacular anthology, Nursery Rhymes, there is to be found much of a mythical character, and, sometimes, even of apparently prophetic significance. In each is a leading idea dimly discernible, however encumbered and obscured by the mere nonsense with which the old mystics were wont to enclose their brightest gems of wisdom, to disguise the riches of their knowledge from all but the initiated. The following may be prophetic :—

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She went to the market to buy them some bread,
But when she came home she found them all dead.
She went up stairs to ring the bell,
She slipped her foot and down she fell."

Here is set forth that belief which the Mussulmans entertain, that as the Earth gets older, its sons and daughters gradually decrease in size; and that when the last days come mankind will be such figures, that their habitations will be none other than the shoes and slippers made in these present ages. This old woman, then, is one of the last of our race,—the death of her children a portion of the final dissolution of all things, and her own fall, doubtless causing death, before she could even ring the bells for the funeral obsequies of her children, shows the quick speeding of the destroyer and slayer.

The ballad of—

"Three children sliding on the ice
All on a summer's day," &c. &c.,

is evidently a prophecy of the lately invented patent ice. The rest of the poem may be considered as appended to give an air of nonsense and rigmorole to a prophecy, which, if put forth in naked majesty, would have drawn down sneers and revellings on the poet-seer.

"Hush-a bye, baby, Upon the tree top,
When the wind blows The cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks The cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, And cradle and all."

Here is the old Herbalists' idea of Sympathy put to rock the cradle; if found to act, a happy thing for the nurse; squalls without by their sympathy with squalls within, hushing them, without aid from vibratory foot! The cradle being made of small twigs is called the tree top, as it is nonsense to suppose the cradle would actually be on the top of a tree. Query—Whether this applies to American rocking chairs?

"There was an old woman went up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Where are you going up so high?
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by."

Aristophanes, in his comedy of "The Clouds," ridiculing Socrates and the Sophists, when Socrates is introduced suspended in a basket, Strepsiades asks him the same question asked of the old woman in the above verses—which we may, therefore, suppose an epigram from the Greek, calling Socrates an old woman. The "going up in a basket," at once pointing him out as the person signified, from the well-known scene in the play. Lunacy is also hinted at, and even 70 times worse! And in the old lady's avocation we see a quiz at the usefulness of the doings of the Sophists.

Our old friend Dryasdust, here querieth whether this epigrammatic connexion between sophism and lunar influences might not have originated

the idea of the man in the moon, banished thither for gathering sticks on a Sunday; Protagoras, one of the chief sophists, and the inventor of the porter's knot, having been originally a faggot-maker. The man in the moon, whoever he was, appears to make himself tolerably comfortable there, for we are told—



"The man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powdered beef, turnip, and carrot;
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Would fire the bush at his back;"—

the sticks being so very dry, from the absence of water in the moon, which may also be the reason why its inhabitant swills claret.

Now that we have taken the moon by the horns, we will quote another rhyme, seeming, by the junction of the term "spoon" with the context, to ridicule attempts at riding through the air, on brooms or otherwise.

"Old Mother Bunch, shall we visit the moon?
Come, mount on your broom, I'll stride on this spoon
Then hey to go! we shall be there soon."

Here again Dryasdust raiseth a question as to the mode in which the magic arrow which Apollo presented to the hyperborean Abrasis, and on which he could fly through the air wheresoever he pleased, has in process of time got converted into a broomstick. Abrasis is said to have made the circuit of the earth on this arrow, without food; and a journey to the moon on a broomstick is thought nothing of by those "to the manner used." This reminds us of aerial machines, and we venture to throw out a hint, gratis, for the benefit of all speculators in bubbles. Philosophers have asserted that, enclosing the atmosphere which surrounds this earth, is a spherical shell of water, the most lofty stratum of air being liquified by cold, and thus shutting up the world, as it were, in a great bubble. Now, could these aerial projectors fit paddle wheels to the tops of their machines, and rise up to this fluid, they might steam away on "the waters that are above the firmament," in the same manner that vessels now do on "the waters that are under the firmament."

To return to our Nursery Rhymes. The sheep lost by Little Bo Peep, from the particular mention of their tails, we should conjecture, were of that Arabian sort, which, says Herodotus, need a little cart at their heels to carry their tails. Aristotle, speaking of the Scythian sheep, says their



LAMB'S TALE (NOT FROM SHAKESPEARE).

tails were a cubit wide: and Lady Hester Stanhope, in one of her letters to General Oakes, in confirming the report that the Druses of Mount Lebanon eat raw meat, mentions that she purchased an immense sheep, whose tail weighed twelve pounds.

The well-known rhyme of the man of Sicily who scratched out both his eyes in a quickset hedge, and afterwards scratched them in again by some now unknown process, in another hedge, we believe to be a prophecy of an insurrection in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, where the law term "Alterigo" or other "I," is particularly used in the official style of the kingdom. The hedges are civil wars in which the king and his "other I" get scratched out and in again. An interval of darkness is indicated by the hedge which scratched in the eyes being a different one from that which scratched them out. Perhaps this prophecy referred to the insurrection of Masaniello, or to that of Monteforte in 1820.

In concluding, for the present, the subject of nursery rhymes, we will give Herrick's version of "Humpty Dumpty"—it is called

THE WALL-FLOWER.

List, sweet maids, this firstling was
Once, like you, a blooming lass;
Once she got upon a wall,
To go to him she loved withal;
But the silken twist untied,
So she fell; and bruised she died.
Love in pity of the dead,
And her loving lackless speed,
Turned her to this plant, we call
Now the Flower of the Wall.

Unfashionable Arrivals.

HER MAJESTY and suite, at the door of Drury Lane Theatre.
The boy Dick and a juvenile party at the *Punch* office. The juvenile party immediately set out on a metropolitan tour till dinner-time.

ROYAL PATRONAGE.

HER MAJESTY, with the very amiable intention of encouraging the drama, would have gone in state to Covent Garden if it had been in a state to receive her; but, while royalty hesitated in making up its mind to go, the concern has been unfortunately ruined. In the impossibility of getting the company together, Mr. Bunn, the late lessee, might, perhaps, have entertained her Majesty with a monopolylogue; and a sort of mechanical exhibition might have been got up with the ship in *The Tempest*, which is, we believe, at present a ship in distress, with a sheriff's officer on board, in anticipation of a sale at the first favourable opportunity. Some of the late crew, among whom were Messrs. Wigan and others, have been picked up on the Strand, while some are still hoisting signals of distress, and a few more fortunate are living on their private stock of provisions.

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

LABOUR V.—HOW HERCULES CLEANSED THE AUGEAN STABLES OF ENGLAND.



OXFORD Street has its "Pantheon;" Regent Street its "Circus;" and a club-house in Pall Mall is called the "Athenæum." In addition to these classicities of London, there were formerly THE AUGEAN STABLES.

The original Augean Stables were tenements appertaining to one Augeas, king of Elis, a country of Peloponnesus. They had been occupied for many years

by about three thousand head of live stock, consisting of goats and oxen, and during all that time had never once been cleaned out; so that, although externally they bore the appearance of stables, their interior arrangements were rather like those of a pig-sty, and one of a particularly bad style. Perhaps, how-

ever, as there were no pigs in them we had better say that they were a sort of ill-regulated cow-houses; but whether pig-sties, cow-houses, or stables, they were extremely insalubrious and unpleasant, and ought to have been indicted for a nuisance. Hercules, during his mortal career, performed the astonishing feat of cleansing and dulcifying these odoriferous outhouses in one day, which master-piece of scavengery he accomplished by the simple process of turning the course of the river Alpheus through them. Divested, by this means, of their delicate superfluities, they were fit, with a little clean straw, for the accommodation of a racing stud; though perhaps they would first have required a little rose-water.

The English Augean Stables, which were in existence so lately as the year 1843, were situated in various parts of London. Some were called Offices; others, Courts; but the principal were denominated Houses. These last stood on the Middlesex side of the Thames contiguous to Westminster Bridge. Their outside was really very like that of common stables; the reason of which, was, that they had been built up in a great hurry for temporary use,—the old buildings having been recently burnt down. What may seem singular, that accident had not in the slightest degree ameliorated the state of the interior from which they had derived their appellation. But the filth in them was moral filth, which is incombustible by material fire.

The whooping, shouting, yelling, hooting, groaning, and other uncouth and zoological noises which were occasionally made in these stables, might have induced the hearer, if out of sight of what was going on within, to suppose that they were really what they seemed to be,—at least, that they were mews, or pens, or menageries, where wild beasts and other animals were confined. Among these sounds there was a very common one which much resembled braying: nor when, upon being more distinctly listened to, it was found to be articulate, did the similitude disappear.

However, the occupants of these edifices were really human beings; though not a few, in the qualities of their intellect, partook strongly

of the asinine nature; and it was remarked in a celebrated newspaper of the day, that any allusion made to the thistle-munching quadruped of the long ears was certain to excite a sort of sympathetic cachinnation in the assembly held therein. Several, from their connexion with agriculture, and also from their tastes, habits, and ideas, might figuratively have been termed oxen; but the only bulls in the Augean Stables were Irish, or oral bulls, and these were tolerably numerous. Goats, there were none, unless the representative of a Welchman may be called a goat; but of monkeys and puppies of the biped class, particularly in that division of the stables which was entitled "The Upper House," there was a considerable number.

The tenants of the Augean Stables, did not live in them always; they only came there on certain evenings from about January or February until August. The purpose for which they met was that of law-making,—but they made many more speeches than laws. The object of their legislation was professedly the greatest possible happiness of the public at large, but it was really the greatest possible happiness of the individual legislators. When, in early times, they made laws with ropes about their necks, they enacted whatever pleased the tyrant for the time being—thus judiciously saving their own bacon: and latterly, when they began to be subject to "pressure from without," they consulted the public good just as far as they were obliged, and no further; allowing justice and benevolence to be squeezed out of them by instalments, to an amount exactly proportioned to that pressure.

They were divided into two principal classes, who differed theoretically about matters of government, but were cordially united on the principle of taking care of themselves. There was a third and small party whose aim was to promote the national welfare, but those who composed it were scouted.

It will now be seen that the legislation in the Augean Stables was very dirty work; and, the place not having been cleaned out since its foundation several centuries back, (though an abortive attempt with that view was made in 1830,) that the accumulation of filth there must have been prodigious. This chiefly consisted of foul and sordid Acts, which, therefore, instead of being wholesome and salutary, as such Acts ought to have been, were grievously the reverse, to the infinite scandal and offence of all rightly constituted noses.

The other places which were likewise denominated Augean Stables, were also in a very disgraceful state. The various Courts were defiled with injustice; and one in particular, yclept the Court of Chancery, was so overlaid with rascality that it was called in bitter irony the Court of Equity. Of the Offices, those termed Police Offices were full of partiality and oppression, and those which belonged to the Government, besides swarming with a sort of locusts, caterpillars, and other vermin, who preyed on the vitals of the country, were replete with fraud and humbug.

Such were the delightful dens, which Hercules, by way of parallel to his former achievement found it his vocation to clean out. Of course it will be supposed, that as of yore he turned the river Alpheus through the stables of his Majesty Augeas, so did he divert the Thames through those of the British Sovereign. It is not certain that he had not at first some idea of so doing, the principal stables being commodiously situated for this purpose, and the creatures within them as richly deserving a drenching as did the cattle and "creeping things" which did not go up into Noah's Ark. But there were two objections to this plan; first, that a great many of the said creatures were,—if there be any truth in a certain proverb—exempt from a watery death; and secondly, that to direct that stream through all the stables, some of which lay dispersedly, was physically impossible. But there was another stream which was capable of swamping them all, and he availed himself of it as we shall see.

This stream was the tide of Public Opinion. How to raise it, was the difficulty,—though it is easier to raise the water than to raise the wind. But heroes make no bones of difficulties, and break a great many in spite of them. And never more potent was enchanter's wand in arousing the strength of the billows, than the club of Hercules. Prospero's was a rattle to it. In faith he flourished it to some purpose; but first he therewith hoisted out of the sluggish and stagnant waters of the popular mind all those weeds of prejudice, ignorance, gullibility and selfishness, which had till then kept it a dull toad-pond. And when he had done this, it was a grand sight to see how, first swaying to and fro like an awakened ocean, it gradually rose and swelled, and heaved up its waves unto the sky. For he had stirred it up from the very bottom, whence burst and bubbled up fresh and pure springs innumerable; inasmuch, that it became a vast world of waters. And now Hercules smote it with his club, as

whilom Neptune, when he had a mind to brew up a storm, was wont to smite the main with his trident. Whereat, it roared and foamed terrifically, and broke with tremendous force against the black rocks of Interest, Bribery, and Corruption, which were set up to dam it out from the stables. The rocks shook and trembled to their foundations by reason of its violence, and from behind them arose shouts of rage, and unmeaning menaces, and imprecations, and cries of alarm, amid all which a noise as of many donkeys was distinctly audible. Bit by bit, large masses of rock crumbled and fell with an astonishing sound into the gulf beneath; wherefrom a voice of great triumph, as the voice of many thunders, ascended, rending the air. Nor did the flood, it being now pure, replace with muddy depositions the havoc which it continually made. At last, it having attained to its full height and power, and the rocks having been thoroughly sapped and undermined, Hercules, standing on the shore, did, with one end of his all-potent and magnetic club attract the huge body of waves unto himself, and then, presenting unto it the other, he repelled and dismissed it, full flow, with irresistible momentum against its barriers, which it burst, broke down, and bore away in its overwhelming tide,—and then, rushing with unchecked course through those sinks of stables, washed off at one sweep the accumulated abominations of ages. And so Hercules cleaned out the Augean Stables.



Parliamentary Report.

NOTICE OF MOTION.—MR. P. BORTHWICK, that he should move for a commission to inquire what were the duties performed by the "Scavenger's Daughter" in the Spanish Armoury at the Tower, and also a return of the expenses attending her maintenance.

COL. SMITHSON, wished to be informed whether the Aerial Steam Company intended to run their carriages on rails. (*Hear, hear*). The honourable member had a great aversion to railway travelling; should they not run on rails, he would support the bill. (*Hear, hear, and laughter.*)

MR. ROEBUCK replied that he did not, as yet, feel himself in a position to answer that question.

Punch's Friendly Union National Institution.

To give employment to industrious artisans by a distribution twice a year, viz., April 1st and October 29th, of furniture from Brokers' Alley, old clothes from Hemmings' Row, boots from Field Lane, and wooden legs from Chelsea Hospital; each article varying in value from nothing to one farthing.

The society requires no gift or donation for its support, as it is maintained solely by the difference between the value of the prizes and the amount of the subscription.

The prizes, besides being distributed by lot, consist entirely of unsaleable commodities, and thus all interference with the ordinary tradesman is prevented.

The committee desire the utmost publicity to be given to their affairs, and they earnestly wish that all persons who seek for information as to the management of the society—may get it.

The public are assured that the institution bears no similarity whatever to a lottery beyond the mere sale of tickets and drawing of prizes from a wheel. The society is established solely for purposes of charity, the managers having no interest whatever in it beyond what they can get.

Further particulars in a few days.

A DECIDED FIX.—It has been said that the Income-Tax ought to apply only to fixed property. If this principle were put in force, there would be a tax on Lord William Lennox's last novel, for his publisher declares there is no moving it.

Punch's Court Circular.



On Monday last her Majesty paid another visit to Drury Lane Theatre. The audience was by no means so numerous as on many other similar occasions; but when we reflect that her Majesty has been so frequent a visitor at the patent houses (all of which visits PUNCH has particularly chronicled) since her accession to the throne; when we recollect that she has dignified every new production, of any value, with her presence,—the relaxed curiosity of the public may in some measure be accounted for. Nevertheless, the house was extremely full, and the road from Buckingham Palace to Russell-street lined with her Majesty's affectionate subjects; all of whom seemed to be impressed with this, the

fiftieth demonstration of her Majesty's regard and interest towards the drama of her country. It was the glory of ELIZABETH to patronise a living Shakespeare: VICTORIA has made it her equal glory to foster the representatives of SHAKESPEARE'S muse; to show by a thousand acts worthy of a Queen, how sensibly she felt the moral majesty of the drama in its highest and purest development. It is this devoted, we may say affectionate, solicitude of her Majesty towards the literature and arts of her own country that has secured to her the blessings of the Muses of England. From the top jewel of her crown to the extreme point of her satin slipper, her Majesty is all English—and the English drama and English music her especial delights.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert visited the theatre in state. They arrived precisely at seven, when *God save the Queen* was sung, after which the comedy began. Her Majesty seemed to take an especial interest in the progress of the play, turning frequently to Prince Albert, as though to explain the "cunning of the scene," a task for which her Majesty's frequent theatrical visits and deep dramatic studies particularly fit her. On the conclusion of the comedy, her Majesty was graciously pleased to send for Mr. Macready, to whom she condescendingly expressed her high delight, at the same time presenting him with a very splendid diamond ring, in token of her admiration of his acting, and of the spirit and high classical taste of his management.

We are not yet permitted to enter into details; but we can assure our readers that it is the express wish of the Queen that Mr. Macready should continue the management of the Theatre. Further particulars (perhaps) in our next.

Punch's Provincial Intelligence.

Brighton.

A PERFECTLY NOVEL ARTICLE FOR THE TOILETTE.

MR. TRUEFIT, Artist in Hair to his late Majesty, George the Fourth, has brought to perfection his NEWLY-INVENTED PATENT WHISKER-SEED, which has been extensively patronised by the Officers of the Hussars and Lancers, and the Military in general.

The process of using Truefit's NEW PATENT WHISKER-SEED is extremely simple: the cheeks having been prepared with a fragrant unguent mixed with common pitch, the seeds are dibbled in, with great precision, a hair's breadth from each other. In about a week, they take root, and if properly attended to, they will then begin to shoot; precaution must be observed in not combing them too strongly in their early growth, as the tender plants are very apt to come out.

If the weather should be cold, it would be advisable to hang a kettle-holder over each plantation of whisker-seed; but the whiskers would be brought to a high state of fertility if the gentleman would wear a common cupping-glass, affixed in the customary way, to each cheek.

THE PATENT WHISKER-SEED is sold in packets, 7s. 6d. each, being more than enough for one pair of whiskers, one pair of mustaches, and an imperial tip.

N.B.—Eye-brows and Eye-lashes repaired on the Shortest Notice.

Jenkins at Fault Again.

"HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We are sorry to say that the unprecedented uncleanness of the weather had exerted but too visible an effect on our melodious favourites last night. If it increases in its ravages, the lessee will have to induce Lord Aberdeen to write to the Reis Effendi, and procure for the virtuosi of Her Majesty's Theatre an importation of the *Rahout-locoumi*, that marvellous *elixir*, called at Constantinople 'the charm and repose of the throat,' of which the Sultans have the monopoly and the secret, and which the Turks say will make a bear sing in tune."—*Morning Post*, June 8, 1843.

Now, *Rahout-locoumi*, as the Turks are pleased to name it, chances not to be an *elixir*, but a very delicious sweetmeat*. Oh! Jenkins! Jenkins! you are now "guessing too well."

* We have a small portion at Mr. Lumley's service.

Dramatic Intelligence.

BY THE OBSERVER'S OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MR. MACREADY has certainly lost money at Drury Lane, but we cannot give the precise sum, and indeed we have nothing to give, so that if we would we couldn't. Whether he would retrieve his losses at Covent Garden is another question; but if he don't go to Covent Garden he can't, and if he should he may; but still, if he did, he mightn't. This however is not the time to talk of these things, but still we may be excused for speaking out at this moment, even if we are taken to task for doing so, because we mean well, though people will go about saying they don't know what we mean.

We have heard it said that Macready thinks of going to America.



A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY ROUND THE GLOBE.

We of course don't know what his movements are; but if he takes our advice, he will not go without thinking, for when he gets there once, he may have to think twice what good he has got by going. If he stays, he certainly will not go; but he might go somewhere else: so that even if he does not stay, it is not quite certain that he will go—at least to America. He is generally understood to be an excellent husband and a good father, so that if he goes he will either take his family with him or leave them behind, and in the latter case he will leave them very comfortably off, that is to say, as comfortable as a family can be in the absence of its principal member.

MARRIAGES IN PROSPECTIVE.

It is rumoured that the lovely and accomplished niece of an official personage whose duties take him very often to the Tower-street Station House, is about to give her hand, having already given her heart, to an individual whose name is the same as that of a certain facetious member of the Anti-corn Law League, whose other appellation is Sydney. It is also whispered that the *trousseau* is to be bought at Oxenham's, who has announced his monthly sale of unredeemed pledges.

We have heard it hinted that Mr. Jones, of Brunswick House, has won the affections of the daughter of a great metropolitan traveller connected with a firm in the City. This will have the effect of cementing still further the happy union existing between the civic powers and the House of Brunswick.

A CARD.



MESSRS. WELLINGTON and PEEL (patronised by her Majesty) offer their services to the Court and the Nobility in general to carry messages, and undertake to go to the greatest lengths to get an answer. Foreign Dukes waited on, and Royal Princesses shown the easiest way to leave the kingdom with advantage to themselves.

*** Money raised on the most liberal terms.

THE following ill-natured paragraph has been sent to us, which we insert merely to expose its barefaced falsehood and utter malevolence:—

"We understand that the royal coachman was several times compelled to ask his way to Drury Lane Theatre. The horses became exceedingly restive when passing the bottom of the Haymarket, and it required a smart application of the whip to prevent them from stopping at the door of the Opera."

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitechapel, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 63, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 104, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXIII.—A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A HIGHWAYMAN.—ARRIVAL OF MR. LINTLEY.

THE clamour raised by Hardmouth and the watch had made its due impression on the neighbourhood; many of the dwellers thereabout having a most delicate, a most educated organ for the music of justice, or rather, of police. Hence, in a brief time, the house was beset by curious enquirers, anxious to learn the peculiar offence committed, whether it rose to the tragic dignity of murder, or descended to the sneaking littleness of petty larceny. Nor was it wholly curiosity that brought many to the door of Mrs. Crumpet. There were some, who very justly indignant at the prying propensities of the watch, knew not where they might stop. "Nobody's house is safe!" cried one. "Waking honest people up in the dead of night!" cried others: whilst a few declared, upon the responsibility of their own invention, that one of Mrs. Crumpet's lodgers had murdered a bishop on Hounslow Heath, and, with a heathenish contempt of religion, had pawned the dead man's canonicals. It was, however, very creditable to the general sympathy, that everybody expressed unbounded satisfaction at Abram's escape. Much of this I heard where I lay, as it sounded from the street beneath; and I confess my feeling of curiosity was awakened to learn something more of the fugitive.

It appeared, as I afterwards found out from the gossip let fall about me, that Clickly Abram was a mercer's man of rising reputation. He was young, good-looking, and, as the women declared, the best creature that ever broke the bread of life. Clickly, however, had this seemingly inborn prejudice—he preferred the bread of other people to the bread of his own hands. To this prejudice, may be traced all the difficulties of Clickly's too short career. In the pursuit of his business, whilst measuring a delectable lutestring, he was shot dead behind his master's counter by a pair of fatal eyes, alas! too skilful in such mortal practice. Clickly's story is as old, as worn, as London stones. He was led step by step in silken chains to earn the iron fetters of Newgate. Mrs. Crumpet—I take the good woman's own avowal—had not the remotest suspicion of the highway profession of her lodger. No; it was a base, vile story. He always paid his way, and she would not believe it.

But I have left Patty wretched and desolate. She sat with a look of dreadful resignation in her face—a look that, for a moment, made Hardmouth pause, the while he rubbed his chin, and doubtingly observed, "if nothing could be proved agin her, why nothing could come of it. Though if she warn't positively Mrs. Abram—if she warn't really married to him,—why, perhaps, it might go the harder with her, because the law—though he never could find out the reason of *that*,—supposed that a woman was under the authority of her husband." Having delivered this, the sagacious officer was about to raise the girl from her seat, when she swooned and lay like a corpse in his arms.

"You villains! you'll murder the poor thing!" cried a woman, a neighbour, who with others had crowded into the garret, and who, with this indignant cry, rushed down stairs.

"You'll never move her in that state!" exclaimed Mrs. Crumpet.

"She'll be better in a minute," answered Hardmouth; and lifting the girl, as though she had been an infant, he descended the stairs, followed by the watchmen. Mrs. Crumpet for a moment stood alone in the garret, casting bewildered looks about her—and then whirling round and round in a passion of despair—she caught me up, and rushed from the attic. When she arrived at the bottom of the stairs, she found the street-door open, and Hardmouth and his party about to carry Patty from the house.

"Stop—stop," cried the woman who had left the garret ere Patty was removed, "stop till the doctor sees her. As the Lord would have it, he was at a labour at No. 9, and—God bless him!—here comes the gentleman." After a moment, Hardmouth turned with his charge into her parlour, and was followed by Mrs. Crumpet, who stuck me in a china mug upon the mantel-piece.

Another moment, and the kind-hearted woman, who had sought his assistance, shewed my old acquaintance, Mr. Lintley, into the room. He looked cold and pinched; and I could not but observe that his great-coat might have been thicker. There was an air of languor and fatigue about him; yet, did the goodness of his heart, the gentle cheerfulness of his mind, sit triumphant over his looks, and he smiled as he asked, "Where is the patient?"

"Here she is, doctor," answered Hardmouth, pointing to Patty still insensible.

"Good God!" cried Lintley, and his face changed, and he clasped

his hands and compressed his lips, struggling to master a rising emotion, as he gazed at the feather-dresser. "How—what is this?" he asked.

"Why, doctor, you see—there's been a little bit of highway robbery. Click Abram's the man we want—but the bird's flown. Howsomever, we found this in his nest, along with his wife there;" and Hardmouth, weighing the watch in his hand, nodded significantly towards Patty.

"It's no such thing," cried Mrs. Crumpet. "She's not his wife—she—"

"Well, that's not our affair," said Hardmouth—"as I've said afore, if she isn't, she ought to be."

"Stay—tell me"—cried Lintley, and his lips trembled, and he cast a look of extreme pain towards Patty—"what is the distinct charge against this young woman?"

"Why, her husband—or as good as her husband, has committed robbery; we hunted him here, but he got clean off, leaving the girl in bed, and this watch with her."

Lintley, with troubled looks, took the watch from the officer. I then, for the first time, had a full view of it. In a moment, I recognised the metal chronometer sold by Shadrach Jacobs to my earliest English friend, Jack Lipscomb, and beguiled again from Jack by the potent blandishments of Miriam. And now was Patty, poor, self-denying thing, by the force of circumstances, in the deep shadow of suspicion; now was she deemed the tainted associate of vice—its companion and its comforter. I glanced again at the watch, again saw upon its dial-plate the sea-tost ship, again read—"Such is life," written beneath it.

"There must be some mistake; I am sure of it," said Lintley with emphasis.

"Very like, sir," answered Hardmouth; "but, you see, sir, law has nothing to do with mistakes—law has nothing to do but to punish 'em."

"Leave her with me, officer—for a few minutes, at least. Some water," and the apothecary turned to Mrs. Crumpet. "Poor soul! she is much shattered—much changed; but she will soon revive—'tis nothing but fainting."

After many entreaties, Hardmouth, who expressed a sort of respect towards the apothecary—having heard his virtues extolled by several women who had thronged the door—consented to leave the room, Mrs. Crumpet adding the further inducement of the second bottle of wine left by Patty's unknown patron.

Lintley administered restoratives, and in a brief time Patty became conscious of the presence of her first benefactor. She blushed, trembled, wept, yet, in her excess of agitation, felt a strange comfort that, in this new affliction, her first friend was with her.

"Tell me, Patty," said Lintley, in a calm, sad voice, "how is it that I find you in such a place?"

"It was the best—the only place I could find shelter in," was the meek answer.

"Wherefore, and stealthily, too—wherefore did you quit my house? Come, I must know everything," said Lintley.

"You shall, sir, everything—as though I talked to my own soul, you shall know all;" and Patty paused as though she needed strength to proceed.

"Go on; wherefore, then?" asked Lintley.

"I was not happy, sir. Mrs. Lintley was not happy. I felt that my presence brought upon you disquiet; I felt that—God pardon them!—your kindness towards an orphan girl made foolish, thoughtless people talk, and it was my duty, though I should die, to go away."

"Yet, tell me," said the apothecary, "for I must trace you step by step—tell me, what could have brought you here?"

"I sought for work, and found a little—a very little. Yet 'twas enough—I made it enough. I found, too, a kind person to dwell with; but I was persecuted, and"—

"Persecuted, child! By whom?"

"By a strange woman—a strange, old woman. Day after day she came to the house—I never went abroad but she followed me. I know not how it was, I felt for her a loathing I never knew for any human creature. I could not endure her. And then I heard strange stories of her; and so that I might free myself from her, unknown to anybody, I hid myself here. I had not long been in this house, when I fell ill—they told me, very ill."

"Ill, indeed," said Lintley, looking with compassionate eyes at the poor wasted creature.

Patty smiled, and with strange earnestness asked, "Very ill! am I not, Sir?"

"A little quiet, with careful tending, and your health will now return," said Lintley.

"And I shall not die?" asked Patty, with sudden melancholy.

"Certainly not," answered Lintley; "you will be an old woman yet, Patty."

"God forbid!" cried the girl, her eyes filling with tears. "Oh, sir, do not take from me the hope which for many a day has been my sole comfort,—which I have nursed, fondled, doated on,—the hope of death. This may, I know, be a happy world; but, though young, I have seen enough of it. I have neither strength nor carelessness sufficient to struggle and live on as I have lived. I would wish to die. Oh, sir, indeed, indeed, I speak the truth! You know not how beautiful to me is death! What ease—what comfort—what sweet repose within a grave!"

"And is the world so barren to you, Patty?" asked Lintley. "Do you not sin in such a wish?"

"Oh, sir, do not think me ungrateful. All your kindness I feel, past words to speak it. Your kindness in relieving me here—my landlady has told me all—your gifts of—"

"My gifts! No, child—not mine—it is the merest accident that has brought me to this house; where, in truth, it grieves me to find you. Hear me, yet a few words. I would wish to believe you still good—still innocent, Patty!"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the girl with sudden passion—"why should you not? What have I done—God help me!—what have I done?"

"Listen, and patiently. I find you in a house, nay, in a neighbourhood known and noted as shameful. I came here to fulfil a duty of humanity—prayed and entreated hither to assist a poor helpless creature in her worst agony. It was well I came, Patty, or we might never—here the apothecary's voice thickened, and he hesitated—"we might never again have met in this world."

"I bless the chance," cried Patty, sobbing.

"I find you, girl"—here Lintley paused, and then sadly continued—"I find you in deepest misery. It seems you are said to be the wife or worse companion of a nightly robber."

"You do not believe it—you cannot believe it!"—screamed Patty.

"Stolen property—stolen by him—is found in your bed. Answer me, girl—for others you *must* answer—how is this?"

"Almost as much as I know, you know. I had fallen asleep; the door was burst in—the window opened—by some strange man, who muttered curses when I called to him; from the window, struggling and striving with terrible strength, he made his way, as I suppose, across the house-tops."

"A watch was found"—said Lintley.

"It must have fallen from the man, as he escaped," answered Patty.

Lintley approached the girl, and taking her hand in his, looked stedfastly in her face, saying—"And this man you knew not?"

"No," answered Patty, looking back the look.

"And you are as innocent of all this," said Lintley, his eyes moistening—"as I could wish you?"

"I am—I am"—cried the girl. "Oh, sir! You believe me? in this misery you will not forsake me?"

"I do believe you, Patty," answered Lintley, with solemn voice—"and so believing, I will not forsake you."

PUNCH'S PUBLIC APOLOGY TO THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

Punch Office, Strand, June 22, 1843.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS:

I APPROACH you with all humility, begging your most royal forgiveness. In the last number but one of my amazing publication, I printed a letter, as from your distinguished hand; a letter, in which you were made to profess great indignation that you—a rich, an immensely rich man—should beg a dowry from the hard-taxed people of England for your daughter—the Princess Augusta. The idea of such sordid pauperism you were made to contemptuously reject.

Recent circumstances prove that letter to be a gross forgery. I regret it exceedingly. I have been imposed upon; and yet the tenor of the letter was so like your gracious—your benevolent self—that it would have been an ill compliment to you not to have been deceived.

But, your Royal Highness, an apology is due to you. The letter is proved to be a forgery. Accept, then, my apology. *I am very sorry for it.*

Your obedient humble Servant,

PUNCH.

THE QUEEN AND THE STAGE.—"Her Majesty," observed Jenkins, "said she was never so happy as the other night at Drury-lane Theatre!" "What a pity," responded Muggins, "that her Majesty does not cultivate her happiness."

Punch's Theatrical Gallery.

MR. AND MISS RANTWELL.

THESE talented individuals are father and child in private life, and they generally engage for the same interesting line of business in their professional capacity. Mr. Rantwell is what is generally termed an old stager. He has, to use his own expression, "roughed it" all through his life, and there seems to be no probability of his ever smoothing it. His daughter, Miss Rantwell, was, of course, introduced at a very tender age to the profession, and made her first squall upon any stage, as the Child in "Pizarro," to an overflowing and fashionable barn in Tadcaster. In the usual course of business she went through the whole range of dramatic children. Her father subsequently became the temporary lessee of a back parlour in a provincial public-house, for a series of three entertainments, supported by his daughter, whom we now find announced as the Infant Prodigy. In consequence of the decline of the taste for the drama, Mr. Rantwell was unable to carry out his original intentions, and he consequently carried out the whole of his luggage in the middle of the night, and left the village to regret at leisure the consequences of its illiberality. Mr. Rantwell afterwards joined a small circuit in the north; and his daughter, having starved it as the Infant Prodigy until her size belied the appellation, he consented to let her fall into the ordinary ranks of the profession. The great experience of Mr. Rantwell renders him what is termed a "valuable acquisition,"—which means that he can command his twelve shillings a week at any theatre in the kingdom. He at one time obtained an engagement for general utility in London, and was cast the part of the French Ambassador in a new vaudeville. He had only two short speeches to deliver, one of which was couched in these words,— "Come, my lord, let us dispense with diplomatic ceremony, and proceed to business." The author of the piece made some very offensive observations on the manner in which the new actor pronounced the word "diplomatic." Our hero protested that he should have it "all right at night;" but when night came the "diplomatic" "stuck in the throat," and at the end of the season he received his discharge. Rantwell felt that he had been hardly dealt with; for, as he himself very justly observed, "the part was that of a French ambassador; the obnoxious word was quite un-English, and he (Rantwell) was not engaged to play foreigners." Rantwell returned to the provinces a snubbed, but not a heartbroken, man. He rejoined his daughter in the provinces, and has since continued to play the "heavy fathers" to her "interesting heroines." The beautiful art with which they act together through a whole piece without recognising each other until the last scene; the splendid effect with which the daughter discloses herself by throwing her hair off her forehead; and the magnificent manner in which both recede backwards to the wings, previous to their springing forward to meet in the centre, and rush to each other's bosoms—may be equalled, but can never be surpassed. Nothing can be more touching than Miss Rantwell's "Oh

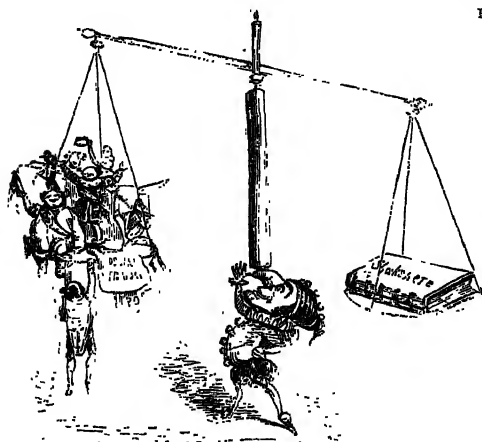


my father!" except, perhaps, Mr. Rantwell's "Oh, my child!" We ought, perhaps, to mention that the young lady is particularly fine in mad parts; and, from having acted a good deal in barns, her disposition of the wisps of straw about her dress—the grand point in all stage insanity—is considered to be very picturesque and artistical.

WHY is PUNCH like the aerial ship?—Because he has not made a trip yet, and never will.

THE GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON:

CHAPTER VII.—THE OUTSIDE OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.



going in, and corresponding paucity of money, have all but converted the drama into an exhibition as gratuitous as any of those we have endeavoured to describe. The managers have, perhaps, found it to be peculiarly so.

Without allowing the eye to be drawn away from the higher objects of art, by the temporary dépôts for the sale of empty money-boxes and fictitious jewellery set in brass upon the steps of the chief entrance of Drury Lane Theatre, (and which are symbolical, according to some, of the treasury and wardrobe of the theatre; and according to others, of the pockets and pretensions of the authors and actors,) we call the attention of the spectator to the architectural objects of interest pertaining to the exterior.

The best position for viewing the façade of Drury Lane Theatre is standing with your back against the opposite side of the way, in the vicinity of a vast padlock which overhangs the pavement, and betokens the abode of some cunning worker in metals, who must have undertaken a vast contract to supply the giants with domestic articles, in common with the fabricators of the huge tea-kettle in Tottenham Court-road, the by-no-means-to-be-despised stick of sealing wax in Fleet-street, the Brobdiagnagian boots and shoes in various places, and the noble dustpan in High Holborn, before alluded to.

Looking, then, from this position, the first thing that arrests the attention, and we may perhaps add the only one, is the statue of Shakspeare over the portico, which is placed there as allegorical of the drama. His back is turned towards the theatre, in revenge for the theatre having, for so long a time, turned its back upon him; and he is pointing with an air of contempt to a blank scroll, typical of syncretic literature and the modern drama. Beyond this slight sneer, he looks, generally, remarkably black; principally in consequence of no one in particular ever having cared to revive him properly, or bring him out in his pristine glory from the accumulated crust of years that has now coated him. Should any steps be taken towards beautifying him, it is supposed, in accordance with the prevalent taste of the present day, that he will be clothed in gay colours and tinsel, which, although they may in a measure destroy the classic beauty of the statue, will nevertheless go a great way in attracting public attention towards it.

Proceeding now in a northerly direction, and turning to the right in the direction of Russell-street, an imposing view is gained of the portico which runs from the stage entrance to the pit door. Near this spot, against the wall, is preserved (or was until very lately) a curious document illustrative of manners and customs, relative to the conduct of coachmen and carriages about the middle of the nineteenth century. From this point a fine *coup d'œil* is obtained of the street-door of the "Albion" opposite; and when it is open, and the weather clear, the eye of the spectator can penetrate right up the passage and into the coffee-room.

Keeping on, under the portico, the visitor arrives at the Royal entrance, which, from its importance, deserves especial notice; for it is a gratifying and glorious thing to find the Court so energetic in its endeavours to sustain our drama, by attending the performances with such constancy, and seldom deigning to countenance the alien exhibitions of gold-thirsty foreigners. Our beloved young Sovereign can,

happily for our stage, appreciate the golden words and sentiments of Shakspeare far beyond the musical vagaries of Tweedledetti or Tweedledini: or the meretricious antics of a few capering Phrynes. A fine representation of the royal arms in *alto-relievo* is placed over the centre door; and night after night do its portals admit the best and highest in the land, to the gratification of all who feel an interest in the welfare of our highest style of literature—to the admiration of the spectators and the heartfelt joy of the audience, performers, and manager. Indeed, it is this unvarying patronage from Royalty that has placed the English Drama upon the proud eminence on which it at present stands. Beyond this spot a few steps conduct the visitor to the stage-door—an unassuming entrance, guarded by one of the class of stage doorkeepers, who are proverbially men of gentle dispositions, courteous demeanour, and winning address. This is the point from which the various performers can be best seen for nothing, as well as the assistants. The thunder is now going for some porter to the public-house opposite, in company with the rain, who is rather dry, and a few friends of the other elements are waiting for them, when the rehearsal is finished. The liberality of the management provides a playbill, hung up at the side of the door, for the study and amusement of those who are loitering about for their acquaintances; and by committing this to memory, the expense of buying one may be saved, should the penny be an object, in visiting the interior.

In connexion with those portions of the theatre which may be seen gratuitously, we may mention, *en passant*, the Box Office. The public are admitted, during the season, between the hours of ten and four. There are some statues worth notice, including another of him that "wrote not for an age, but for all time," (except the present,) over the round-about fireplace in the centre, as well as a curious model of the inside of the theatre. As a work of art, this is most excellent; and it is chiefly useful upon going to take places before any extra-attractive performance, in showing what capital seats you might have had,—only you came too late. As a faithful representation of the theatre it is commendable; and especially so, at this precise time, from being destitute of audience.



THE BILL OF THE PLAY.

A broken window, adjoining the gallery entrance, and looking into Vinegar Yard, may be pointed out as an interesting relic of antiquity. It has never been mended in the memory of the oldest purveyor of play-bills and ham-sandwiches, but has remained in the same state throughout the various dynasties that have ruled the theatre since it was first erected. It will possibly never be repaired, but allowed to keep as it is,—a proof that the window to which it belongs is fitted up with glass, and not with wood, or sheet-iron, as its present encrusted state would lead many to imagine. *Au reste*, age will add increased interest to its fragments, and as no manager will ever be found to expend three-and-sixpence where there is no positive necessity for so doing, in future times this broken pane will be looked upon with the same feelings of veneration as the dilapidated Acropolis, the Pompeian fragments at Portici, or the shored-up and boarded-in ruins of the street—we never knew its name—which runs from Long Acre to High Street, St. Giles's, under an arching, and by the side of two establishments which are now being levelled to the ground by the ruthless spirit of improvement: the warehouse from which the eye of Grimstone unceasingly watched the thoroughfare, wherein people sneezed by sympathy as they passed, and the all-sort shop at the corner, which had a perpetual *Watteau for sale* within ever since we can call its existence to mind.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH,—I have been sometime from England—shut away from all newspapers. Will you, therefore, inform me if the Lord Brougham who a night or two since gave a party to the Duke of Cumberland, is the same Lord Brougham who, in the House of Lords, some sessions back, stigmatised the same Duke as being "illustrious" only "by courtesy?"

Your's

A TRAVELLER.

Laurie and Lunacy.

WE have sometimes heard of "the blind leading the blind," and it is a very curious fact that Sir Peter Laurie is one of the Governors of Bedlam. There is a terrace in the neighbourhood which boasts of his arms over the top of the centre house; but his mind is evidently with the institution we have alluded to.

A ROYAL WIFE OF—£3,000!

READER, when you listen to the bells merrily ringing the birth of a Prince or Princess, what changes do they sound?—Merely the changes of £. s. d.

When you hear the Park and Tower Guns, loaded with harmless powder, roar away at a royal birth, what say their thundering voices? Simply, that to their powder, John Bull must some day add the shot.

Her Majesty has sent down a message to her loving and dutiful Commons. At first, our senators believed the whispered communi-

What a pity it is that Majesty and Mendicacy are so frequently allied! The Commons were desired to make a suitable provision for German housekeeping, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, with paternal generosity, having resolved to make an allowance to his daughter during his natural life. We know that democratic discontent has called the Duke a rich man; and therefore, asks of his Royal Highness why, like any other man who has traded upon the capital of the country—why, he should not at his death (be the day far distant?) leave sufficient means to the child of his affection? These people are foolish, ferocious reasoners. Do they forget that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE is one running conduit of benevolence? He drops gold as he walks for the poor and needy. Look at his constant attendance

at charity dinners. Reflect upon his subscriptions thereto. We know that slanderous tongues declare these subscriptions to be apocryphal—we know that they call the gracious Prince of the House of Brunswick no more than a royal decoy duck to plebeian purses. This we do not believe; moreover, we pity the man who can believe it.

The Princess AUGUSTA, after the death of her father (who, there is no doubt, will vindicate his character for active benevolence by dying not worth a single shilling,) will receive £3,000 a year from the taxes. This is moderate—very moderate indeed. How the young couple will be able to get on we know not. To be sure, the court of STRELITZ is not quite so dear as that of St. James's, and so they may get fish and pudding for dinner all the year round. Again, when we remember that the immense sum of £10,000 was voted only for the education of the poor of all England, we are surprised at the magnanimity which contents itself with something less than a third of that amount. If Stockport and Paisley do not, with all their rushlights, illuminate when they shall hear the glad tidings, then is the spirit of manufacture dead to gratitude—then have weavers no bowels. (By the way, it would save them much inconvenience if they never had.)

Three thousand per annum! What is it? Why not a drop of water from the ocean of John Bull's funds. But it is the principle—the admirable principle of philanthropy vindicated in the grant—the Christianity, in fact, of the deed. We are suffering cold, hunger, and nakedness; and yet we give away a snip of our blanket—a corner of our penny-loaf—a wristband of our one shirt, to the hereditary Duke of MECKLENBURGH STRELITZ! May he, until the age of Nestor, enjoy the compelled donations! and so be a continual evidence of the magnanimity of John Bull! May he increase and multiply; and, if possible, induce John to treat every little STRELITZ with coral-and-bells and silver-mug. He, himself—the

Hereditary Duke of MECKLENBURGH STRELITZ—cut his teeth at the expense of England, his father having been for years its pensioner. When the old Duke shall be promoted from the wants and miseries of this world—why, the Hereditary Duke will, in all probability, succeed to the English gold. This is but right. The eldest son of a beggar by right, succeeds to his father's walk when his father begs no longer.

Three thousand per annum! We were never great dabs at arithmetic; but, perhaps, there are hard-headed accountants amongst the operatives of Bolton, or in the cellars of Manchester, who will acquaint us with the exact number of their beds, tables, chairs, saucepans, and other household chattels, seized by the Queen's broker, that would be necessary to make up £3,000—one year's salary for the Hereditary Duchess of MECKLENBURGH STRELITZ!



cation to be applicable to Ireland. Thoughts of guns, swords, and pistols, conflagrations and hangings, shocked the sensibilities of our law-makers: but soon their latent horror gave way to merriment; for instead of O'CONNELL, decorated with repeal button and riband, and looking dismemberment,—there was HYMEN, gracious Hymen, in his crocus robe, and loves and doves and graces numberless! Sir ROBERT PEEL informed the Commons (many of whom were in ecstasy at the news) that the Princess AUGUSTA was about to be dropt into the cup of bliss (which would then be overflowing) of the Hereditary Duke of MECKLENBURGH STRELITZ. The Duke, however, wanted something more in his cup to make the draught palatable; in a word, the wife was very well—but, with the wife he wanted money.

Herein is the extreme value of the numberless scions of Royalty with which England is over-blessed. The Duke of CUMBERLAND (we mean the King of HANOVER) has £23,000 per year from the sweat of Englishmen. And does not his Highness, or his Kingship, whilst taking the salary, exercise a most salutary effect upon Britons? Does he not practically teach them the beauty of humility—of long-suffering—of self-denying charity and benevolence? Why, he is a continual record of the liberality and magnanimity of Englishmen, who, if ever they fall into an excess of admiration for Royalty, will owe the enthusiasm to such bright examples as the monarch of Hanover. In the east there are benevolent votaries who build expensive fabrics for the entertainment of the most noisome creatures. Englishmen are above such superstition; and in the very pride and height of their intelligence, allow £23,000 to the King of HANOVER.

And the Princess—may she live long and die happy, as the old saw has it—weds with MECKLENBURGH STRELITZ. Her nuptials will be solemn—touching: for at the altar she will see about her (if, perchance, she think of her dowry,) the pale faces of her countrymen, subscribers, to the £3000 per annum.

The Duke of CUMBERLAND is to give the bride away, and with her £3,000 a year of Englishmen's money. He is the very man for the business. The Duke will be drest (we have it on the very best authority) in the uniform of an English Field Marshal. Could he turn himself inside out, he might appear as a Black Brunswicker.

Q.

A REFLECTION.

CONSIDERING the long and loud lament
That Want and Misery and Hunger utter,
Methinks a Father might be well content
To spread his Children's bread with *Cambridge butter*.

Then what indignant phrases shall suffice,
Within the compass of a song or sonnet,
When Wealth comes forward with its well-spread slice,
And asks our Poverty for sugar on it!

LONDONDERRY AND LAURELS.



DAY or two since, the Marquis of LONDONDERRY dined with the Merchant Tailors; when, although Sir G. MURRAY was present, the noble and gallant Marquis took it upon himself to return thanks "for the Army." This is as if the letter *z* should return thanks for the whole of the alphabet.

The noble Marquis, in the course of his speech, alluded to his "repose" upon what he would have insinuated to be his

"bed" of laurels. We remember a scene in a *cameras*, in which Harlequin determines, like the Marquis, to take repose: whereupon he obtains a feather—a single downy feather. This he blows out, and makes the most of; and then laying the one feather upon the ground, as he would have laid down a feather-bed, lays himself upon it, stretching forth his limbs in most supreme repose. The Marquis's bed of laurels must be marvellously like the one-feather bed of Harlequin. Mind: we by no means question the valour of the Marquis: certainly not. We think him as courageous as a battering-ram; and from exactly the same degree of intelligence.

The Marquis (it was after dinner, be it remembered) said:—

"Higher rewards awaited military enterprise and skill in *this than any other country*, and next to the approbation of his Sovereign, the British soldier valued the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. There was *only one painful duty* that soldiers were ever called upon to discharge—to put down intestine outrage, to repress insensate agitation. But their glory was *never to shrink from any duty*, and when it became necessary—when they were called upon by the Queen and the Government of the country—he felt assured they would, as heretofore, acquit themselves, even in that lamentable emergency, so as to justify the confidence and merit the eulogy of every true-hearted Englishman."

And first for the "military rewards." The Marquis, of course, alluded to the scores and scores of Majors and Colonels who entered the British army as private soldiers: promotion is so certain from the ranks.

Soldiers, again, have no painful duty to perform when they commit slaughter and devote a city to flames. That is merely pleasurable excitement. But the Marquis had O'CONNELL and Ireland in his eye, and therefore hoped if the British soldier were required to cut the throats of Irishmen, that he would do it, as Mr. MANTLINI would have severed his own windpipe—"dem'd softly."

ANOTHER MARRIAGE FROM ST. JAMES'S.

MR. PUNCH,—I am a German, in the suite of the Hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz; I brush his coat, black his boots, and make myself generally useful. (A gentleman from Paternoster-row, for the trifling gratuity of one-and-sixpence, writes this for me.) In my own country I make a tolerable living by training bullfinches; and, to confess the truth, my object in coming to England with the Duke was to establish an agency here in London for the sale of my best pipers.

Well, Mr. Punch, the Grand Duke is about to marry the Princess Augusta. All happiness be with them, as the gentlemen said in the House of Commons, when Sir Robert Peel talked of an income. Now, Sir, the Princess has a female servant to whom I am distractedly attached. I feel that our fate is inseparably linked together, and that either she or the Serpentine must be my destiny. In a word, I am as much over head and ears in love with Mary Anne as my distinguished master is in love with Augusta. And now, Mr. Punch, I want to ask you the precise amount I ought to demand from St. James's parish if I, a stalwart breeder of German bullfinches, marry Mary Anne? I am not avaricious; and so let it be 300*l.* a year.

Although my heart is bursting for Mary Anne, the 300*l.* per annum I must have; otherwise I should be laughed at, on my return to my native



LOSING HIS CASTE.

land, no German ever yet having taken a wife from St. James's without being capitally paid by John Bull for the compliment.—I remain, your obedient servant,
GOTTLIEB GOLDSTICK.

P. S. As Mary Anne's father was many years managing man of a large establishment for the sale of German clocks, he is rich, very rich, and therefore promises to allow Mary Anne pin-money as long as he lives. But, Mr. Punch, life is uncertain; so I must have the 300*l.* per annum guaranteed after the demise of the old gentleman. This the parish of St. James's can't deny.

QUATRAINS FOR QUARTER-DAY.

We have liv'd and lov'd together
In the cottage of content,
But I'm sure I know not whether
We ever paid the rent.
We watch'd the daylight going
To the west on golden wings,
Then without our landlord's knowing
We slyly mov'd our things.
We have seen the dark-ey'd stranger
Still watching our abode;
We knew that there was danger,
For we thought of what we owed.



I. O. U.

We have seen our assets dwindle
Down to our final *sou*,
You felt that we must swindle,
And I always felt with you.
What a flinty heart pervades men,
When they look on one that's poor.
We have seen the stony tradesman
Who would never trust us more.
Let us cross the Scottish Border,
Leave the lion in his lair;
For not e'en a judge's order
I'm told can reach us there.

A LEADING ARTICLE FOR AN IRISH JOURNAL.

At a moment like the present, when the distant thunder of the political firmament is rumbling before us, and a deficiency in the national accounts is staring us in the face behind; when agitation seems a settled thing, and progress is going more backward every day—when, looking in a straight line, difficulties meet us at every turn, it is time to take up the pen of the politician to assert that words are utterly in vain to meet the retreating prosperity of this almost ruined land. To begin at once with the beginning, let us ask to what end is all this? Echo answers Where! If we are to go on much longer without moving, and remain as we are, we shall be in a very different position from that in which we now are, though happily we are in such a wretched state, that if we come to the worst it will assuredly be the best for us. The pitiable condition of the government is not to be deplored. The ministers are utterly lost, and we have found them just as we expected. We have all along said our party owed them nothing, and we are therefore happy of the opportunity of paying them off. The quicksand of repeal is the rock they will split upon, and they will be swallowed up in the deep abyss of their own shallow principles. O'Connell is the last man to be the first in any illegal act, and his exhortations to the people to be calm, cannot but excite his fellow countrymen to pursue peaceably the troubled path that with his own tongue he has chalked out for them. We wait the result most certainly with doubt, but while reflecting on the future we look forward to a repetition of the past, and fear that we shall hereafter be desirous for the present!

JENKINS IN THE PRESS.



HERE is a rumour that Jenkins, who, within these few days, has taken the English language under his especial protection; Jenkins who, as a Man of the People, has already shown his wondrous mastery over Saxon derivatives,—Jenkins has a new work in the press, which will be advertised in a day or two. The announcement will run as follows:

“A NEW AND STARTLING WORK BY JENKINS.

In demy 8vo, very much hot-pressed,
THE TEA-CADDY!

OR,

A Tale of the Temple.

A True Story of the Nineteenth Century!”

We have not yet made up our mind. Circumstances will decide us: but we do not think it improbable that we shall startle the world, and Jenkins in particular, by printing a few extracts from the production. All we hope is, that—like Jenkins's last work—it will not be found to be written “too well.” Certain we are of one fact: nobody can “edit” a tea-caddy better than Jenkins.

Hop Intelligence.

THE Scotch Hop, or Hop-Scotch, has been thrown a great deal back by the late rains, which have interfered with the line that the parties interested had chalked out for themselves. Several persons who had gambled largely in the Scotch Hop, or Hop-Scotch, had endeavoured to



TAKING THE METAL OUT OF HIM.

make up their own deficiency by picking the pockets of other people.

HER MAJESTY AND SHAKSPEARE.—The Queen chose the *last* night of Drury-lane season for her visit; like an excellent sportswoman, resolved to be “in at the death.”

HUME ON ROYAL EXPENDITURE.

WE understand that Mr. Hume is preparing a treatise on royal expenditure, and that the basis of his calculations will be on the principle of his late astounding discovery, that an annuity of 3,000*l.* to a female of 22 years of age is worth half a million of money. This conclusion was no doubt arrived at by the method that would be used in solving the well-known problem, “If a bath brick cost three-halfpence, what would a sack of coals come to?” Mr. Hume's contemplated work will treat of the royal dinner table, and contrast its cost with the bill of fare at the Rupert-street Dining Rooms. He will show that the expensive mode of doing things at Buckingham Palace is not at all necessary for the royal comfort, and that the dinner of her Majesty need not come to more than tenpence, which, allowing twopence for the Lord in Waiting, would bring it up to the Rupert-street average. This calculation allows only “a small plate” of meat to the Queen, but it gives her Majesty “two breads;” and, for the more manly appetite of Prince Albert, Mr. Hume sets down the sum of sixteen-pence, which, with twopence for Gold Stick, would amount to one-and-sixpence.

Mr. Hume devotes a whole chapter to the maids of honour, and the conclusion he arrives at is, that the honour ought to be sufficient remuneration for the maids in question. In his section on the bedchamber women, he enters largely on the subject of their supposed duties, and gives some interesting tables of the sums he has paid to the housemaids in his own employ for the last quarter of a century. The very difficult subject of a month's wages or a month's warning, as applicable to the Mistress of the Robes, the Comptroller of the Household, and other highly-paid functionaries, is very nicely handled.

On the whole, we can confidently recommend the book of Mr. Hume as invaluable to small German princes and sovereigns, to whom the art of living upon a hundred a year would be of infinite utility. For a country like England, the practical application of Mr. Hume's theory would be at present premature. If the author's views prevail, his book may become useful, unless the nation should contract for the sovereign's keep in an hotel or boarding-house.

CANZONET OF THE CRAZY.

I'm a wild and gushing creature,
A gay and budding thing,
For I carry in each feature
The laughing tints of spring.
My smile is warm and sunny,
Mine eye is mild and blue,
If I make a joke—'tis funny,
If I tell a tale—'tis true.

I'm free as spring's young flowers,
I'm warm as summer's sky,
I'm as fair as autumn's flowers,
As winter blithe am I.
When I smile, a halo round me
Of ecstasy I throw,
But when tears have almost drown'd me,
I look the type of woe.

Then at my bidding follow
To the shelter of the tree,
Where the sparrow, lark, or swallow,
In his nesty home may be.
Away, when morn is breaking,
Or e'en at sultry noon,
Or when Sol his leave is taking,
I care not, so 'tis soon!

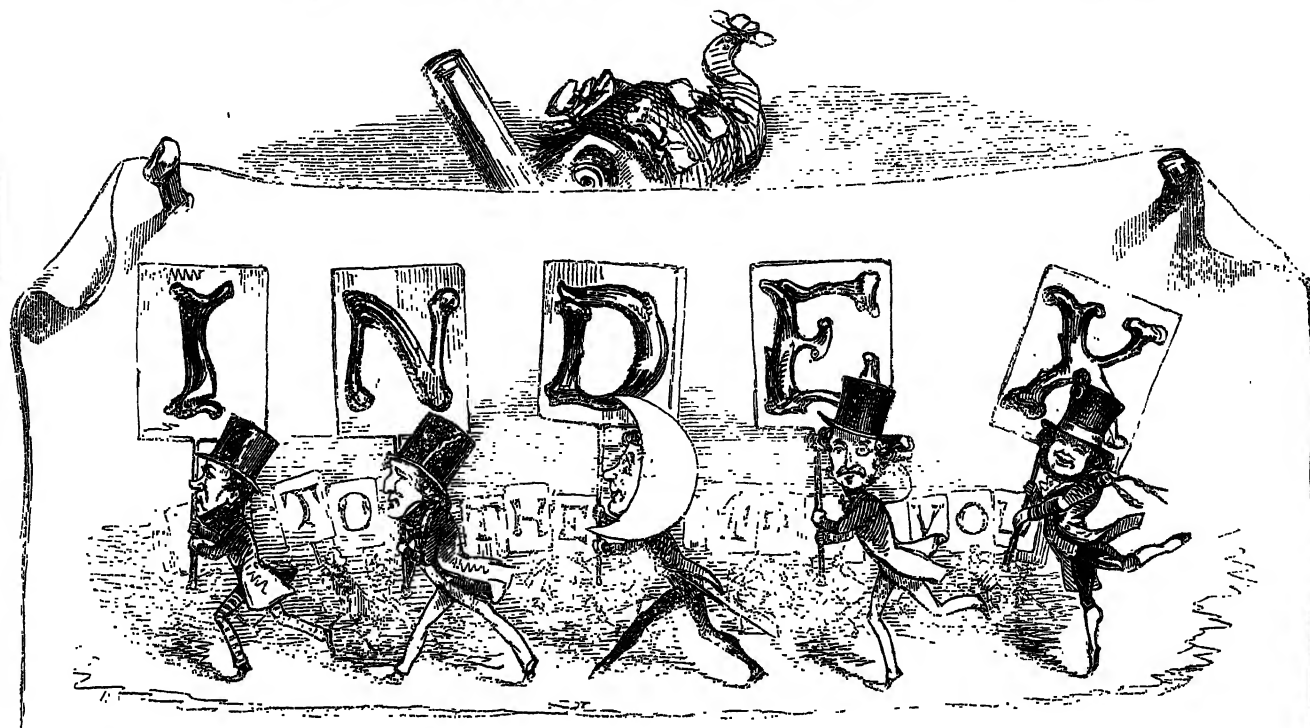
TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Sir Edward says I want to raise a riot,—
And yet I always bid the boys be *quiet*;
Or, if that word is sometimes not detected,
At least I always bid them be *collected*.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Corn Exchange.

PUNCH has the benevolence to announce, that in an early number of his ensuing Volume he will astonish the Parliamentary Committee by the publication of several exquisite designs, to be called
PUNCH'S CARTOONS!



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